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October 10, 1925

# Collier's

THE NA EEKLY

Cover by
Earl Christy

**Another
"Bill Grimm"
story
by H. C.
WITWER**

**Grantland Rice's
All-America
Baseball Team**

**and**

# "Booze is the V

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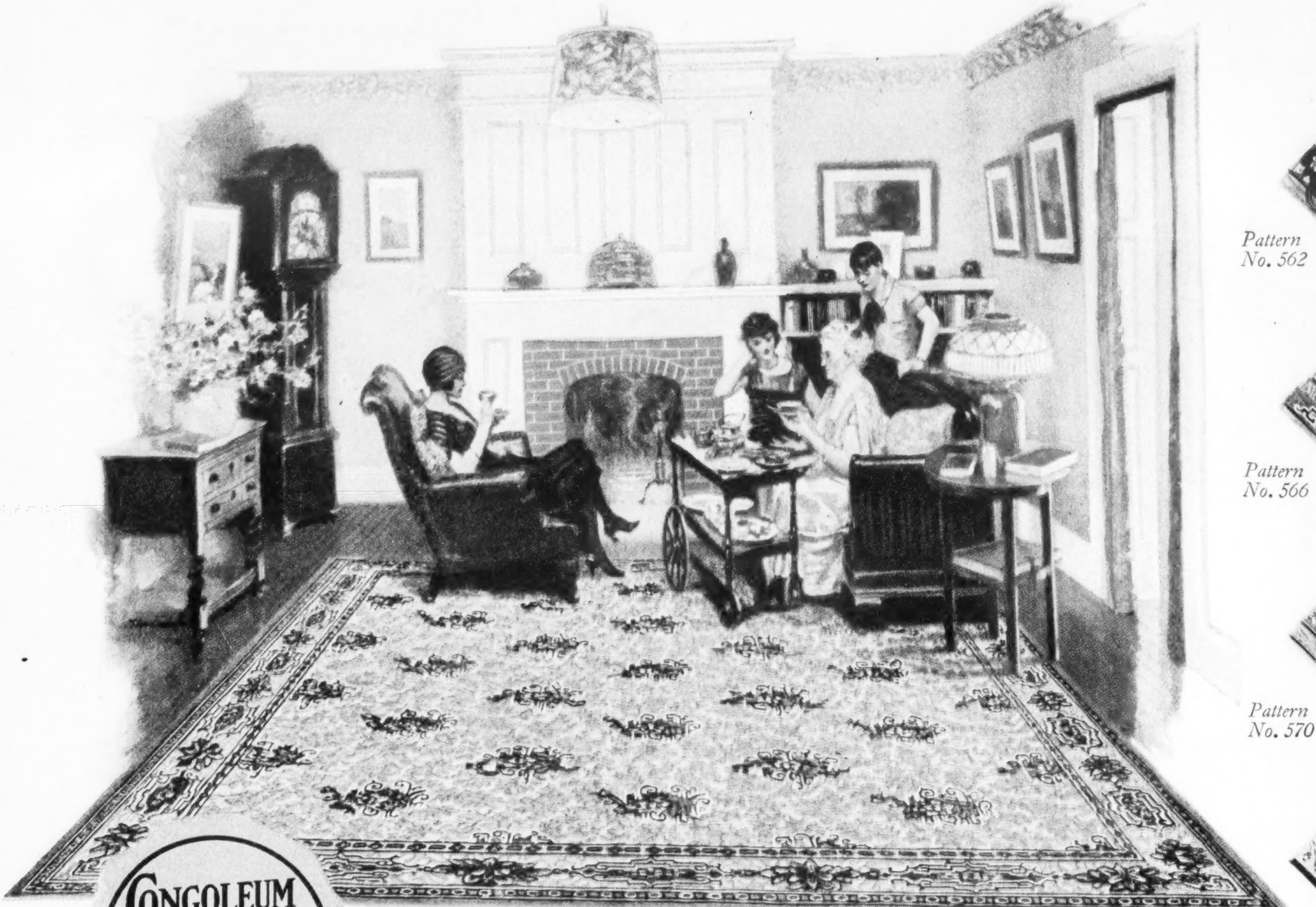

The gay floral pattern shown on the floor above is Congoleum Rug No. 396

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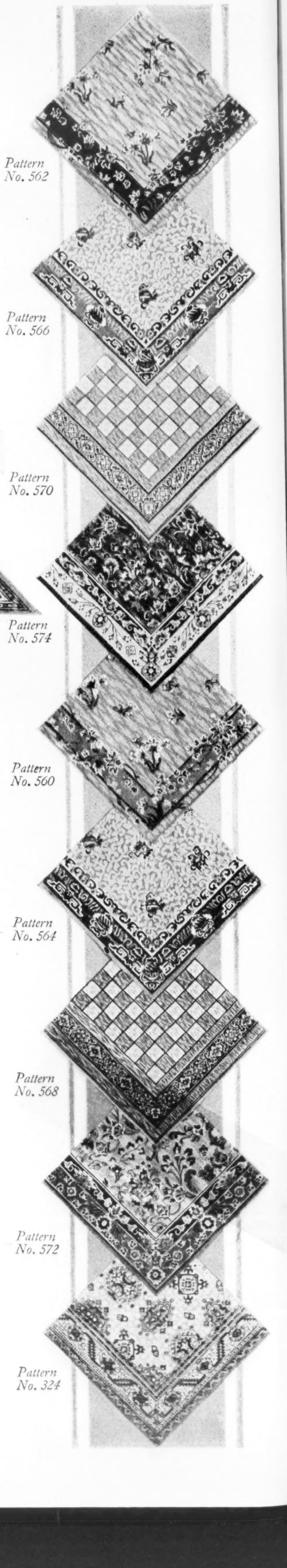

*Announcing*

# Nine New Congoleum Rug Designs

Nine masterpieces of design! Nine creations from famous artists! Nine beautiful contributions to America's tasteful homes! Now ready for inspection at your dealer's.

On this page we can give only the merest hint of the beauty and variety of these new Congoleum Rug patterns. Why not clip the patterns you like best and have your dealer show them to you?

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# The Pacific Northwest

WASHINGTON OREGON
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In the big, modern ports great ships come and go, carrying nearly $500,000,000 in trade annually

One of the Pacific Northwest's famous hotels—the Davenport, Spokane

Roses bloom in gorgeous profusion almost the year round in some sections—and telephone poles make good trellises

Golf and every outdoor sport have an important place in life here

People here live next door to beauty spots of world renown. This is the Great Fall of the Yellowstone in Yellowstone National Park

## Life holds better things for you *out here*

To you the Pacific Northwest offers two real and definite opportunities. One is to *grow with it*—to share its prosperity and success.

The other is to *enjoy* life in a beautiful country—a country that is big, clean, rich in things worth while.

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Your opportunity to succeed is greater in the Pacific Northwest.

It is a rich country. It is growing swiftly. But its development has only begun.

Tremendous resources of land, timber, minerals, water power have scarcely been scratched.

More people are *needed* in the Pacific Northwest. The present is rich in opportunities—the future wide open—in your own line of work, it may be, or in a fresh beginning at something new.

Don't misunderstand; success comes here, as elsewhere, from hard work and plenty of it. The Pacific Northwest rewards effort richly, but it offers no magic substitute for work.

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People are better off in the Pacific Northwest. They make a better living than the average. A larger percentage than the average own their homes and automobiles. In the past ten years bank savings have trebled.

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The success and happiness that others have found in the Pacific Northwest is yours to share. There is room today for millions more—room and boundless opportunity.

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# RCA *announces* three new power tubes *for greater volume*

RCA, concentrating great efforts on the study of vacuum tubes, has developed three important new Radiotrons. They will be widely used in sets of all kinds in the last stage of audio frequency amplification. Their contribution to radio progress is *greater power.* They mean greater volume on dry batteries—and greater volume on storage batteries. They mean better tone, because they mean volume of sound *without distortion.*

These new Radiotrons are now ready for general sale, after months of testing.

1ST AUDIO STAGE
RADIOTRON UX 120
RADIOTRON UX-112
RADIOTRON -UX-210-

UX-120 UX-112 UX-210

*For details and technical description of the new Radiotrons, write to the nearest RCA office for the illustrated booklet.*

Radiotron UX-120—*A new powerful amplifier tube that means greater volume of tone on dry batteries.* $2.50

Radiotron UX-112—*A new power tube similar to the familiar UV-201-A but several times as powerful.* $6.50

Radiotron UX-210—*A super-power tube, several times as powerful as UX-120. Probably the most powerful receiving tube in existence.* . . . $9.00

## RCA Radiotron

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*October 10, 1925*

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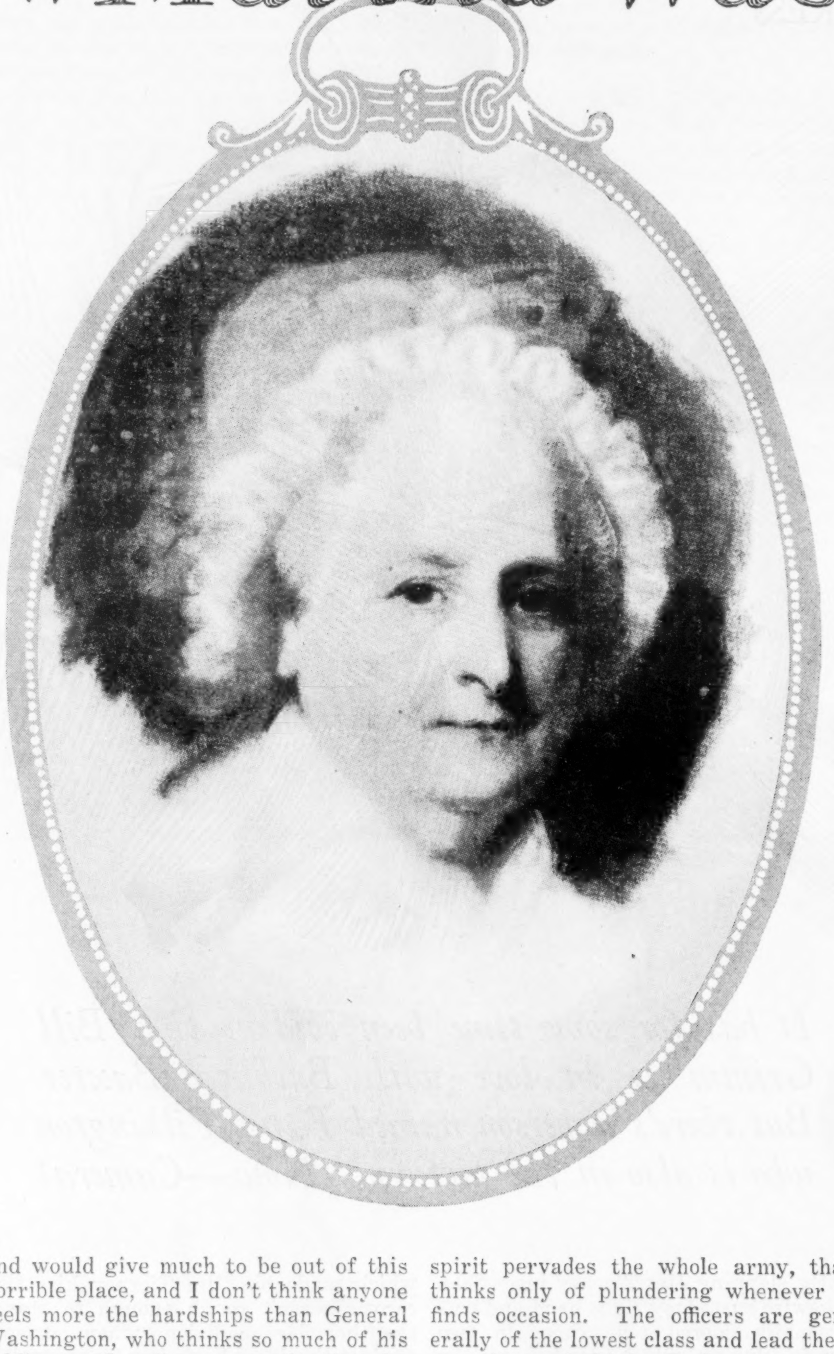
# *She knew Martha Washington*

**YOUR breakfast in Philadelphia in 1785 would have been like this: a pint of hot water colored with coffee, hot bread half baked and soaked in melted butter, cheese, pickled pork and fish.**

**To a gay young French woman newly arrived in America such a breakfast seemed marvelous indeed, but she found that life here had its simplicities also. Even Mrs. Washington made two of her dresses with ravelings of her husband's brown silk stockings and old damask chair covers.**

**The letters printed here, and in succeeding issues of Collier's, were written by Gaston de Maussion, a French soldier in Washington's army, and his wife, to the former's mother in France. The young couple tried to give her in their letters a clear picture of the romantic America which they loved, and because they succeeded so well you too have a more intimate glimpse than ever before of life in Washington's day. De Maussion's first letters from America were published recentiy in Collier's. The entire collection has been translated by the Princess Radziwill, whose brother recently unearthed them in family archives in Poland.**



*Gaston wrote this letter at Valley Forge and says what he thinks of the quarreling and the "dirty mercenary spirit" in Washington's army.*

VALLEY FORGE CAMP,
31 January, 1778

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I UNDERSTAND all that you say about the indignation, especially among the followers of the Noailles family, against Monsieur de La Fayette. But to say that he had personal motives in escaping from France to come to America is a cruel calumny.

All who know him realize that it was the purest of motives which led him to offer his help to General Washington.

There may have been some love of adventure behind it, but the main motive was disinterested—an admiration for a people fighting for its rights. . . . It is ridiculous for our fine gentlemen of Versailles to try and pass judgment upon what they absolutely do not know.

We are still in camp at Valley Forge and would give much to be out of this horrible place, and I don't think anyone feels more the hardships than General Washington, who thinks so much of his soldiers and suffers so much when he sees them in need. No one can form an idea of the difficulties with which he is confronted.

His officers spend most of their time quarreling over rank and precedence; he has not sufficient ammunition, and a virulent smallpox epidemic is abroad.

Congress expects him to do great things and at the same time refuses him the means to perform them.

Toward the close of the year just ended he had to report to Congress that nearly 3,000 men of those quartered in this camp were unfit for duty because they lacked clothes as well as blankets.

It is common these winter nights to see whole parties of men sitting up by big fires all through the dark hours, trying to warm themselves in light summer clothing.

The army is undisciplined, and the men are not disposed to listen or to obey. No sooner has Washington drilled a division or regiment than they disband because they have been recruited for only a short time.

It is a fact that a dirty mercenary spirit pervades the whole army, that thinks only of plundering whenever it finds occasion. The officers are generally of the lowest class and lead their men into mischief. It is no wonder General Washington shows little mercy to misbehaving soldiers, but then his enemies use the fact to attack him for excessive cruelties.

I am thankful to say that General Washington has found great help in Monsieur de La Fayette. We all know how fascinating our marquis can be when he likes and how, through the influence of his charm, people do not discover at once that he is not as strong as reputed. But General Washington has, it seems to me, at once grasped the weak as well as the good sides of his character, and has known how to make him useful.

If the name of Monsieur de La Fayette ever lives in history it will be due to the skill and the care of this great friend more than to his own merits.

Congress at first did not want to confer a military rank on Monsieur de La Fayette. It was entirely due to General Washington's insistence that he was made major general—an honorary title given by Congress, which has not taken too kindly to all our gay French gentlemen who have hurried to America. I believe Monsieur de La Fayette does not know how much he is indebted to General Washington.

It is a help to be able to write to you. Dear as Hélène is to me, she yet does not understand a man's feelings when taking part in really serious events involving the welfare of two countries. But you, my dear Mother, seem to understand everything I think and feel, and because of that you are such a moral help to me.

DE MAUSSION.

*You can read in these letters things that the history books omit. For instance: Washington had an eye for pretty women and he liked to dance. He often danced with his wife—if no other partner was available.*

WHITE PLAINS,
25 August, 1778

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I HAVE written you how much news of the treaty of alliance with France revived our courage. General Washington immediately had the event celebrated in the camp by a big dinner and a ball which he opened with Mrs. Knox, wife of the general.

I must here tell you something which perhaps will surprise you and make you smile. General Washington is fond of dancing and never misses an opportunity to indulge. Some people have related to me that sometimes, when he was alone with Mrs. Washington at his country house of Mount Vernon, he danced with her, for lack of another partner, to music played by a Negro orchestra, and delighted in doing it.

He is an extraordinary mixture of childlike guilelessness and genius of the highest order.

Further, he admires pretty women, and even notices their dresses and the way their hair is dressed; but he does it quite openly and in the presence of his wife, who does not seem to care at all.

She is, in her way, also a strong character and a woman whom I think you would admire. I often think that but for her and her constant encouragement the General might at times have broken down under his burden of responsibility.

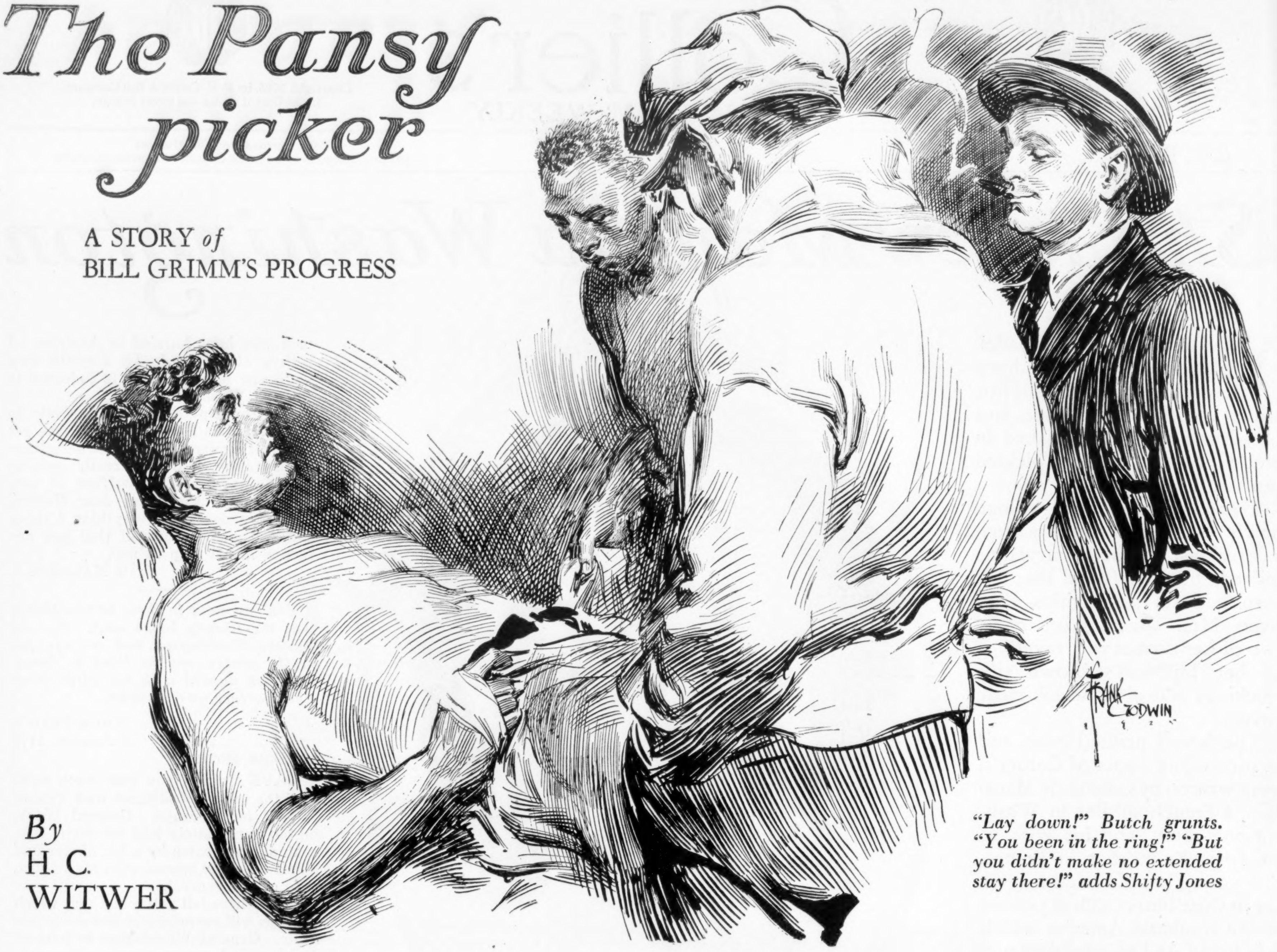
He is a strange man at times. I will not vouch for the story, but I heard that last year at the gates of Philadelphia he kept his army at Germantown and forbade soldiers and officers to enter the town for fear they might succumb to temptations. And when General Greene asked for a special recognition of the work of his division, Washington refused because these soldiers were Southerners, direct countrymen of his, while Green was regarded as his favorite officer; and he would not give people an opportunity to accuse him of favoritism. Yet he insisted on the appointment of Monsieur de La Fayette as major general because he thought it was just. Now isn't it wonderful in every way?

DE MAUSSION.

(*Continued on page 50*)

# The Pansy picker

## A STORY of BILL GRIMM'S PROGRESS



*"Lay down!" Butch grunts. "You been in the ring!" "But you didn't make no extended stay there!" adds Shifty Jones*

### By H. C. WITWER

*It has for some time been evident that Bill Grimm is in love with Barbara Baxter But there's a person named Pansy Pilkington who is also in the picture. Now—Camera!*

ONCE upon a time, friends of radioland, Jack Ruskin, a Englishman which could no more do without pen and ink than the Prince of Wales can do without a steamer trunk, made the following wise crack:

"Pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes!"

As luck will have it, Mr. Ruskin has been buried for twenty-five years, so it's pretty safe to say he's dead. Otherwise I'd like to give this master mind the satisfaction of knowing that he had pride doped out exactly right—at least in *my* case! Of all the ways of getting drunk, to be intoxicated with conceit is the worst souse in the world. Conceit is often mistaken for Confidence, but there's as much difference between Confidence and Conceit as there is between chicken pox and chicken salad! Against Fate, Confidence is your strongest defense, while Conceit makes you a set-up. I wouldn't fool you. One of the greatest lines ever concocted by anyone is "Be yourself!"

Listen, my children, and you shall hear what conceit done to William Reginald Grimm, the best friend I ever had. It mightn't be untimely to mention here that William Reginald Grimm is none other than myself, though I functioned under the name of plain Bill Grimm at the time these little incidents took place.

At the mellow age of twenty-one I abandoned a brilliant career as a taxicab driver to try my hand, or both hands, I should and will say, as a box fighter. Lo and behold, I hauled off and win my first scrap for pennies by neatly slapping Jim Tierney insensible. I likewise busted my right hand and was personally floored four times in two rounds, during which neither me or Mons Tierney had the slightest excuse to yawn. This was one grand fracas and I learned about boxing from him! It was a better fight to look at than the one at Gettysburg, though not quite as much was at stake.

However, in spite of the fact that I was temporarily saying it with right swings, I still remained true to my somewhat dilapidated taxi, hanging on to it both as a anchor to windward and on account of the kick I got out of my various fares. Honest to Darwin, I looked forward to each haul as a new and thrilling adventure—a wonderful chance to study human nature and accumulate a more pungent education than I'd ever get out of books!

Well, gentle reader, my first victory in the prize ring brought out two important facts: One was that I was a homicidal puncher and the other was that I was the victim of a weakness which has prevented many a great fighter from becoming a champion—I had a set of brittle hands! The fists which made big Jim Tierney kiss the canvas wasn't tough enough to stand the horrible collision when driven against the other boy's jaw by my walking-beam shoulders. Putting everything I had on the blow, I'd smacked Tierney on the button and my right hand cracked like it was made from the lid of a cigar box. Not so good!

AS SOON as the hand healed up, Butch Ford and Left Hook O'Brien, which seen the scenario of a world's champ in me, took me in charge. They was my trainers, and they claimed they'd make my fists so hard I could split a slab of marble with a punch! You'll have to take their word for that part of it, as I've never tried that difficult feat and can only say that these boys knew their groceries and seldom guessed wrong. At any rate, there was days when I sit for hours soaking my hands in a bucket of brine, days when I chopped wood, swung a sledge, walloped a heavy sand bag and partook of other exercises laid out with the praiseworthy idea of toughening up my glass maulers.

They soon appeared to respond to the skillful treatment of Butch, O'Brien and Shifty Jones, a colored heavy and a good one too, which was my chief sparring partner. Butch Ford was a famous pilot of leather pushers, the ace of his stable being Left Hook O'Brien, a crack lightweight. Both these red-blooded Nordics was old schoolmates of mine from my home town, Fairfax Falls, New York, and notwithstanding our long acquaintance we was bosom pals. O'Brien's real name was Izzy Rabinowitz, but to pull the wool over his parents' eyes he laid it aside for the Irish label when he first put on the gloves. He'd boxed exhibitions dozens of times at benefits staged by "The Knights From Columbus," as he called 'em. Izzy was a good egg and very liberal-minded on religion. He'd just as soon knock out a Methodist as he would a Baptist.

Both Butch and O'Brien squawked raucously about me continuing to bound around in my taxicab while I was also engaged in learning the mysteries of boxing, but I refused to give up my original racket. One winning fight had by no means sold me the idea that fisticuffs was the answer to my problem—i. e., how to get swiftly to the top of the ladder of fame. I wasn't quite sure I liked boxing, but I had no doubts at all regarding my *ability* at it!

Another one which filed objections to me remaining a chauffeur was Barbara Baxter, the young damsel I was double cuckoo about. This beautiful disturbance was a U. S. Revenue Department sleuth and I first met her while she was on a bootlegging case at Fairfax

Falls. At the time I owned and drove the only taxi there and I didn't know at first she was a federal detective, or any other kind of a dick, for that matter. Without being aware of the fact that I was being of valuable assistance, I helped her run down the lawbreakers. The ringleader turned out to be no less than Jack Fairfax, outcast of the big family which the town was named after. Me and Jacques had been intimate enemies since childhood, and you can guess how he adored me after that!

Well, to get back to Barbara Baxter—and who wouldn't?—with me it was a typical case of fascination at first glimpse. One look and I was overboard! As far as that part of it goes, good people, Barbara seemed to find *me* tasty too. Anyways, before this pretty lady crossed my path I was as contented as a milch cow and meant about as much as the golf pants on the movie actors, but she filled me with the determined ambition to make my mark in the world! Taking her advice, I fled from Fairfax Falls for bigger fields to conquer and swooped down on the fast-growing seaport of Manhattan. But New York's a difficult town to take and not knowing any scenario writers, which could have immediately told me how to get over, I went back to driving a taxi again there so's I could indulge in my favorite vices—eating and sleeping. This disappointed Barbara and likewise steamed her up—she wasn't keen on having what she called a "cabman" for a heavy boy friend.

SHE wasn't any more delighted with me either when I turned to the prize ring for my coffee and cakes. Barbara had viewed my sensational battle with Jim Tierney, and while she was overjoyed at my unexpected win, she told me cold turkey that it hadn't made her snuggle up to the game of breaking noses. However, she took some of the curse off that by adding that since I'd evidently made up what passed for my mind to be a professional bruiser, she wished me luck at it and hoped I'd become a champion. Barbara always claimed that a champ at *anything*, whether it was boxing, bricklaying, banking or street digging, should command the attention of the world and certainly commanded hers. *Better* be the greatest plumber on earth and recognized as such than be just one of a hundred thousand corporation presidents, for instance!

Speaking of mock turtles, I called on Barbara one day with my charming face just a background for a flock of court plaster and adhesive tape. I'd been sparring with Shifty Jones that morning and—well, we generally played rough. You don't pick up much about the manly art of aggravated assault by pulling punches, and this burly colored boy, which had a brutal straight left, seen no reason to show *me* any favors!

Barbara lived with her aunt in a nobby apartment uptown, and as I'd phoned I was going to take her for a walk through Central Park she was all dolled up for the street when I arrived. Torrid Rover! What a traffic stopper *she* was!

Her warm smile of greeting just froze on her tantalizing lips the second she witnessed my somewhat strife-marked features.

"What on earth has happened to your face?" she exclaims.

"Oh, nothing much," I grinned back, "I been trading rights with Shifty Jones, and I got the skin he loves to touch, that's all!" I sidled over and took a glance at myself in the mirror. "I'll be a great fighter some day—if my pan holds out!" I added.

"Your what?" asked Barbara, wrinkling her brow.

"My pan—my face," I explained.

"I do wish you would leave that vulgar slang in the gymnasium!" she busts out. "You know I detest it. And to think that last night I dreamed you had given up boxing forever!"

"That just goes to show you how unreliable dreams is these days—it's hardly worth while going to sleep any more!" I says. "Come on, let's flounce out and give the sight-seers a treat!"

But instead she sits down on the couch and tosses her nifty little hat on a chair.

"I haven't the slightest intention of going out walking with you, with your face—er—all court-plastered," she tells me peevishly. "You look like—well—just what you are, a prize fighter!"

You should have heard the disgust she put on that word *prize fighter*.

Well, *I* heard it, and it burnt me up!

"I seem to be as popular as hydrophobia with you!" I says. "Nothing I do meets with your approval. You don't wish me to drive a taxi, and you don't wish me to be a box fighter. Yet you know that college is the only thing I haven't been through. With *my* education, just what is there open for me?"

Barbara seen at a glance that I was hurt and she instantly softened.

"Come over here and sit down, Bill," she smiles, making a place on the couch for me beside her. "I don't want to quarrel with you. My lack of enthusiasm over your profession is caused mostly by the fear that you may be seriously injured in the ring."

"Don't worry!" I laughs, patting her hand. "I'm no world beater, Barbara, but I won't get bumped off in there unless the other boy hits me over the head with the bucket, and very few of 'em tries that!"

But I was tickled silly to think she was worried about my health. At least I'd registered *something!*

"Have you disposed of that comedy taxicab of yours yet?" is her next question.

"Yes and no," I answers. "I'm not driving it in the daytime any more, only when I'm not training, at nights. And I have to do that, Barbara, to take care of myself till Butch Ford gets me another fight. After that I'll have some serious money and I'll probably sell the old boiler. But I'm not satisfied yet that boxing is my trick; I'm just kind of feeling my way—maybe after a couple or three more scuffles I'll be fed up on battling."

"I certainly hope so!" sighs Barbara, deeply and fervently.

THEN she suddenly changed the subject and asked me what Pansy Pilkington was doing. I told her truthfully I didn't know, and furthermore I hadn't the phantom of a idea where Pansy was. The exceedingly pretty Pansy had been a waitress at the Commercial House in Fairfax Falls and one of the town's show places before she done a fade-out to New York with the object of getting on the stage.

After strutting her stuff as a super in the movies, she landed a portfolio as hostess in a night club run by Jack Fairfax, and she was sitting pretty till Jack got padlocked for selling booze. Pansy craved thrills and seldom missed 'em—she was the kind of a girl which would open a telephone directory at the last page just to see how it ended!

My friendship with her, for I liked the kid, had been the cause of many heavy arguments between me and Barbara, but this time there was no violence. In fact, before I shoved off, Barbara told me she wanted to be friends with Pansy and was anxious to help her till she landed another job. Surprised and highly delighted, I promised to look her up.

When I got back to the inn where I was parking with Butch Ford and Left Hook O'Brien, I was dumfounded to find Jack Fairfax waiting for me in the lobby. It was all I could do to keep from knocking this inveterate cheater as stiff as a dress shirt!

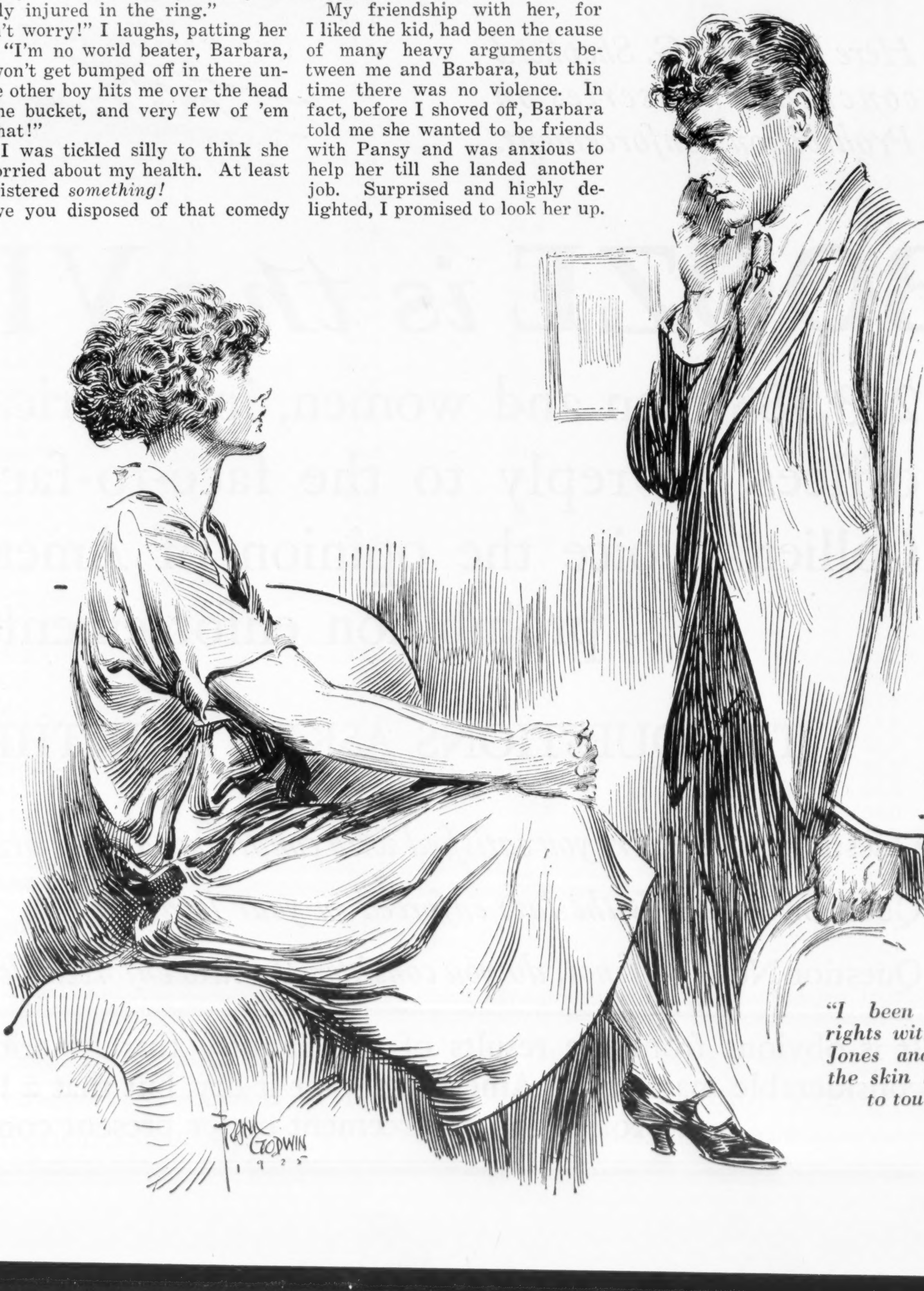
When Barbara Baxter caught Jack peddling hooch at the Falls I paid his two-thousand-dollar fine, as I felt responsible for the pinch through Barbara having mesmerized me into helping her. This eighteen-carat villain rated plenty of jail, but it's a hobby of mine not to have my personal accounts settled by the law. He still owed me a balance of eight hundred bucks on the two grand I staked him to, and I started to angrily ask him for it when he cut me off.

"Here's the eight hundred I owe you, Grimm," he says, pulling a fistful of bills from his pocket. "You'll find an additional hundred in that roll—call it interest on the loan."

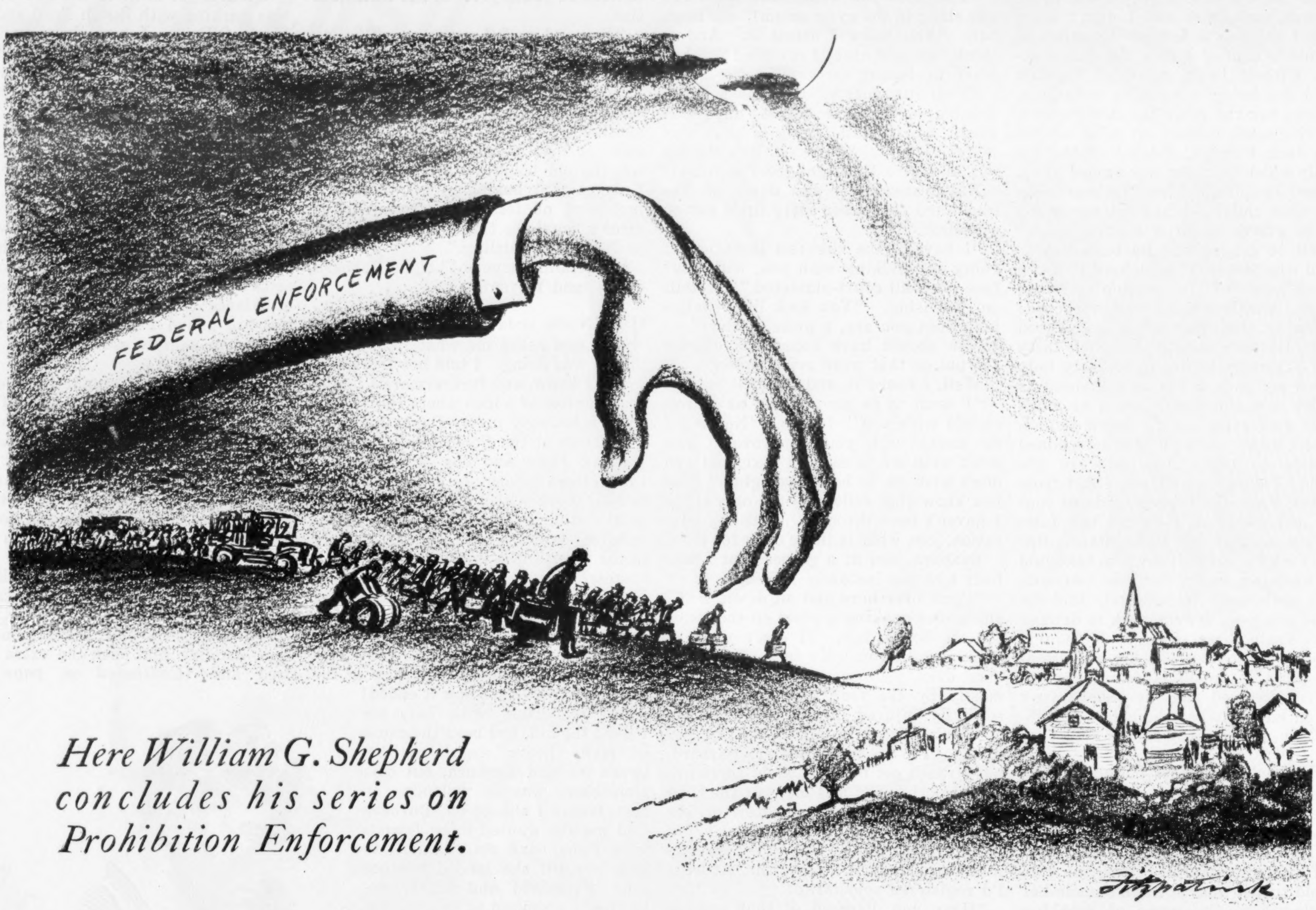
This guy was so tight he'd change a penny into mills if he was addicted to tipping—which he wasn't—and here he wants to make *me* a present of a hundred iron men! I counted the jack thoughtfully. Not a word of thanks out of him, then or ever, for me saving him from the hoosegow!

"I'm not in the loan shark game!" I says, handing him back the extra hundred and

(*Continued on page 42*)



*"I been trading rights with Shifty Jones and I got the skin he loves to touch!"*



*Here William G. Shepherd concludes his series on Prohibition Enforcement.*

# BOOZE *is the* VICTOR

263,583 men and women, in American homes and offices, in reply to the face-to-face inquiry of Collier's, voice the opinion of America regarding prohibition enforcement.

## THE QUESTIONS ASKED AND THE REPLIES

Question No. 1—*Are you satisfied with conditions as they are?* 68.0% Say "No"

Question No. 2—*Is the law enforced in your locality?* 61.2% Say "No"

Question No. 3—*If not, do you consider the law enforceable?* 60.9% Say "Yes"

It is obvious from the results of this inquiry that America is still wet; that a considerable majority of Americans want it dry, but that a large minority despair of prohibition enforcement under present conditions.
]

**CERTIFIED AUDITED FIGURES**

The figures from which the percentages shown in these tables are derived and the percentages themselves have been audited and certified as correct by Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co., chartered public accountants, whose reports are accepted by financiers, bankers and business firms throughout the United States.

# Here is the Poll by States

## *(Showing results in percentages of votes)*

**AFFIDAVITS OF RETURNS**

The 1,000 bonded employees of Collier's, who, in face-to-face conversation in homes or offices with our subscribers, secured answers to the three inquiries used in the investigation, have signed affidavits, which are now in our possession, that each answer was the authentic, personal opinion of the subscriber.

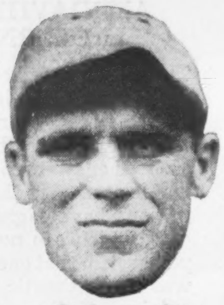
| | Question No. 1<br>*(Satisfied with Conditions?)* | | Question No. 2<br>*(Is the Law Enforced?)* | | Question No. 3<br>*(Is the Law Enforceable?)* | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | YES | NO | YES | NO | YES | NO |
| *Alabama | 31.4 | 68.6 | 36.6 | 63.4 | 63.0 | 37.0 |
| *Arizona | 30.8 | 69.2 | 39.8 | 60.2 | 69.9 | 30.1 |
| *Arkansas | 33.3 | 66.7 | 38.6 | 61.4 | 69.9 | 30.1 |
| California | 30.0 | 70.0 | 38.1 | 61.9 | 59.5 | 40.5 |
| *Colorado | 54.9 | 45.1 | 64.2 | 35.8 | 82.2 | 17.8 |
| Connecticut | 28.9 | 71.1 | 41.4 | 58.6 | 51.0 | 49.0 |
| Delaware | 11.9 | 88.1 | 22.8 | 77.2 | 35.6 | 64.4 |
| *Florida | 38.5 | 61.5 | 19.2 | 80.8 | 52.6 | 47.4 |
| *Georgia | 24.5 | 75.5 | 30.0 | 70.0 | 64.1 | 35.9 |
| *Idaho | 19.4 | 80.6 | 21.9 | 78.1 | 65.6 | 34.4 |
| Illinois | 30.6 | 69.4 | 27.9 | 72.1 | 56.1 | 43.9 |
| *Indiana | 26.4 | 73.6 | 36.6 | 63.4 | 71.0 | 29.0 |
| *Iowa | 44.2 | 55.8 | 45.4 | 54.6 | 75.7 | 24.3 |
| *Kansas | 63.4 | 36.6 | 64.2 | 35.8 | 83.3 | 16.7 |
| *Kentucky | 36.0 | 64.0 | 46.9 | 53.1 | 58.6 | 41.4 |
| Louisiana | 28.4 | 71.6 | 35.8 | 64.2 | 57.5 | 42.5 |
| *Maine | 53.0 | 47.0 | 63.1 | 36.9 | 71.6 | 28.4 |
| Maryland | 18.8 | 81.2 | 21.5 | 78.5 | 37.2 | 62.8 |
| Massachusetts | 29.4 | 70.6 | 42.0 | 58.0 | 64.1 | 35.9 |
| *Michigan | 40.0 | 60.0 | 49.1 | 50.9 | 63.3 | 36.7 |
| Minnesota | 36.5 | 63.5 | 42.5 | 57.5 | 65.2 | 34.8 |
| *Mississippi | 35.0 | 65.0 | 36.0 | 64.0 | 68.7 | 31.3 |
| Missouri | 27.6 | 72.4 | 33.1 | 66.9 | 54.9 | 45.1 |
| *Montana | 17.2 | 82.8 | 23.3 | 76.7 | 50.3 | 49.7 |
| *Nebraska | 32.7 | 67.3 | 33.6 | 66.4 | 43.1 | 56.9 |
| *Nevada | 16.6 | 83.4 | 50.0 | 50.0 | 66.7 | 33.3 |
| *New Hampshire | 23.8 | 76.2 | 36.5 | 63.5 | 48.6 | 51.4 |
| New Jersey | 24.0 | 76.0 | 32.9 | 67.1 | 41.7 | 58.3 |
| *New Mexico | 37.2 | 62.8 | 8.6 | 91.4 | 62.6 | 37.4 |
| New York | 29.6 | 70.4 | 38.6 | 61.4 | 57.7 | 42.3 |
| *North Carolina | 17.8 | 82.2 | 28.3 | 71.7 | 67.9 | 32.1 |
| *North Dakota | 28.4 | 71.6 | 38.8 | 61.2 | 67.2 | 32.8 |
| *Ohio | 33.4 | 66.6 | 43.7 | 56.3 | 60.1 | 39.9 |
| *Oklahoma | 43.7 | 56.3 | 44.4 | 55.6 | 73.1 | 26.9 |
| *Oregon | 26.8 | 73.2 | 49.1 | 50.9 | 69.9 | 30.1 |
| Pennsylvania | 28.6 | 71.4 | 37.6 | 62.4 | 58.1 | 41.9 |
| Rhode Island | 24.8 | 75.2 | 42.9 | 57.1 | 58.1 | 41.9 |
| *South Carolina | 26.5 | 73.5 | 28.6 | 71.4 | 54.3 | 45.7 |
| *South Dakota | 35.7 | 64.3 | 50.8 | 49.2 | 57.6 | 42.4 |
| *Tennessee | 41.2 | 58.8 | 41.4 | 58.6 | 76.6 | 23.4 |
| *Texas | 48.5 | 51.5 | 48.2 | 51.8 | 74.8 | 25.2 |
| *Utah | 37.7 | 62.3 | 37.7 | 62.3 | 71.6 | 28.4 |
| Vermont | 17.5 | 82.5 | 34.5 | 65.5 | 36.5 | 63.5 |
| *Virginia | 37.3 | 62.7 | 36.4 | 63.6 | 68.2 | 31.8 |
| *Washington | 33.4 | 66.6 | 36.5 | 63.5 | 69.3 | 30.7 |
| *West Virginia | 28.1 | 71.9 | 38.5 | 61.5 | 68.2 | 31.8 |
| Wisconsin | 34.3 | 65.7 | 49.6 | 50.4 | 66.0 | 34.0 |
| *Wyoming | 14.3 | 85.7 | 19.1 | 80.9 | 46.0 | 54.0 |
| *Washington, D. C. | 17.3 | 82.7 | 18.9 | 81.1 | 32.0 | 68.0 |
| Percentages of Men | 24.8 | 75.2 | 31.9 | 68.1 | 50.2 | 49.8 |
| Percentages of Women | 38.2 | 61.8 | 44.7 | 55.3 | 70.1 | 29.9 |
| All-American Percentage | 32.0 | 68.0 | 38.8 | 61.2 | 60.9 | 39.1 |

*Indicates states that had state-wide prohibition by constitution or statute before Federal prohibition went into effect, Jan. 16, 1920

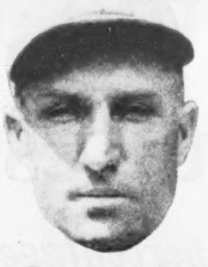
**In presenting these conclusions and figures we believe that Collier's is offering the first authentic, first-hand, cross-section of nation-wide public opinion regarding prohibition enforcement ever secured in America.**

(Continued on page 49)

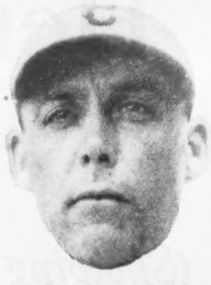
# The All-America baseball team


*Sisler, St. Louis' great first-sacker*

*Hornsby is our premier second-baseman*


*Bancroft (Boston Nationals) leads at short*

*Frisch is the best of the third-sackers*


*In left field, Eddie Roush is a wonder*

*Tris Speaker to hold down center field*

*Ty Cobb. There's no need to say more*

Picked by
GRANTLAND
RICE

IN STARTING to select an All-America baseball team one has only to pause for just a moment and hear a far-off rumble of the approaching storm, consisting mainly of pained and bitter protests uttered at times in loud and raucous tones denoting deep emotional feeling.

Some of these protests become almost personal and are unseemly for transmission through the mails. It is at this moment that one envies the triple-plated epidermis of the rhinoceros, impervious to the poison-tipped lances tossed his way.

But if there were no difference of opinion there would be no use whatsoever in naming any all-star combination. For if no wrathful arguments replete with sarcastic flame follow in the wake of any such selection, then public interest in the subject is too drab to be approached.

In naming an all-star baseball team for 1925, I make no claim to any omnipotent judgment. There are just two angles to consider. One concerns the best work done at each position between April and October. The other concerns the selection one would make if he were a manager with his choice of the big league field.

The campaign of 1925 has been featured by two developments. One is the brilliant play of many veterans who have served from fifteen to twenty years. The other has been the rapid march of younger talent toward the ramparts of fame. On the one side we have had Cobb, Speaker, Johnson, Collins, Coveleskie, Wheat, Fournier, Carey, Alexander and others who have known the paths of baseball greatness for nearly two decades.

On the other side we have had such youngsters as Simmons, Rice, Wright, Traynor, Cuyler, Gray, Lyons, Yde, Hartnett, Cochrane, Gehrig and others who, in one or two years, have started their ascent of the olive tree.

Part of any such selection is a matter of cold, unbiased figures, part a matter of opinion and part a matter of sentiment. The first move is to name the leaders in each position and then weed out all but the selected survivors who have earned their diplomas in the Graduate School of Swat.

*Catchers*—Cochrane, Philadelphia, A. L.; Hartnett, Chicago, N. L.; Ruel, Washington, A. L.; Hargrave, Cincinnati, N. L.; Bassler, Detroit, A. L.; Gooch, Pittsburgh, N. L.; Schalk, Chicago, A. L.

*Pitchers*—Johnson, Washington, A. L.; Coveleskie, Washington, A. L.; Ruether, Washington, A. L.; Rommel, Philadelphia, A. L.; Rixey, Cincinnati, N. L.; Vance, Brooklyn, N. L.; Meadows, Pittsburgh, N. L.; Yde, Pittsburgh, N. L.; Donohue, Cincinnati, N. L.; Lyons, Chicago, A. L.; Gray, Philadelphia, A. L.; Harris, Philadelphia, A. L.; Buckeye, Cleveland, A. L.; Pennock, New York, A. L.; Marberry, Washington, A. L.

*First Base*—Sisler, St. Louis, A. L.; Kelly, New York, N. L.; Terry, New York, N. L.; Fournier, Brooklyn, N. L.; Bottomley, St. Louis, N. L.; Gehrig, New York, A. L.; Blue, Detroit, A. L.; Judge, Washington, A. L.

*Second Base*—Collins, Chicago, A. L.; Hornsby, St. Louis, N. L.; Frisch, New York, N. L.; Stock, Brooklyn, N. L.; Harris, Washington, A. L.

*Shortstop*—Wright, Pittsburgh, N. L.; Sewell, Cleveland, A. L.; Bancroft, Boston, N. L.; Peckinpaugh, Washington, A. L.

*Third Base*—Dugan, New York, A. L.; Traynor, Pittsburgh, N. L.; Frisch, New York, N. L.; Kamm, Chicago, A. L.; Bluege, Washington, A. L.

*Outfield*—Cobb, Detroit, A. L.; Roush, Cincinnati, N. L.; Cuyler, Pittsburgh, N. L.; Speaker, Cleveland, A. L.; Carey, Pittsburgh, N. L.; Young, New York, N. L.; Wheat, Brooklyn, N. L.; Simmons, Philadelphia, A. L.; Rice, St. Louis, A. L.; Heilmann, Detroit, A. L.; Mostil, Chicago, A. L.

There are several places where the difference between these leaders is extremely thin and where the disgruntled can't be blamed for expressing his disapproval in a passionate chant of hate. This is especially true of the outfield. Consider what a rickety assignment it is to name three outfielders from Cobb, Speaker, Cuyler, Roush and Simmons. You could name any three and have one of the fanciest outfields on record. You could leave this trio out and name Carey, Young and Rice and get another trio of almost equal value. The shading here is quite pale with no distinct marking.

In another way the same difficulty surrounds the pitching staff. In this final list we are considering not only campaign ability or brilliancy, but also experience, which is harvested over the long route. Also personality, which enters with inspirational effect.

The final list as it appears on this page is a selection completing a well-rounded team, much as a manager might use through the season.

Gordon Cochrane of the Philadelphia Athletics is one of the most brilliant young catchers that ever broke into baseball. He was not only able to work almost every game and handle his pitchers in excellent fashion, but he was also one of the hardest hitting catchers of many years.

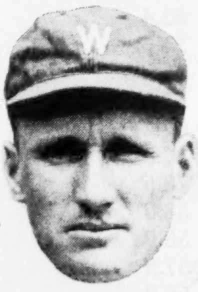
Muddy Ruel of Washington is another heady, hard-working catcher who can handle pitching and who can hit—a catcher with personality.

Hartnett of the Cubs, a good catcher, is one of the home-run leaders, a slasher who was useful from start to finish.

Dazzy Vance of Brooklyn is one of the great pitchers of baseball. He has about the same speed that Walter Johnson carried in his prime, a strike-out pace that set more batsmen in the Phantom Swing than any other in either league. After a somewhat slow start, he came bounding forward brilliantly, despite the fact that his ball club was far out of the pennant race most of the year.

In the same way it would be impossible to leave off those two great Washington (*Continued on page 40*)

*"Dazzy" Vance, Brooklyn's mighty hurler*


*Walter Johnson, Washington's box wizard*

**CATCHERS**

Cochrane, Philadelphia, A. L.
Ruel, Washington, A. L.
Hartnett, Chicago, N. L.

**PITCHERS**

Vance, Brooklyn, N. L.
Johnson, Washington, A. L.
Coveleskie, Washington, A. L.
Rommel, Philadelphia, A. L.
Yde, Pittsburgh, N. L.

**INFIELD**

1st B.—Sisler, St. Louis, A. L.
2d B.—Hornsby, St. Louis, N. L.
S. S.—Bancroft, Boston, N. L.
3d B.—Frisch, New York, N. L.

**OUTFIELD**

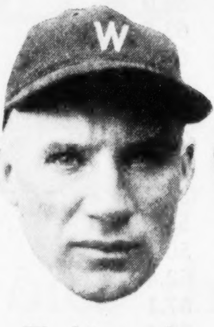
Left—Roush, Cincinnati, N. L.
Center—Speaker, Cleveland, A. L.
Right—Cobb, Detroit, A. L.

**UTILITY**

Infield—Kelly, New York, N. L.
Outfield—Cuyler, Pittsburgh, N. L.
Pitcher—Marberry,
Washington, A. L.

*Cochrane is young—but how he can catch!*

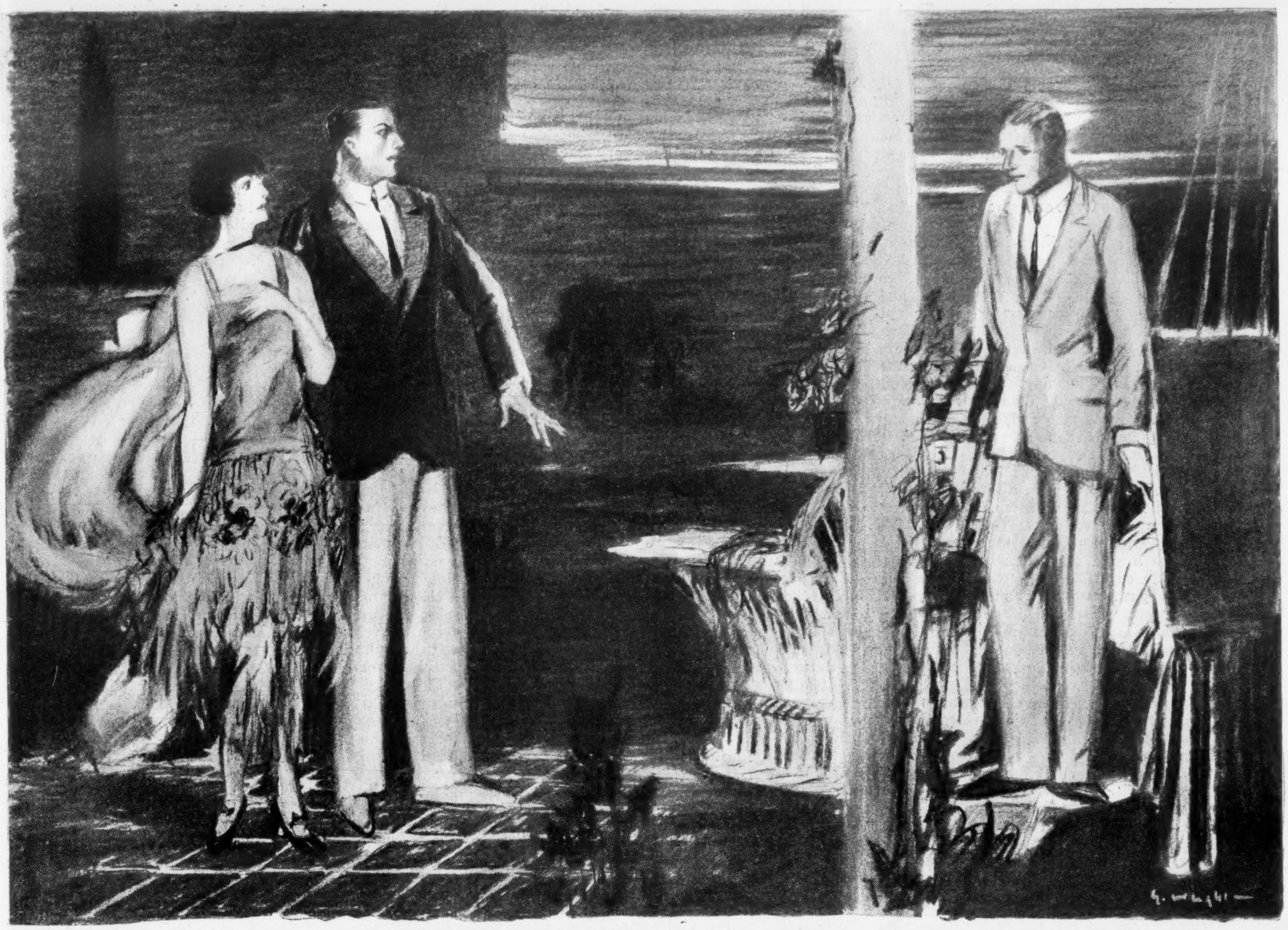
*Ruel is one of our three best catchers*


*Washington's Coveleskie—a great pitcher*

*Rommel (Athletics) is a star moundsman*

*Yde of Pittsburgh is the southpaw king*

*Hartnett, the Cubs' hard-hitting catcher*



*He came out of the dark and the three of them stood there motionless. Finally he said, "Well—I'm home"*

# In the presence of ladies

By STEPHEN AVERY

## *Can a woman do the sporting thing even when she thinks her husband has deserted her and her heart's desire is at stake?*

IN ADDITION to its champions and even before the whispered notoriety of the Muir-Babcock affair that shrine of golf at Willow Brook had other distinctions. There was Purvis Coleman, the most consistent veranda golfer who ever paraded from grill-room to wicker porch chairs, commanding the first tee. A round hazel nut of a fellow he was, all sunburn and gray bristles and truthless blue eyes and as permanent a part of the clubhouse as the great Governors' Bowl in the lounge, whereon were written large the names of two national amateur winners, an open medalist, and others, including Donaldson Muir and Douglas Babcock.

Purvis himself averaged perhaps ninety holes a day, eighteen at least on the fair green with treacherous wood and untrustworthy iron and a damn on his lips, and the rest on the veranda with a tall, tinkling glass and a light in his eye and an explanation for the calamities of his own golf and other people's lives. But everybody liked him, for he was a sweet and gifted liar and, like fish and golf liars forever, he was otherwise true.

"Now, you see—that slice of mine on sixteen. I was really playing for that slice. Oh, you mean those four putts? Just fooling, old boy, just experimenting with green topography."

It didn't hurt anybody. Or, as Judge Page said—that millioned member of the board—"What's the difference? Purvis is the best greens committee chairman we ever had. He knows more about turf and the cause and cure of fox grass than anyone this side of St. Andrews.

And so it happened quite naturally at the end of this very blithe day that Purvis was surveying from a veranda chair his real accomplishment, long, billowing slopes swept momentarily by the shadow of a cloud and the following sunlight catching here and there on bright red direction flags, white distance markers, and the far-off gleam of the No. 4 water hazard. The hour was that soft, philosophic hour before dinner, and he had cornered Cooper Baldwin on the impossibility of the masculine idea of sportsmanship in women. "Not that I blame 'em, gad-bling 'em," he explained. "They're just different animals, and they don't understand. The minute their emotions are involved they're no more sporting than tiger cats—if you know what I mean."

"I do—I do." Cooper Baldwin was in that pleasanter stage before one gets argumentative, and he gestured vaguely with his glass toward the hill-lifted horizon where the roofs of the Willow Brook golf colony come up through the trees. "Mrs. Carrington held a watch on an opponent who was looking for a lost ball once. Did you ever see a family two-ball foursome? Talk about family bridge! Tiger cats—that's it."

"Of course," conceded Purvis, glancing uneasily at a young lady who was out there shooting impudently accurate pitch shots up to No. 18 green, "there may be exceptions, Cooper. Now, Modesta is a state champ, a match player."

"I'll admit"—Cooper grinned, as he admitted and as one of the young lady's practice shots dropped dead to the pin—"I'll admit with that mashie niblick she's more of a little curly wolf than a tiger cat. Did you see that shot?"

SOMEONE will do a picture of a girl with a golf club some day, and then everybody can see what Modesta was like.

She had dark hair and night-blue eyes and a short, browned nose and a playfully grim golfer's mouth and a faintly cleft chin that was probably like Don's when he was a little boy. A round shirt-waist collar came above her thin white sweater, and then an ordinary gray skirt, only shorter, and then, or rather finally, there were her very special crêpe-soled golf shoes, just like Don's but much smaller than Don's of course. The golf bag at her feet was smaller than his too, but like it, and even her unhurried, precise stroke with the mashie niblick was as near to Don's as she could make it—because for the first two years she had thought whatever her husband did must be right.

"Wasn't it silly of me to think that?"

murmured Mrs. Modesta Muir. During the third year she'd quite got out of that notion about her husband. It began with incompatible ambitions, hers for a golf career and his, strange thing, for a baby, or even babies.

"We ought to have a larger car," said Don one day when they were spinning along the motor road from the club to their bungalow over in the trees behind No. 7.

"Why? The coupé is large enough for two."

"We ought to be more than two," pursued Don.

MODESTA glanced at him very queerly. Perhaps she was wondering if he were a very clever young man. Perhaps she was puzzled as to what had started the idea in *his* head. Of course he'd been missing putts that day.

But the idea persisted. "If I hadn't been the only child of a rich dad," he declared, having invaded in a raw-boned, male fashion the curtain-blown, morning charm of her boudoir, "I might have achieved more in life than a left hand full of callous spots and a bunch of junk in the way of silver cups. When you have a baby, you've got something. When you have a golf championship, you've got—a tin cup."

In Modesta's gaze was that same strange puzzlement. She smiled. He was so lanky and sandy-haired and so much too clumsy for her sunlit boudoir and so gray-eyed earnest that he ought to be given whatever he wanted, probably. Sometimes she still loved him, she thought. "Now, stop scuffing up that rug, Don"—reaching for her other golf stocking.

That was all he saw, and it seemed an evasion. "I wish to Heaven you'd quit golf," he said angrily. "I wish you weren't state champion. I can win the championships for this family."

"Not if you don't improve your putting," she murmured. "Douglas Babcock is going to take the Governors' Bowl from you this year."

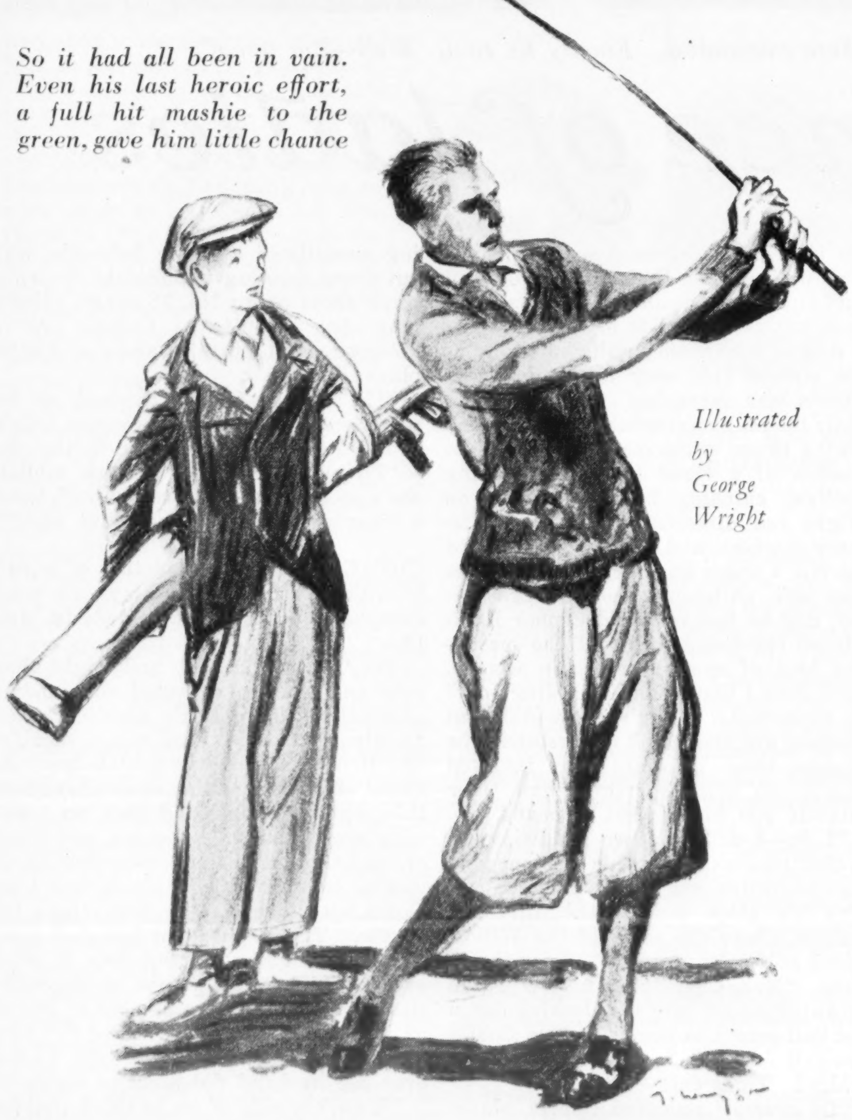
"Hardly Douglas," he said. "I know he's going good, but what of it?" For, if a man can't swagger a little in his wife's boudoir, where can he? "Douglas doesn't worry me. It's having no kids that worries me."

Even then he thought he understood Modesta's viewpoint. They lived in a sporting community. The hundred families in the green valley which nestled the Willow Brook Club were golfers to the last man and practically to the last woman. They played, talked, lived golf, followed the big matches from Long Island to Miami. Of course there were babies. Where there are young married people with vague business connections or family fortunes in the dim metropolitan background there are babies. But unless they were precocious with their first toy brassies they were regarded as just rather well-loved little handicaps, not to be sought after.

BESIDES, Don had brought her here himself, paying the price of a thirty-mile trip to his office in the city five times a week. He liked it that well—the perfect golf; the drifting in the evening from one tree-hidden house to another; impromptu parties under Judge Page's porticoes or in the Babcocks' lodge; Saturday-night dances at the club; a little not-too-expert but high-stake bridge; an occasional drink; perhaps a post-war type flirtation. It was a casual life.

But now he felt the limitation of it and that he and Modesta weren't growing, weren't getting anywhere. It angered him that Modesta didn't apparently see this. "Perhaps," he said bitterly, "you wish you didn't have a husband either—after three years and a half."

*So it had all been in vain. Even his last heroic effort, a full hit mashie to the green, gave him little chance*



*Illustrated by George Wright*

He kicked her bedroom door open with his soft bedroom slippers. That must have hurt too.

THUS it had been with the Muirs and Babcocks and Willow Brook in the very early spring. It seemed distant to Modesta now. She was riding through a September night in another car with another man beside her, and even though she was returning to her own bungalow behind No. 7 from one of the familiar swimming-pool parties on the Pages' estate the world was not the same. Too much had happened.

She was thinking about it, lying back in the low car and staring at the blue and yellow stars and wondering and trying to understand, and remembering. She remembered the last night when Don came home with a brief case full of papers and a curious paleness about his mouth. She remembered it all. "I've got to go away," he said. "I've got to go to Russia. Dad's whole fortune and mine and the firm's is involved in those concessions over there. They've sent me. I leave to-morrow."

"And we may be ruined? Is that it?"

"That's it. Away a month or two, anyway." Modesta couldn't recall just how she gained the idea that there was no trouble with the Russian concessions and that Don was making a break—gradually. She felt it all through dinner, a preoccupation, a constraint enduring from fruit cup through coffee and cigarettes. Don made a remark or two about packing. He was taking only bags. "I'll carry that old mashie as a walking stick," he added ruefully.

Twice Modesta was on the verge of telling him something. The second time she even began. "Don—" Then she stopped because it might not be right to worry him if he really were going over there to fight off disaster. It might not be thoroughly—sporting. "Will you have more coffee, Don?"

After dinner, leaning against the mantel, he broke away from his brooding and reached for her hand. Somehow it seemed an artificial gesture, forced. "Lucky you didn't take me up on that—matter about a larger car, Modesta. Things would be even more desperate."

"Oh, that," she said. "Did you think I really considered it?"

He flushed and said nothing. Both of them started forward eagerly when a motor horn sounded and a long, apple-green roadster turned into the drive.

Modesta was trying to think in her remembering where any blame could attach to Douglas, even from that first evening. "There's a gang over at the house, and I came to get you," he'd called. He came up into the shadows of the porch then and saw at a glance that something had happened. She recalled now the keen comparison of the two men which the moment offered. Douglas Babcock was heavier and darker than Don, stronger probably and handsomer. At that minute so long ago she had whispered to herself, "And possibly nicer." He had a quick smile and white teeth, very white in his very brown face.

Later that night Don said, "You'll keep an eye on Modesta, won't you Douglas? Make her keep her head down on her chip shots. I'll be back and in practice to keep you from walking away with the Governors' Bowl without a struggle."

The car moving silently through the night was like time passing, Modesta thought. The big stars stood for things, the things that had happened. There was the month she'd been still able to golf, generally with Douglas. Then followed the months when she had to remain alone in the bungalow with the servants, ending in the sudden, premature dash to the hospital—that agony—and to come home empty-handed: Douglas had supplied her flowers and afterward there were convalescent weeks when her pale face looked at the countryside from an apple-green car.

Sometimes she still wondered about Don. At first she'd received his uneasy letters and a cable or two. After the second month they ceased and six months had gone by now. So it was as she had supposed. A trumped-up message had come from his office about an accident and then typhoid. A vague cable from Don, dated from London only a week or so ago, said the same thing. What a silly gesture it was! She wished he had told her he wanted to go, wished it for Don's sake and her memory of him. It would have been so much more like him to have told her that he was going for good.

Then there was Douglas. She understood how it was with him now and that he had to know. As he helped her up the porch steps one night, it seemed restful to stay within the circle of his arms. She would have liked to wait, just on the chance of—but he wasn't coming back. And Douglas couldn't wait. That was when he kissed her and she him. Now she was glad.

The car came to a crossroad. "Wait, Douglas," she said, "let's see who's at the club. I don't want to go home yet."

In a corner of the club lounge was a group of their friends: Esther Page, Mrs. Carrington, the McCords, Phelps Benedict. The sudden silence signaled by the appearance of Douglas and Modesta in the doorway was too evident, and when he glanced at her he saw that she understood it too. "There will be a certain amount of talk, you know," he said. "Does it matter?"

Modesta touched his arm, and he turned to see Esther walking across to them. She was a slender, pale girl, a good sports type. Her lips were set with determination now. "We were talking about you just now, Douglas. You knew that, of course."

"Yes," he said. "What of it—so long as they confine their talk to me?"

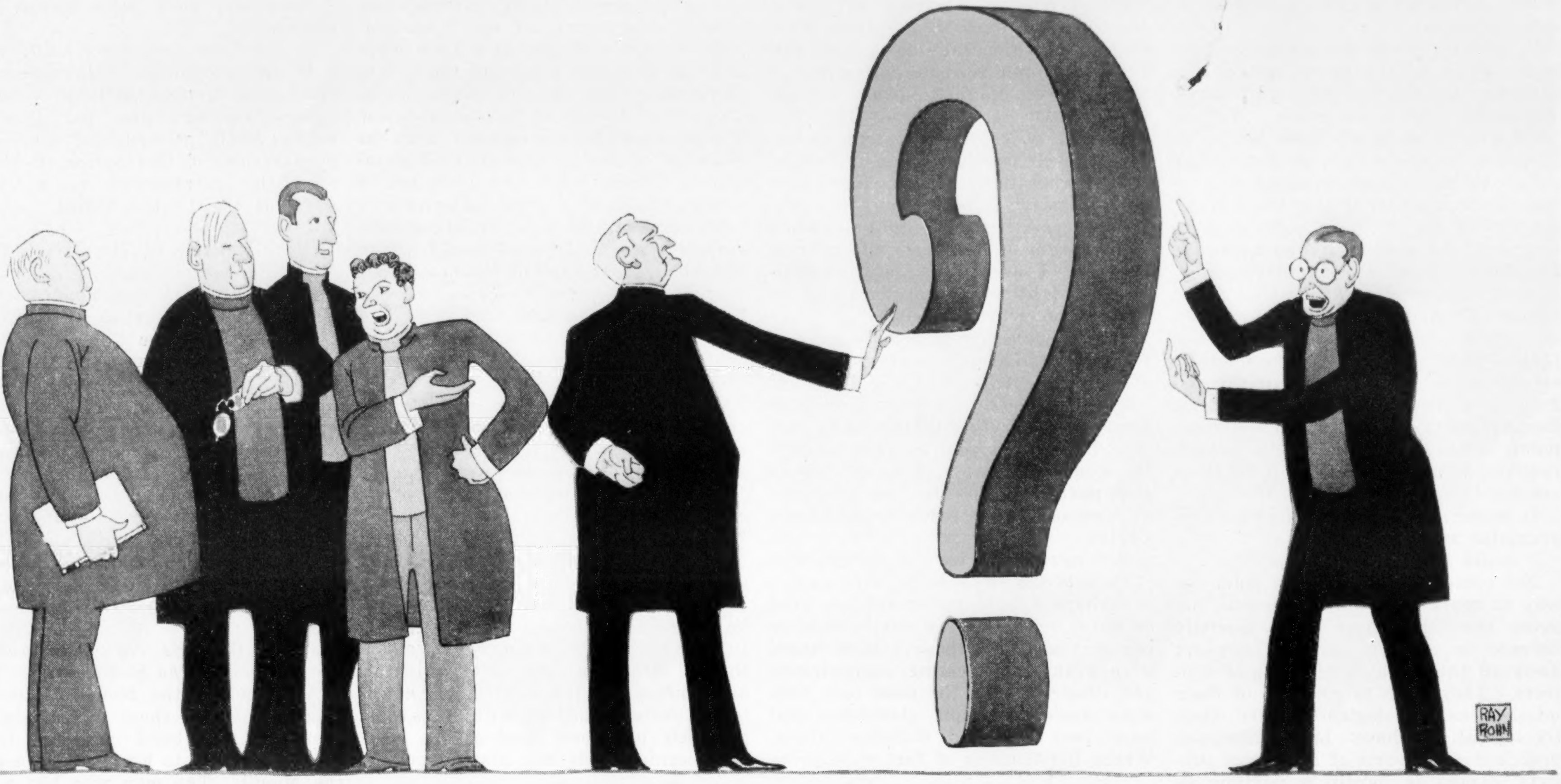
ESTHER'S gaze faltered. "They were saying you wouldn't win if Don Muir were here—"

"The bowl?" Douglas laughed. "But you don't mean the bowl, do you? Well, it is fortunate for me then that Don Muir isn't here." He turned to say hello to one or two of the others who had stopped for a word with Modesta as they departed. "Better hurry along," he said. "The rest haven't your courage, Esther. It was pretty sporty."

She pressed Modesta's fingers as she passed. "Come over to luncheon to-morrow. Will you?"

The deserted, semi-dark lounge startled then slightly with the echo of their own voices until unconsciously they began to speak in murmurs. On a long center table the huge governors' trophy bowl held a reflected glow. Douglas switched on the lights, and for a moment they stood beside it reading down the long list of famous golfers who had won it. "Donaldson Muir"—Modesta reached the name with a slight shock, even though she knew well enough it was there. Who was he? Surely it was no longer than six months ago that such a one had decided she wouldn't do and left her. It was too short a time to make him seem such a stranger.

Next on the list was Douglas' name, and then Don's again, and finally Douglas' for the second time also. "The third-time winner keeps the bowl, doesn't he, Douglas?" She whispered it. Douglas made no reply. Perhaps he hadn't heard, or perhaps the significance of the thing occurred to them both at once—to Douglas the symbol of the double (*Continued on page 53*)



# If I were a clergyman

THE irrepressible Mr. Johnston is at it again! This time he aims his shafts at the men who occupy our pulpits. He thinks they are falling down on the job; and, with true Johnstonian frankness, he tells us exactly why he thinks so. If you disagree at all, you'll probably disagree violently with his findings. (He won't even admit that the average religious leader is a good Christian!) But read what he has to say. Then you'll be ready for the other side of the question, which the Rev. William E. Barton, former moderator of the Congregational Church, will give next week.

### *By* WILLIAM JOHNSTON

THE chief trouble with clergymen these days is that so few of them seem to be Christians. I am judging them not by their profession of faith but by a much more convincing method, the scientific psychology advocated by Dr. John R. Watson, in which the truth is ascertained by watching the behavior.

Certainly many of them to-day are far from Christlike in their quarreling. In fact, if the protection their cloth affords them were stripped away and they were tested by the ordinary efficiency standards of the business world, I am confident that many clergymen would be thrown out of their jobs as unfit. Even to any casual observer the discord over church dogmas, the empty pews of which pastors are complaining and the circus tricks to which some of them are resorting in futile attempts to gather an audience are evidences unmistakable that as leaders of religious thought many modern clergymen are failures.

Perhaps under such conditions the views of a man like myself, associated with no church or creed yet with a profound respect for the teachings of Jesus and with possibly more than ordinary familiarity with the Scriptures, may be of some service. So, writing as an outsider looking on, without partisanship for either modernist or fundamentalist, basing my opinions on the experiences of a journalistic career that perforce has kept me more or less constantly informed on church affairs and has brought me an intimate acquaintance with many ministers of different denominations, may I repeat in all sincerity that many clergymen of the period seem to me, both in their personal conduct and in the dogmas they proclaim, to have departed far from the teachings of Jesus Christ.

Indeed, I often find myself wondering if that humble Teacher of Galilee should come to earth again, proclaiming anew the Brotherhood of Man, just where He would find disciples. If He should happen into a Presbyterian synod, a Methodist conference or a Baptist meeting and witness an acrimonious wrangle going on over fundamentalism and modernism, I question whether He could immediately recognize the clergymen heatedly participating in the debates as His devout followers. Moreover, from what I have gathered of the life and teachings of Christ I suspect that if He entered a modern church edifice on a Sunday morning He would find much that He would find difficult to recognize as done in His worship.

Somehow I for one never have been able to regard the clownish antics of an evangelist or the oratorical rhapsodies of a money-raising pastor in the middle of a drive for a million-dollar church as methods by which the Founder of Christianity expected His gospel to be preached to mankind.

## Fifty Years' Decline

WHEN in the big cities I see church structures being torn down and replaced by business structures, when I hear pastors everywhere complaining about the decrease in church attendance, when every church report I pick up tells of churches in rural communities being abandoned and congregations consolidated, I am not surprised. A recent survey showing that only one fifth of the rural population of the United States goes to church and that four million farm children in this country are out of reach of Sunday schools does not in the least amaze me.

Clergymen themselves are well aware of these conditions and are alarmedly blaming the lack of interest in churches and religion on the Sunday newspapers, on golf, on automobiles and more recently on the radio. I wonder if they ever have considered whether the blame should not properly be placed on the clergymen themselves. Do they realize that their influence in the community is as nothing compared with that of their predecessors of half a century ago? Have they considered that if their churches are empty it may be their fault? Do they ever—do they dare—look the situation in the face and ask themselves if it may not be that the failure of communities to respect and support them is because clergymen no longer know how to give THE VITAL MESSAGE to the people?

It has always seemed to me that, if I were a clergyman, I would approach my job of teaching the way to righteousness from a far different angle. For instance if I were a clergyman—*I would try to be more broad-minded.*

The modern clergyman's failure to command influence is, it seems to me, largely attributable to his astigmatic way of looking at things. He cannot conceive that there may possibly be two sides to a question. Trained in a denominational theological school, he emerges with his natural egotism fortified by dogma. He conceives of himself as being the only person able to give correct definitions of right and wrong.

For example, not long ago I was discussing prohibition with a distinguished clergyman. He was insistent that all good citizens must obey the Volstead Law. "The will of the majority," he said, "has made a law forbidding the sale of alcoholic liquors. It is the duty of all good citizens to obey that law, whether they approve it or not."

"But suppose, Doctor," I said to him, "the antiprohibitionists should triumph at the polls and that a law should be passed requiring each adult male citizen to take two drinks of whisky a day. What would you do then? Would you obey the law?"

"It would then become a matter of conscience," was his reply.

It was beyond his conception that an antiprohibitionist might have a conscience too, and, regarding the Volstead Law as an unwarranted and unconstitutional interference with his personal liberty, might consider it a duty to take a drink when he felt like it as a righteous protest.

## The Mirror of Their Times

IT IS this inability of clergymen to see both sides that upsets so many church assemblies. Anyone, clergyman or layman, who does not believe exactly as he does, who does not interpret the Scriptures in exactly the same way is, in the opinion of the narrow-minded clergyman, on the wrong path. That there may be two paths, or many paths, to heaven is entirely beyond his comprehension.

Especially is this narrow-mindedness a handicap to the clergy when they undertake to present their faith to rationalistic non-church-goers. To the man who looks on the Bible not as an inspired book but as an interesting collection of ancient writings part of which contains the story of the life and sayings of one of the world's greatest teachers, the arguments advanced by clergymen, supported as they are invariably by dogma rather than logic, sound silly and futile. There are few clergymen, indeed, who have studied their own religion open-mindedly enough to be able to defend it successfully to a doubting student of history. Because of their limited, narrow viewpoint, what clergymen say is seldom received with much attention by those outside their congregations.

It seems to me, too, that had I a congregation and a pulpit—

*I would stick closer to my job.*

Not content with trying to point the way to heaven, clergymen seem to imagine that they have been specially licensed to run the earth. They get away off the track on all sorts of subjects. They seem to conceive of their mission as sociological rather than theological. I have heard sermons preached on all sorts of irrelevant subjects. There is hardly a pastime or recreation that I have not heard a sermon preached against at some time or other. I have even known clergymen to forget that their message was supposed to be about heaven to such an extent that they would give their congregations political advice.

As an onlooking layman, who regards morals merely as conventions agreed upon by popular consent as most convenient for comfortable community life, I cannot conceive it as part of a clergyman's job to be trying to regulate the entire community's pleasures and pastimes. It has always seemed to me that the clergymen stuck best to their jobs when they preached brotherly love and charity; when, instead of setting themselves up as censors, they went about doing works of charity, and by deed and precept taught their congregations the blessedness of "doing unto others."

Again, if I were a clergyman—

*I would think for myself.*

It is strange how prone clergymen are to follow the crowd instead of following the example and teachings of Christ. But perhaps they are no more so now than they have been in the past. It is seldom indeed that one of them has been great enough to rise above the opinion of his generation.

Turn back the pages of history, study the utterances of bygone clergymen, and observe how strongly they were influenced by the times in which they lived. When Galileo discovered the earth's motion the clergy preached against his theories. When kings were in fashion clergymen preached in favor of their divine right to be kings. In the New England colonies when witch hunting was the fashion Cotton Mather and his fellows made sermons on witches. When they had slaves in the Southern States the clergy there defended slavery from their pulpits. In any country when there is a war you will find most of the clergy advocating war in their sermons.

### I Challenged Him for Proof

THE clergymen to-day are, if anything, worse than ever in following the crowd. Read the topics of their sermons in a Saturday newspaper, and you could hardly help thinking that they are more influenced by newspaper headlines than by the teachings of Christ. When the Scopes case was to the fore they were all preaching about that. When General Dawes came back I saw a dozen sermons advertised on "The Dawes Plan." When Coué was here it was on Couéism that they preached. When elections come around they preach on elections.

Just what these subjects have to do with salvation is beyond me—but then the modern clergyman seems to be able to find sermons in "books and running brooks." I even know of one whose Sunday night sermons are based on the latest "best seller" novels.

This tendency to follow the crowd's opinion is and always has been evidence of weakness of intellect. A clergyman who really thought for himself would, it seems to me, be less influenced by current happenings and current opinion. He would consider it his one definite and particular job to help mankind by spreading the teachings of Jesus Christ.

But again, if I were a clergyman—

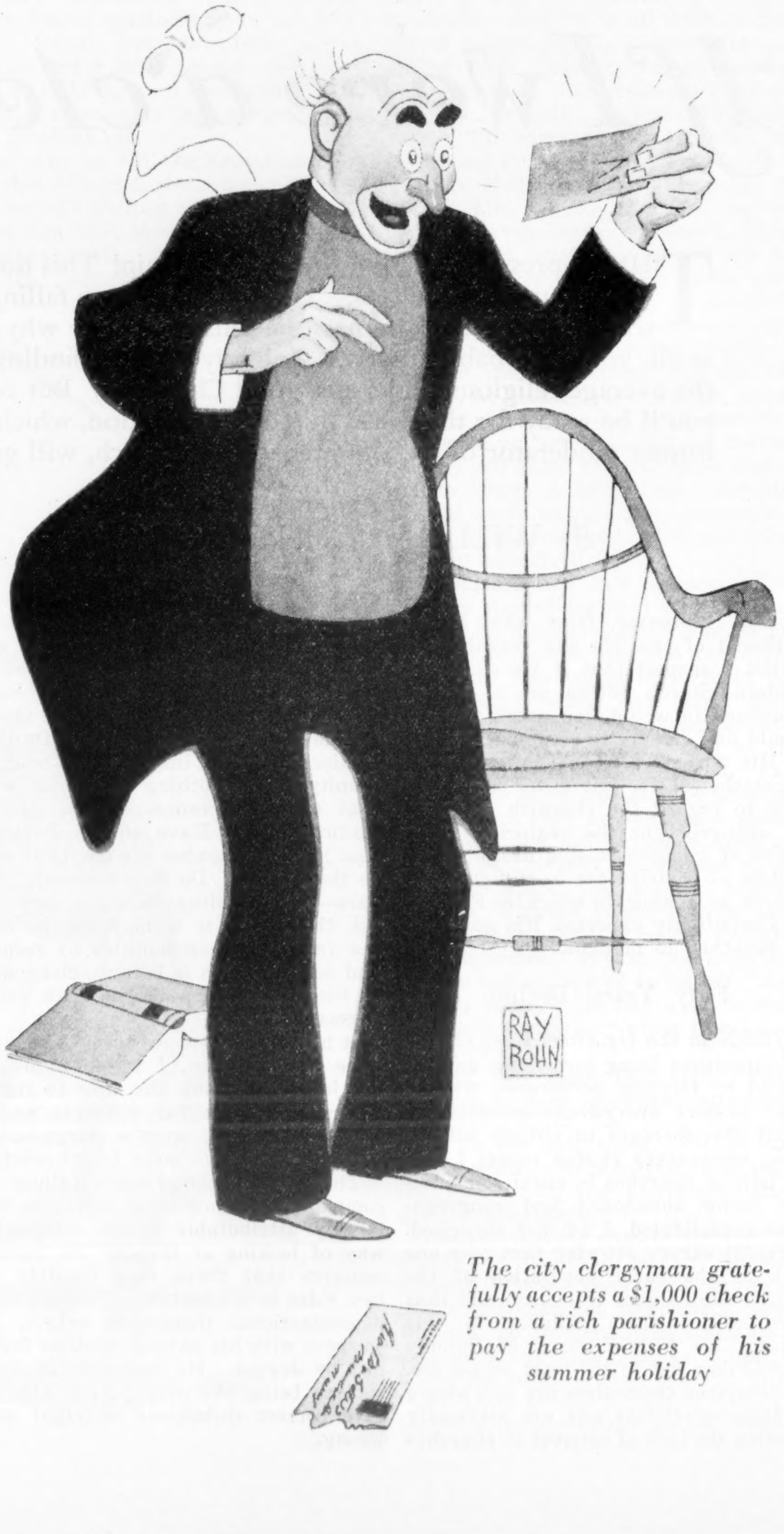
*I would try to be better informed.*

Perhaps I have not heard nor read as many sermons as I should have in recent years, but those I have heard were weak, uninteresting, unconvincing and illogical. For the most part they were made of pulpit platitudes that have been repeated countless times. Where illustrations of fact were given the facts were nearly always misquoted or distorted. I recall one sermon some years ago—at a time when faith healing was a current topic. The clergyman—one of the most distinguished of divines of his denomination—announced in his sermon that he knew of six well-authenticated cases where broken bones had been healed solely by faith. That afternoon I challenged him to produce his proofs, promising if he did so I would devote the whole front page of the newspaper I was editing to the six cases.

"I'm sorry," he said lamely, "I had some newspaper clippings somewhere that told about them, but I've mislaid them."

And that was all the proof there was to his six "well-authenticated" cases—some clippings he had mislaid—clippings he had not even investigated!

Careless, slipshod statements occur all too frequently in pulpit utterances. The manufacturer, the banker, the business man sitting in the pews, is generally far more accurately informed on affairs than the clergyman he listens to. The man of affairs has to know, and to know accurately, about things. He needs the information in his business. He listens time and again to his pastor fumbling with facts, and presently he grows tired of it. Sunday morning finds him playing golf.



*The city clergyman gratefully accepts a $1,000 check from a rich parishioner to pay the expenses of his summer holiday*

Moreover, if I were pastor of a church—

*I would cut out circus stuff.*

It has gotten so to-day that it is difficult to distinguish between the religious columns and the theatrical notices in the newspapers. During the preparation of this article I glanced over the newspapers from various parts of the United States.

### Worthy of His Hire

HERE are a few announcements I caught in advertisements of Sunday services: "The Enchanted Latchkey;" "A cantata with a carnival of flowers;" "Stirring music by the fireman's band;" "The Dixie Quartette will sing;" "A pageant with striking costumes and wonderful electrical effects;" "The Sunday evening sermon will be Phantomland, the lore and legend of the Southwest—illustrated;" "An orchestra of twenty pieces."

There was one line in an advertisement, too, that I suspect is true of most churches—especially those of the big cities:

*There Will Be No Christian Endeavor During the Summer.*

As I peruse the New Testament I discover nothing there to indicate that Jesus found a band necessary to assemble a crowd to hear the Sermon on the Mount. The man who has a real message for humanity, who devoutly believes the doctrines he proclaims, needs no ballyhoo to bring the crowd. No clown's antics are necessary to attract attention to his words.

There are far more persons troubled about many things than there were when Jesus was on earth. The pastor with a message, the clergyman who can bring comfort to the sorrowing, relief to the ailing, peace to those in torment, who can by preaching the teachings of Christ earnestly, honestly, humbly—will find an audience.

And if I were a clergyman—

*I would cultivate more self-respect.*

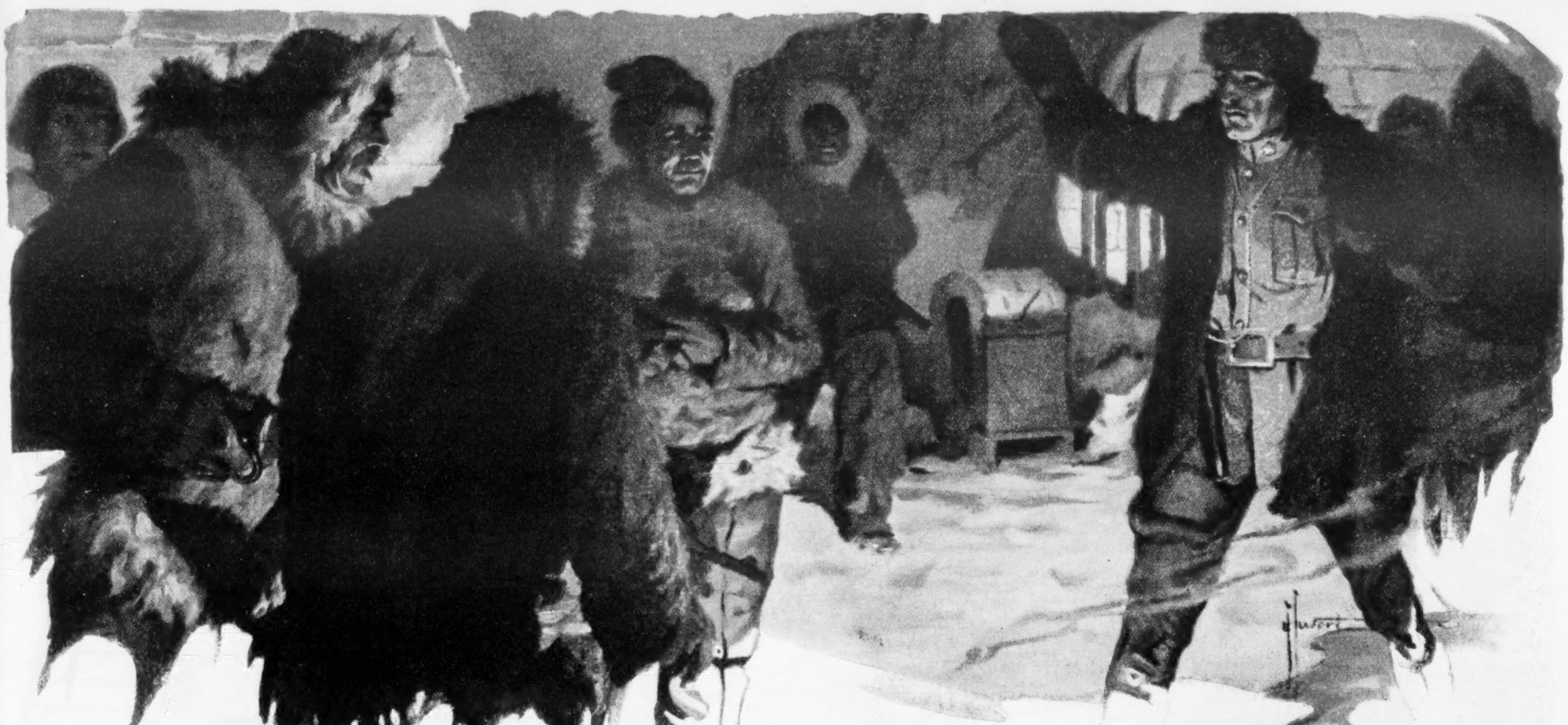
I do not comprehend how any clergyman can retain his own self-respect, or hope for others to respect him, when he goes through life as a subservient recipient of charity. Were I a clergyman, no matter how small my stipend might be, I would resolutely set myself to the task of making it cover my necessities. The clerical practice of expecting a stated salary to be supplemented by discounts and donations is a degrading one.

Time and time again I have heard clergymen buying books and merchandise ask for "a clerical discount." When they travel by railway or steamship they ask for and get half rates. When they send their sons and daughters to college they expect concessions in the fees.

Long ago it was recognized that passes and reduced fares on railways for politicians and newspaper men were merely petty bribes for their influence. But the clergy still subserviently accept whatever is offered them. The country pastor receives donations of farm produce. The city clergyman gratefully accepts a $1,000 check from a rich parishioner to pay the expenses of his summer holiday.

The clergyman's defense of this practice undoubtedly would be the plea that most pastors are underpaid. That is undoubtedly the case, but I suspect that it could be stated with equal truth that clerical standards of living have increased. Being human, they like the luxuries of life as well as the rest of us, and to get the means for procuring them are willing to sacrifice their self-respect and let people patronizingly give them discounts and donations.

Were I a clergyman I would plan to live within my (*Continued on page 40*)



# The great white frontier passes

## Another true story of the Canadian Royal Northwest Mounted Police

### By WALTER W. LIGGETT

THE three Eskimos had murdered the white man in perfect security. The idea of being punished for it scarcely occurred to them.

They killed him on a desolate ice barren 500 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

They belonged to tribes on Baffin Island, which has a rugged coast line of more than 6,000 miles, and an area of 270,000 square miles.

These three Eskimos were like three small needles in an iceberg.

The chances were good that no other white man would ever hear of the crime. And if anyone should hear, who was to prove anything?

It would be months, it might be years, before anyone heard.

Nevertheless, something over a year afterward, word did come to Ottawa that Robert Janes had been murdered.

Robert Janes was precisely nobody. A Newfoundlander, he had set up as a fur trader on Baffin Island in 1916. Men at St. Johns who were backing him failed. Several summers passed without the ship he expected. The Eskimos no longer believed his promises, no longer traded with Robert Janes.

There were quarrels over money. He became virtually dependent on the charity of the natives. Misfortune did not sweeten his temper; the quarrels intensified; and he was killed.

Ottawa heard in 1921 and did a singular thing. Staff Sergeant A. H. Joy of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police was appointed postmaster of a place called Ponds Inlet, on Baffin Island. He was also commissioned as justice of the peace, coroner and collector of customs.

Police powers were already his. Ottawa sent him on a Hudson's Bay Company steamer to Ponds Inlet with general instructions to "enforce law and order in the district tributary to Ponds Inlet."

Joy went north.

Early in December the ice was thick enough for traveling. Then Joy left the little trading post at Ponds Inlet, driving a dog team.

He had no idea how far he might have to go or how long he might be gone. He could carry less than a month's supply of food for himself and the dogs. When that was gone he would have to find game or eat his dogs.

There was no one to extricate him if he went through the ice; no help outside himself if he froze his feet; no resource in accident or disaster.

### Polar Inquest—English Style

BLIZZARDS were sweeping in from Davis Strait; the ice floes over which his team traveled were grinding in the ocean swell; the temperature hovered around 50 below zero.

For sixteen hours a day he bucked the blizzard, sometimes barely making a mile an hour over the rough ice.

At night he fashioned a snow house, or igloo, on the shifting ice floes.

And one morning, dark as night in the sunless polar winter, the Eskimos at Cape Crauford were astonished to see a lone white man drive an emaciated dog team into their settlement. Sergeant Joy had covered 250 miles in fourteen days.

Sergeant Joy was in a situation. The nearest white man was 250 miles away and the natives knew it. The murdered white man had been generally disliked. His three slayers were well thought of and were not without influence. Their kin did not want to see them punished.

The average Eskimo is a good shot. This clan had already killed one white man and at any instant it might occur to one of them that a bullet in Joy's back was the next logical step.

Joy did not lose any sleep over it. His chief concern was to do everything in order.

The law says that the first step is to show that a murder has been committed, either by producing the body or by producing witnesses. The corpus delicti, of course.

It took Joy five days to find the body of Robert Janes. It had been buried in the snow by four Eskimos. This, Joy noted, characteristically, in his patrol diary, was "an admirable and Christian-like act, for the Eskimos customarily expose their dead, but these men, knowing the practice among white men is different, went to considerable trouble to inter the body."

Joy exhumed the body of Robert Janes, hauled it to the Eskimo settlement, and assumed his functions as coroner.

He conducted an autopsy while the settlement looked on, marveling much at what it did not understand but was distinctly impressed by.

Two bullet wounds established that Janes had been murdered.

Coroner Joy determined to hold a regular inquest. But who were to serve as jurors?

He solved this. Serving subpœnas on several witnesses and warning them that he would come after them if they failed to appear, Joy lashed the body of Janes on his dog sled and traveled 250 miles back to Ponds Inlet.

Blizzards the whole way. There were several narrow escapes from going through the ice.

At Ponds Inlet Joy rounded up three white fur traders to serve as jurors and impressed a fourth as special constable—for Joy, be it remembered, was now a coroner.

Six weeks after he had started north the inquest began. It lasted fifteen days, adjourning from time to time so that Joy could assemble more witnesses.

### A Very High Court

EIGHT natives were examined and the jurors brought in a verdict that "Noo-Kud-Lah, alias Kit-Wat-Soo, an Eskimo, did feloniously and with malice aforethought kill and murder the said Robert Janes." Two other Eskimos were named as accomplices.

Coroner Joy now took up his duties as justice of the peace long enough to issue warrants. Then, reverting to his rôle as a police officer, he started out to take the three prisoners and to arrest and detain the necessary witnesses.

The fugitives and witnesses were scattered all over the north end of Baffin Island, and an epidemic among the sled dogs added to the usual difficulties of travel.

But because Joy had done all in order, and with authority, and because the Eskimos are superstitious the path slowly cleared.

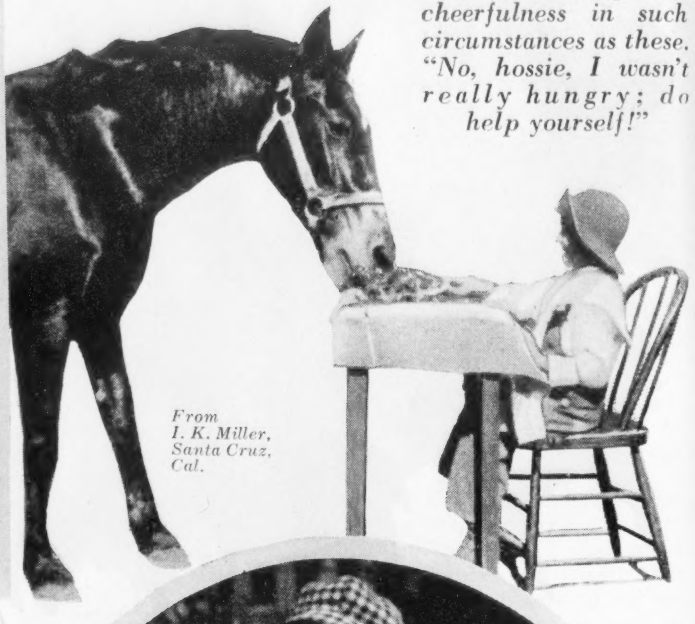
By this time the natives firmly believed that they were dealing with a medicine man of supernal strength and truly awful persistence. One by one the slayers reluctantly surrendered. By the middle of July the last of the three was in custody and a little company of witnesses were eating the white man's rations at Ponds Inlet and wondering what new magic he would evoke.

The hearing took ten days. Eight natives were examined and eight depositions—all (Continued on page 52)

# When we are very young

*The owl is the only adult in this scene. The dappled fawn is nosing a camera, the idea of having his picture taken having occurred to him a little late. As for Alice, she's in Wonderland pretty early*

From Wm. E. Sherwood, Trail, Ore.



*There's nothing lik cheerfulness in such circumstances as these. "No, hossie, I wasn't really hungry; do help yourself!"*

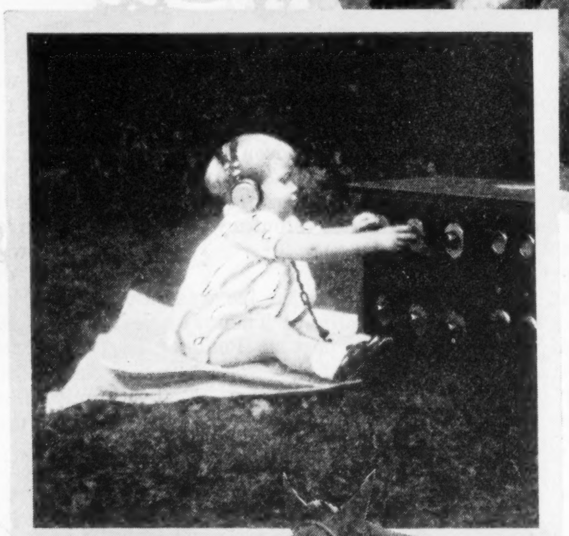
From I. K. Miller, Santa Cruz, Cal.

*Would you think he'd start practicing with his fish stories so young! Still, he has the fish, never a doubt of it*

From Ethel Brown, Pawhuska, Okla.

From Mrs. J. M. Myers, New Cumberland, Pa.

*Of course this seems like a lot of dogs for just one boy, but the dog-saturation point of boys is remarkably high. He's not complaining!*



*How much better this is (above) than in the old days, when very young children always insisted on doing their own broadcasting*

From Albert Markwalter, Augusta, Ga.

*"The more I see of dogs," says this experienced fox terrier at the left, "the better I like humans"*

From Mrs. L. M. Barker, Decatur, Ga.

*Here we are a little older—and a little heftier. No wonder Bess' skyline slopes a little toward the rear*

From Carolyn Calloway, Brentwood, Tenn.

THESE pages show the advance from the plush album era. Oh, the effort to "look pleasant" in those days of cabinet photographs! Where here it is obviously no effort at all.

All these photographs were supplied by Collier's readers. There are more to come. And if *you* have an interesting snapshot or two remember that Collier's will pay $5.00 each for any that are available for publication.

*Here in full regalia is a Colonial Dame, or should one say Demoiselle? She is waiting to welcome her Paul Revere*

*From Mrs. Robert Bell, Union City, Tenn.*

*This is the sort of thing the movie censors come down on hard. It's a good thing the pair of them are not John Gilbert and Greta Nissen*

*From Inez Smith, Ocala, Fla.*

*Don't know about mixed bathing but this certainly looks like mixed-up bathing. Or maybe these two wise men of Gotham are waiting for the third before setting to sea*

*From H. B. Rowe, Alderson, W. Va.*

*"C'mon in, the water's fine!" We hope no censorious passerby will complain that—well—'tain't deep enough!*

*From H. O. Merrill, Upper Darby, Pa.*

*The moment in which one acquires the necessary courage gently to agitate the big toe and take the temperature of the wa—br-r-r!*

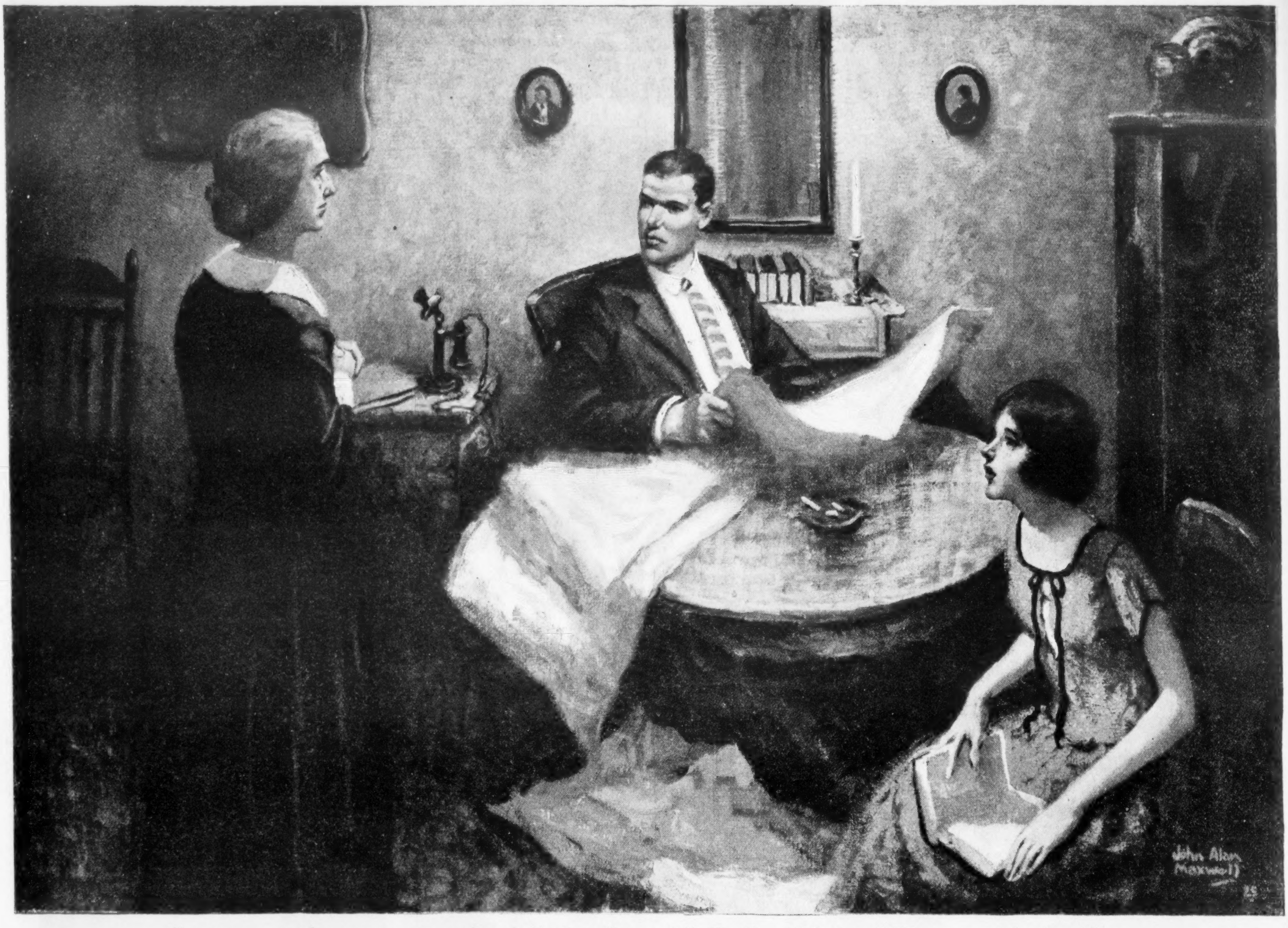
*From Glenna Mae Sharon, Las Cruces, N. M.*

*This is a nice squirrel. We hope Baby will never try to coax nearer one of those squirrels with a white stripe down his back*

*H. B. Rudolph, Springfield, Ohio*

*It's a little hard to see the hands clearly but apparently this is a game of two-handed bridge. The dog, however, has a poker face*

*From Mrs. Don D. Kingrey, Sullivan, Ill.*



*For a moment there was a stunned, unbelieving silence. "Mother!" said Harry. "What sort of business?"*

# Mother's got a good home

## *She wore ginghams and made hot cakes for breakfast, but she had a glint in her eye as modern as any flapper*

*By* SOPHIE KERR

MRS. BENTLEY was washing the dinner dishes. She worked in the old-fashioned way, with a big pan full of soapy water and a big dishcloth and another pan to stack in for the rinsing in clear hot water. She had a towel for glass, a towel for china, a towel for pans and pots. And Mrs. Bentley herself was old-fashioned. She had gray hair, parted in the middle and done in a plain coil low on her neck. She had an old-fashioned black dress with an old-fashioned hemstitched white collar, pinned with an old-fashioned brooch, an oval of two shades of hair under glass, wreathed with gold. There was old-fashioned honesty and capability in every line of her. And to make her utterly and completely old-fashioned, she wore a gingham apron, large, fulled to a belt that pinned behind. Anyone gazing at Mrs. Bentley and the exquisite cleanliness and neatness of the little apartment kitchen would have handed her without question a gold medal for old-fashioned serenity and peace.

That is, if her eyes could not be seen. Mrs. Bentley's eyes were blue and straight and kind, but just now they were troubled almost to tears. Once she got out her handkerchief and wiped them. Then she took a cautious step toward the kitchen door, opened it a crack, and listened to the conversation in the living-room. Her son was there and her daughter and an old friend and neighbor from her home town who had been passing through the city and stopped to have dinner with them.

Harry Bentley, her son, was speaking. He had the incisive, assured, habitually pleasant voice of the born salesman. "Oh, yes, Father's death and finding that he'd put every cent they'd saved into worthless stocks was a hard blow to her," he was saying. "At Mother's age, after such an experience, one just wants peace and rest and quiet. I tell you, Mr. Clarke, even if it means a sacrifice to Margie and me, we'd rather have her here and know that she's taken care of and got a good home—"

At this point Mrs. Bentley shut the door, visibly restraining herself from banging it. She went back and stood before the dishpan, but she did not wash any dishes. "Damn!" she said aloud, and then hastily corrected herself. "I mean *darn!*" She stood silent again. "At my age!" she said presently. Again there was silence. "A good home!" said Mrs. Bentley. "Taken care of!" If words have, as Lafcadio Hearn declared, human personalities of their own, these were certainly snapping, biting, stinging, furious little creatures.

THEN, finally, Mrs. Bentley said with determination: "I ought to spank him—hard!"

She turned her head and looked in the kitchen mirror. "Fifty-six," she told her image. "Hale and hearty. I've got twenty years before me at least. We're a long-lived family and sound to the last day. Twenty years in this kitchen, or another—and I've had more than thirty years of kitchens already. When I get to heaven I suppose I can tell St. Peter that he might have eaten off my kitchen floor and that company never caught me unprepared. That'll be a fine record."

Now she went back to the neglected dishes, drew more and hotter water, finished them deftly, quickly. She drew toward her a tall white pitcher and stirred within it the buckwheat batter for the raised cakes Harry Bentley so loved for breakfast. She set out the coffeepot beneath the grinder. She squeezed four oranges and put the juice into the refrigerator in two glasses. Then she wound the clock, washed her hands, took off her apron and snapped out the electric light.

In the moment of darkness before opening the door she twitched her face into repose, and then came, smiling, into the living-room. There sat Harry, her son, a good-looking man of twenty-eight, but a trifle too heavy for his years. He was head salesman in the biggest furniture store of their up-and-coming city. Across the table from him sat Margery, her daughter, tall and handsome too, but where Harry was rounded and bland she was thin and nervous. She taught English literature in the model high school. Besides these two there was Mr. Clarke, the guest, a comfortable, dumpy, elderly man, relaxed in after-dinner comfort with a cigar.

"I was just telling the young folks, Mis' Bentley," he said, "how we miss you out home. My wife was saying the day before I come away that the Firemen's Carnival and the Easter Fair had both lost their pep since you left. Don't clear near so much money. 'S'fact. People don't seem to get their booths fixed up or sell their stuff like when you was there to show 'em. You know, Mis' Bentley, you could sell an extra leg to a centipede if you put your mind on it. Remember the time you made that ol' miser Jim Starrett buy the Liberty Bonds on the court house green? I want to tell you, young man"—he pointed a pudgy forefinger at Harry—"you get your gift of selling things right from your ma. Your pa was an awful good doctor, but he wasn't a business man thataway."

Mrs. Bentley sat down, reached beneath the table and pulled out a basket of mending. She glanced at Harry and became aware that he was not specially pleased to have derived his business ability from so lowly an example as selling Liberty Bonds to Jim Starrett. Yet Mrs. Bentley couldn't help smiling. It had been a Homeric battle, that bout with the miser.

"I'll bet that old skinflint never bought anything that netted him less'n 20 per cent before in his life," she said. "But I made up my mind he had to buy those bonds if I had to knock him down and pick his wallet out of his pocket."

"Mother!" said Margery, deprecating such expression.

Mr. Clarke slapped his knee. "And you would too, Mis' Bentley, you would, and you could! You always could do anything you wanted to do. Everybody home says so."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Bentley wistfully. "That's a pretty large order."

"Will you excuse me, Mr. Clarke, please?" said Margery, rising. "I have themes to look over to-night—a teacher's work is never done, you know."

"Certainly, Margie, you run right along. How about you, Harry? Got a date to take your girl to the movies, I expect."

Harry Bentley colored and looked confused. "I have an engagement, but it can wait," he said awkwardly. "I don't like to leave a guest, especially one as welcome as you are, Mr. Clarke."

"That's all right—you skip along. Me and your ma'll set here and chin over the local items a while before I hafta catch my train. Certainly have enjoyed seeing you, though."

AFTER Harry had gone the little man settled back for gossip. "Harry looks fine," he said. "He's a handsome boy if ever there was one. Beats me he hasn't been bringing you home a daughter-in-law."

"He's got a real nice girl—Mary Sanders her name is—lives down the street a ways," said Mrs. Bentley. "I expect they'll be getting married one of these days. I hope he will—she'd make him a fine wife."

"Margie ought to be thinking about getting a feller too."

"Margie don't seem to care for the boys. She's all wrapped up in her work, strains herself over it, I say. Nothing's worth spoiling your health for. She could easy get a beau if she wanted—there's been two-three right likely young men buzzing round. But she don't pay 'em no mind."

"Seems to me you don't look as pert and well as you used to. How d'you like this town, anyway? It always kinda wears me out, there's so much rush and rip and tear. It certainly is good for business, though. Everybody making money."

"I don't get out much, but I like it. I put in my letter at a nice church about two blocks down street, and the pastor's called and some of the members. And here in the apartment—you see we got eight floors and two families on a floor—land, I know everybody, and some of 'em's likable and some of 'em's sort of dumb, but all of 'em's friendly, and that's the main thing. I keep pretty busy here in the house, though, for good help is the one thing there's not much of. If you can get somebody, which usually you can't, she's not worth her salt and she wants three-sixty a day."

"That's terrible. Three-sixty! That's millionaire style, I call it."

"I do too. And so I'd rather take hold and do things myself. The children don't know it, but most of the time I do the washing and ironing. I can't bear these laundresses that streak the clothes with blue or don't get the dirt out or scorch holes in 'em."

"Well, now, Mis' Bentley, don't look to me like a woman of your age ought to be doing laundry work. It's too heavy. I'll bet Harry and Margie'd be mad as hops if they knew you did it."

Mrs. Bentley's lips twisted in a dry smile. That was the second time this evening she had heard the phrase, "at your age." And she doubted very much that the extent of her laundry work would worry Harry and Margie. On this subject loyalty held her dumb—but she changed the subject. "What's new at home, anyway?" she asked wistfully. "Anybody doing anything outlandish?"

Mr. Clarke struck his leg with his hand. "By jiminy, I near about forgot to tell you the latest. Miss Sue Riddle's started a tea shop, and she's making money hand over fist off the automobile tourists."

"Sue Riddle! For goodness' sake! Not really!"

"Yes, ma'am. Said she was sick and tired living with her nephew and his wife and doing the housework for nothing but her board and keep. Said if she had to work her finger nails off she'd do it for herself and get paid for it. Oh, they've had a right down tearing fuss, I tell you. And she went out to the highway and got a couple colored carpenters to stick her up a little shack, all rustic finish, and she's living in the back room and serving meals in the front, and happy as a clam. She's started a bank account, and she's bought a second-hand flivver! I tell you, the town's buzzing with it."

"I reckon so. I reckon so. I'll have to write Sue a letter and send her my recipe for drop cookies."

"Yes, and I got something else good. Anybody tell you I was a grandpa?"

"Go along—Luther's wife got a baby? Now, that's complete! Boy or girl?"

Mr. Clarke needed no further urging. From that moment until the time for his train his voice was uplifted in a pæan of praise and joy concerning the most marvelous baby in the world, a boy and named for him—yes, sir—they wouldn't even consider anything else.

Mrs. Bentley threw in the right word, as needed, and all the time kept busily on with her darning. She had the appearance of one listening with rapt interest. In reality she was so engaged with her own thoughts that she hardly knew Mr. Clarke was present. They ran something like this:

*I'm not Mrs. Methusaleh, though everybody seems to think so.*

*"I could sell another leg to a centipede," he said.*

*"A good home, peace and rest and quiet"—the cat's foot.*

*Always could do anything I set out to do, could I? Better set out to do something, seems to me.*

*Harry's as selfish as they make 'em, even if he is my son.*

*"At my age!" Seems to me I reached the age when I might do something I enjoyed for a spell.*

WHEN she had gone thus far she was roused by Mr. Clarke getting up and extending a cordial hand. "Don't know when I've enjoyed an evening so much, Mis' Bentley—Jennie'll be pleased as punch when I tell her about seeing you and mad with me because she wasn't along. Any time you feel you can get away there's a sight of people in our little burg would bid you a hearty welcome, you know that, and the Clarke latch string is always out. Good-by and good luck."

After he had gone she finished the darning. "Good-by and good luck," she thought. "Well, I'll maybe need that last."

Presently Margery looked in at the door. "Has he gone? Isn't he the most interminable bore! How did you ever stand him all evening, Mother?"

Mrs. Bentley smiled. "You maybe wouldn't believe it, but Tom Clarke said some things to-night that was more powerful than any exhorter I ever heard—moved me more—that is. Come in and rest a little, child. You look white and sort of gone. I'm going to fetch you a glass of milk."

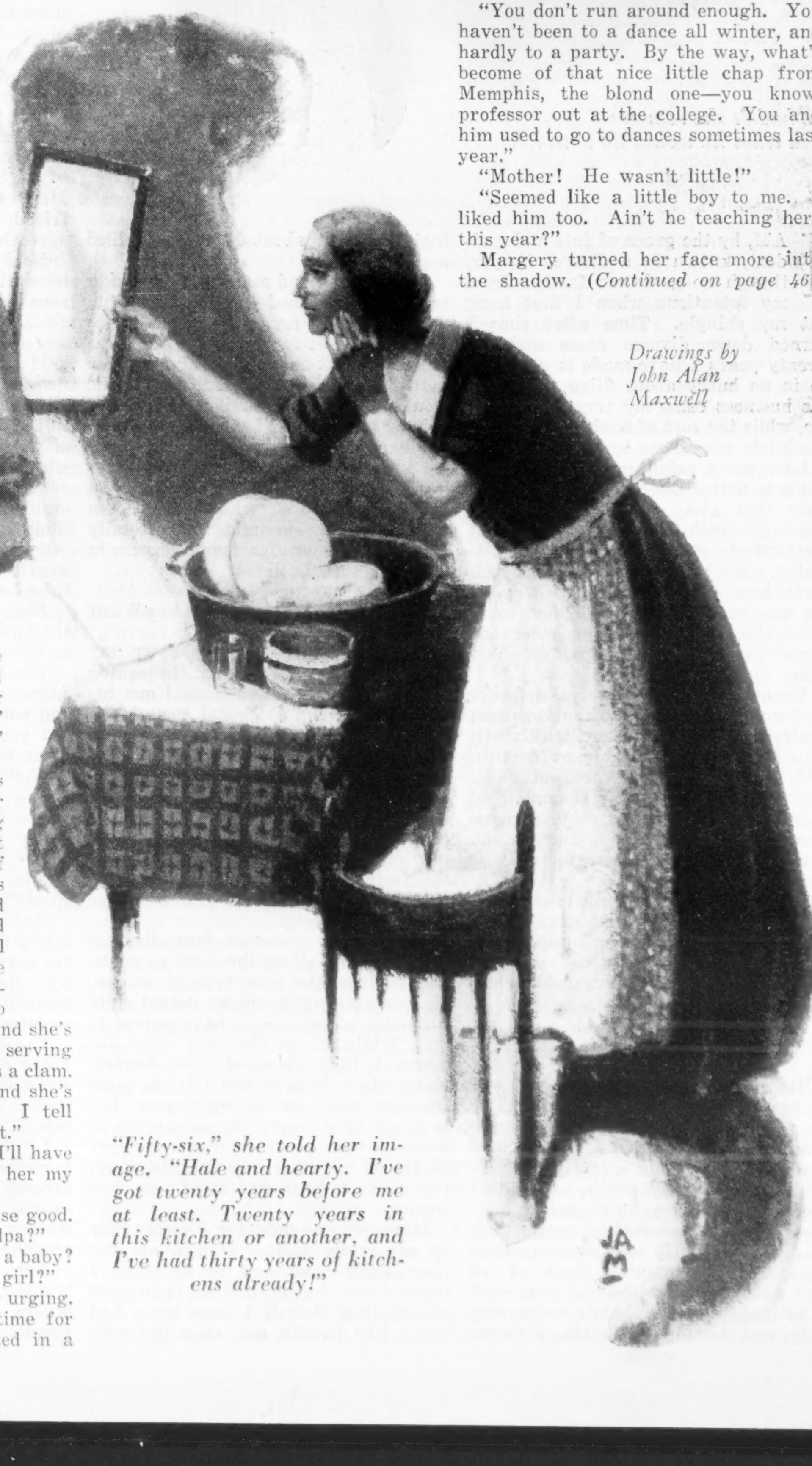
Margery sat down, and her mother brought the milk. The girl sipped it listlessly, leaning against the table, too tired to sit straight. "I'm all in," she said. "Those themes—it seems to me the children are more stupid every year. I get so discouraged with it."

"You don't run around enough. You haven't been to a dance all winter, and hardly to a party. By the way, what's become of that nice little chap from Memphis, the blond one—you know, professor out at the college. You and him used to go to dances sometimes last year."

"Mother! He wasn't little!"

"Seemed like a little boy to me. I liked him too. Ain't he teaching here this year?"

Margery turned her face more into the shadow. (*Continued on page 46*)



*"Fifty-six," she told her image. "Hale and hearty. I've got twenty years before me at least. Twenty years in this kitchen or another, and I've had thirty years of kitchens already!"*

*Drawings by*
*John Alan*
*Maxwell*

# What a divorce

*He hadn't the remotest idea what he would do with her*

**A FAMOUS attorney with twenty years' experience in the cutting of love knots talks about the wives and husbands he has met and what he has learned about the causes leading up to divorce.**

I AM, by the grace of fate and accident, known as a divorce lawyer, though no goal was farther from my intentions when I first hung out my shingle. Time after time I turned down divorce cases and for twenty years I have made it a rule to be in no hurry about filing them, but the business came my way in spite of me, while the sort of business I wanted resolutely passed me by.

I am not a subtle person, nor was I quick to divine the weird array of motives that sway principals and witnesses in such litigation, therefore I instinctively essayed the rôle of peacemaker. While I had no success my efforts bore doubtful fruit in winning for me the reputation of a kind counselor, the result being that more and more divorce cases drifted into my office.

Twenty years ago I was a defender of divorce. At that time the sentiment against it was much stronger than it is to-day; but I was a rampant feminist, and for some unknown reason under the impression that a champion of women would necessarily be a champion of divorce. As it turned out, however, I have represented nearly as many men as women.

On the subject of divorce laws I have no comments to offer. The more I learn the less I know with certainty. So I shall discuss here only the people I have met and not the laws under which their cases were tried.

### Husbands Seldom Win

THE first case that came my way probably had much to do with making me a protagonist of divorce, for it presented such a picture of fiendish mental cruelty as one could scarcely imagine. The husband was a gentle soul, rather bookish, but aggressive enough in business to have amassed a comfortable fortune. His wife was a plump little woman with a peculiar shade of red hair difficult to describe, and gray eyes. I noticed that her hands were very ugly; and there was something distressingly common about her. She talked a great deal.

This woman had a genius for making trouble. It seemed that her principal delight was to prod her husband into any sort of activity just to keep him from being at ease. His calm manner nettled her to such an extent that she would fly into a passion and throw things at him. When the case was finally tried I presented testimony covering some seven or eight of these senseless, violent scenes. The husband won his divorce, and, since husbands seldom do, the verdict brought me a totally undeserved reputation for cleverness in handling such business.

### Women Don't Know What They Want

ABOUT eighteen months later my client came to me again. He wanted another divorce. In due time I met his second wife, and at first I thought he must have remarried the same woman he had divorced. She glared at me with the same peculiar shade of gray eyes; there was the same red hair. And, strangest of all, I noticed the identical ugly hands!

Well, with a few minor differences the facts were the same as before, so we went to trial again with a charge of extreme cruelty.

I have now obtained four divorces for that man, all on the same grounds, and all from the same type of woman. He is a mystery to me, as indeed quite a number of my clients have proved to be. While he is the only man for whom I have obtained four decrees, many others do approximately the same thing on their second marriages; that is to say, they marry the same types of persons that they were divorced from. So far as my experience goes, however, this seems to be more true of men than women.

Many persons fight for divorces they do not really want. Women are far more likely than men to do this. I recall a case that puzzled me very much at the time though I have since had many like it. In this case the wife was my client. She had been married about two years when a girl friend of school days—whom her husband did not like—came to visit her. This friend was also married but her husband was abroad. The hostess was uneasy and begged her husband to exert himself to be nice to their visitor, but endeavored to make it plain to her guest that her husband was very much in love with her. Men, I have learned, resent being shown off. Anyway, my client resented the fact that her husband did not act the part of bewitched lover she had assigned him. She was further nettled by his ingenuity in providing entertainment for their guest, who, pleased to be bridging ancient gulfs between Men, I have learned, resent being friend, was going out of her way to be agreeable and appreciative.

Need I go on with this recital to its inevitable conclusion? All three persons were caught in a net as old as social intercourse. I told my client when she came to me: "You will regret it if you get a divorce." But she was firm in her purpose, and so with much misgiving I filed the papers. We obtained the decree with no difficulty at all, and the husband who had been in Europe also divorced his wife on the same testimony. But neither of the guilty parties in these two cases sought each other after freedom had been forced upon them. I have not the slightest doubt that they wondered how it had all happened.

Just before this case went to trial the husband asked permission to speak to his wife. I granted the request.

The husband said: "Little girl, let's forget all this and call it off. I know I'm not the best husband in the world but you'll go a long way and not do much better. I'm not mad at you."

Well, of course, that was a fearfully clumsy thing to say. What he meant was a plea for pardon but he had not really made one. He was a lumber dealer, not a diplomat. His wife looked at him coldly and asked: "Is that all, Fred?"

And what she meant, of course, was a hint for him to ask straightforwardly for pardon, but he didn't understand it so. He marched out of the building without another word and the case was undefended.

The divorce is now seven years old. I met my client not long ago. "Well," she told me, "he was right. I was a fool. Sometimes I wish you hadn't talked me into that divorce."

I looked at her dumfounded. Talked her into the divorce! Why, not a conference between us closed without my saying very earnestly that she was making a mistake. But I did not contradict her.

Now, what that woman wanted was her husband, but what she got was a divorce. I often wonder why it is that people cannot look a desire straight in the face and say: "What do I want?" And then go get it.

One morning I was interrupted by a young woman who resembled the famous painting, Mona Lisa. I have seldom seen such a beautiful face and striking figure. She wanted a divorce. It seemed that her husband neglected her for no less than half a dozen other women. I couldn't help wondering if the man had good eyes. Among the women mentioned was one over fifty years of age. The recital was most astonishing. The case was not contested, and the divorce was obtained.

About two years later I obtained a second divorce for this woman. It appeared that she had again married a man with a tendency toward harems. Four years later she obtained her third divorce. About that time I met her first husband and he gave me a brief but enlightening account of their life together. She was a victim of insane jealousy and these weird tales about her husbands grew out of an unwholesome imagination.

When I was younger I used to prick up my ears with great interest when a client would say: "The first thing that aroused my jealousy was—" According to the client's story he or she was totally devoid of jealousy up to that moment. Now I smile. I can spot jealousy on an animated face as easily as a scientist with a microscope spots the germ of tuberculosis. It is one of the principal causes of divorce.

And then there is the broken heart. I hope I am not becoming cynical but

# lawyer knows

*I have obtained four divorces for that man, all from the same type of woman*

the so-called broken heart now leaves me unsympathetic about ninety-nine times out of a hundred. The persons whose broken hearts I have been called upon to offer in evidence were usually suffering from severe cases of lacerated vanity, which, by the way, ranks close to jealousy as a cause of divorce. I recall two amusing instances of it:

One of my clients was given to bragging about his wife's devotion to him. On one occasion he had asserted that his wife was so certain to meet him at the railway station that he would bet five dollars to five cents on her appearance. Someone in the Pullman smoking compartment, just to oblige, took the bet—and she failed to meet him for the first time in three years. Therefore he launched upon a course of persecution that led to the inevitable result. But it wasn't his wife who broke his heart; it was that five-dollar bet!

The second instance of injured vanity masquerading as a broken heart relates to a woman. She became very angry at her husband one morning and screamed at him in such a loud voice that it attracted the attention of neighbors. The husband rushed at her, picked her up and threw her (still screaming) across his shoulder. Having done this he had not the remotest idea what he would do with her; so he carried her all over the house, and finally deposited her on a lounge. The incident would probably have remained an incident but for the fact that on rising she saw several of her neighbors looking in the windows. That injured her vanity. The result was a suit for divorce, during the trial of which she testified that her husband dragged her all over the house, part of the time by the hair—and that her heart was broken. Now she didn't really want a divorce; nevertheless she was the plaintiff. It is my observation that the person who causes the trouble is a little more likely to appear as plaintiff in the ensuing litigation than the other party.

I particularly remember one case that I lost. On the docket it was listed as Jones vs. Jones and I represented Mrs. Jones. She was a beautiful young woman. Her husband was a prosperous business man who dearly loved having a good time. Golf, automobiles and late suppers were his principal diversion.

Mrs. Jones always retired before eleven o'clock. Her husband usually remained active until about one o'clock in the morning, principally on account of his late suppers. From time to time Mrs. Jones would hear reports of these —that her husband had flirted with someone, or that he had taken Mrs. So-and-so home. Jones was very fond of his wife, had no entangling alliances, and told her whatever happened, if she took the trouble to ask. In time, however, his gay manner of life began to annoy her. And one day she reached a decision—a decision, by the way, that is far from original. It was, to be specific, that two could play at that game.

But there was a certain difference between the playfulness of Mr. Jones and that of his wife. He gathered around him men and women whom he liked. But she didn't. Her one objective was revenge, or rather a sort of tit for tat. It had never occurred to Jones that there was the slightest objection to his manner of life; therefore he thought it not unreasonable to remark to Mrs. Jones that her conduct was becoming indiscreet. Well, you can imagine the effect of that comment.

### Keeping up With Jones

SHE conferred with several of her women friends, incidentally letting them know she contemplated divorce. They encouraged her; as a matter of fact, women friends very frequently do. Also they spread the report, and presently Mr. Jones heard it.

Jones was a good sport. He was willing enough for his wife to have a divorce if she wanted one, but he was uneasy about alimony. He knew women fairly well and alimony does not always mean bread and butter to them. Very often it is sought as punitive damages, or the most available substitute for the spankings they would like to bestow. Jones thought the matter over and decided to match a neat little contest of wits with his wife. He proceeded to have a good time just as he had always done, knowing that this would fire his wife with a determination to keep pace with him. She didn't enjoy that sort of thing at all and was fearfully unhappy but it seemed to her the obvious and only thing to do.

One day her husband came into my office and smilingly gave me a full account of the evidence in his possession. I could see that it would seriously cripple his wife's chances of winning a divorce and so advised her; but she wished to go ahead anyway. So the suit was filed. Neither won a divorce. Mrs. Jones was a fighter; not a very intelligent fighter, but game to the core. She wanted to make a scandal. It would affect her, of course, but she belonged to him and therefore all shots would go in his direction.

Later the matter ended with a reconciliation in my office and Mrs. Jones agreed to attend at least some of her husband's late suppers. Strange as it may seem, both were in the very best of humor after this rough-and-tumble row, for each cherished an illusion of victory. She had made his late suppers cost him about ten thousand dollars and he had kept his wife—which was entirely satisfactory to Mrs. Jones because she didn't really want a divorce, anyway.

So far as I know there are no statistics showing the number of divorced persons who remarry each other but a great many do. Having observed a dozen or more such epilogues to divorce, I make bold to venture an explanation. It is that they cannot forgive each other's offenses as long as they remain man and wife, but just as soon as they are divorced the grounds upon which their decrees were obtained seem to belong to a remote period of their lives—or even to be trivial. In other words, they forgive. Most healthy people instinctively forgive those who offend against them—in time; but it seems to be far more difficult to forgive those we love than to pardon our enemies.

These observations remind me of my experiences with a certain Mr. and Mrs. Slack. Mr. Slack was a prosperous business man with a record of eighteen years of exemplary behavior when he suddenly changed his course and went in for frivolity. At the end of three months he had given his wife sufficient grounds for six or seven divorces. But she didn't avail herself of the opportunity. He then threatened to sue her for divorce. I told him to go home and behave himself.

"I guess that's what I'll have to do," he replied. "I've been trying to get free from that woman for fifteen years but there's not a chance. She just goes on about her business and pretty soon I get remorseful and break down. She's a wonder, all right. Well, good-by. I'm going home."

I once had the misfortune to represent the extreme opposite of Mrs. Slack, and that case led on to tragedy. My client, a Mrs. Nevill, reported to me that her husband was very much in love with a young woman.

Worry about the future of her two children as well as her own unhappiness actuated Mrs. Nevill, and a decree was obtained without contest.

I did not meet Nevill again until four years had elapsed. Then he sent for me to draw his will. He bequeathed all of his property to his former wife!

According to his story, Mrs. Nevill had gone to visit her mother one summer and during her absence he met a young woman. He wasn't greatly attracted to her, but she either fell in love with him or pretended to have done so. He had spoken frankly of his wife and two children, and on their return some ten days later he told the young woman that his summer liberty was at an end. But the woman declared herself hopelessly in love with him. A few days later she wrote him a letter threatening suicide unless he visited her that evening. Very much frightened he did so, and thereafter was bombarded with letters, telegrams and telephone messages. Naturally the divorce followed. He assured me that he had never been in love with this young woman but was afraid of her.

### Be Honest With Yourself

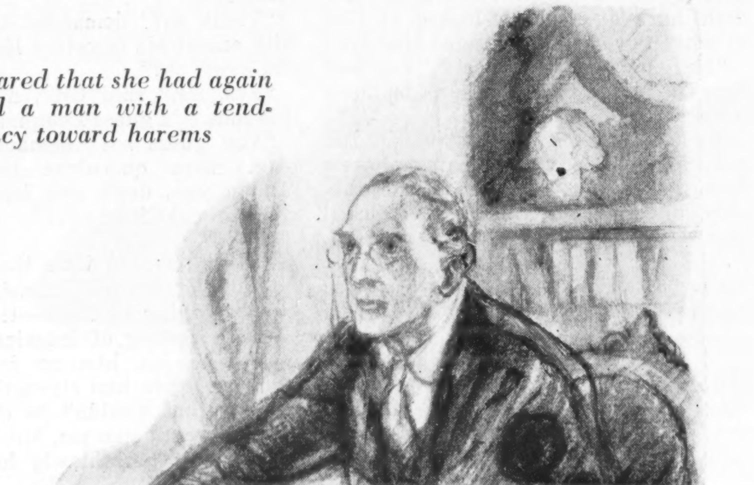
HE DIED within a year after making his will, which the young woman successfully contested on the ground that she was his common law wife. And very little of his estate went to his family.

If that man's wife had looked that young woman in the eye and laughed, just once, I place my wager that her two sons would not now be working for small wages in a paper box factory.

As to whether divorce should be made easier or more difficult I have nothing to say, for I simply do not know. Now that my hair is growing white I am moved by the benevolent hope that out of the welter of my experience I may have salvaged a few observations of possible value to others. One reason for this optimistic opinion is my belief that a large number of the persons who obtain divorces do not want them.

This is especially true of women. If every woman who is contemplating divorce would be perfectly honest with herself in answering the question: "Do I really want a divorce?" there would be an amazing slump in such suits.

*It appeared that she had again married a man with a tendency toward harems*

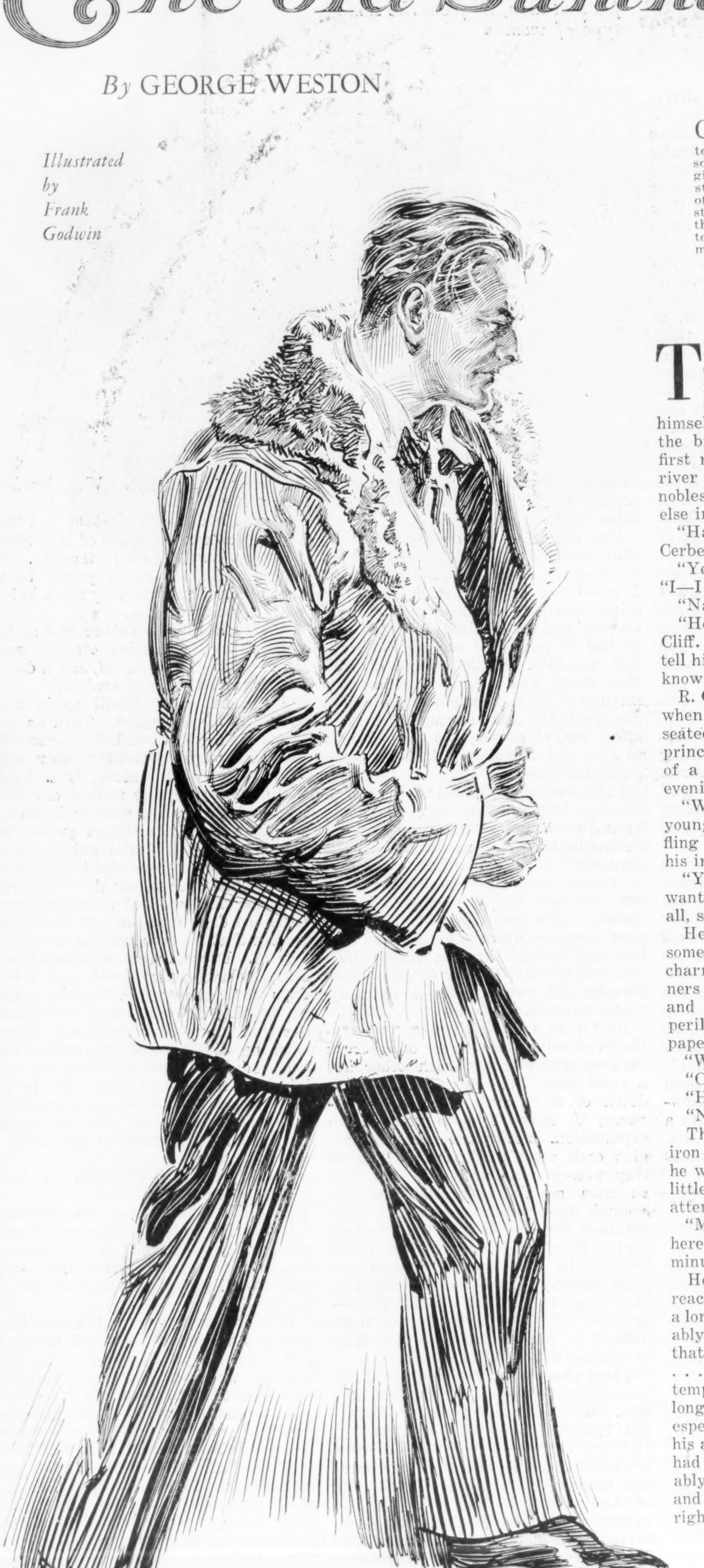


*Illustrated by*
ALFRED CEIKE

# The old Summerton temper

By GEORGE WESTON

Illustrated by Frank Godwin



*Cliff had felt it coming ever since the prince had pointed the finger of scorn. At the word "dirty" the old Summerton temper refused to be battened down any longer*

## The Story Thus Far

CLIFF PARKHURST, a gentle little boy, carefully brought up by his maiden aunts, reaches his early twenties before he finds that he possesses a fair share of the temper which, according to his aunts, was the ruination of his mother. He buys some worthless stock from Jeff Parsons, who has been seeing too much of Cliff's girl, who is one of two sisters of whom Cliff is very fond. When he discovers the stock's worthlessness a queer feeling grows inside of him. Next morning at the office of the engineering firm where he works the office bully starts his daily stunt of teasing Cliff about his conscientiousness. Cliff lets go and a fight ensues. In the middle of it, the big boss, whom no one ever sees, walks in, orders Cliff to report to his office and walks out. Cliff straightens his tie and asks, "Where does the old man keep his office? Anybody know?"

## Chapter II

THE old man kept his office, Cliff discovered, in a corner of the top floor where he could overlook the city and the harbor, and build for himself those visions which have been the breath of builders ever since the first mountain was bored and the first river was spanned so that nature's noblest handiwork might get somewhere else in a hurry.

"Have you an appointment?" asked Cerberus at the outer gate.

"Yes," said Cliff rather sorrowfully. "I—I just made one."

"Name, please!"

"He doesn't know my name," said Cliff. "But you can tell him—you can tell him it's young Jack Dempsey. He'll know who it is."

R. G. didn't seem to be any too pleased when Cliff was ushered in. He was seated at a six-foot desk, on which the principal ornament was the photograph of a capable-looking young matron in evening dress.

"What's all this tomfoolery about young Jack Dempsey?" he asked, scuffling the papers around on his desk with his iron hand.

"You didn't know my name, and I wanted you to know who it was. That's all, sir," said Cliff.

He said this concisely enough, yet somehow with a background of his charming manners—those precious manners which his aunts had taught him—and seeing that his dignity was not in peril old R. G. stopped scuffling the papers and swung around in his chair.

"What *is* your name?" he asked.

"Clifford Parkhurst."

"How long have you been here?"

"Nearly two years, sir."

The old man rasped his chin with his iron hand—for all the world as though he were sharpening the shovel to dig a little hardpan—and he looked at Cliff attentively through his faded blue eyes.

"Mm-mm," he said at last. "You wait here till I come back. I shan't be many minutes."

He left the room and Cliff, now in full reaction, slumped in his chair and drew a long, sad sigh. The old man had probably gone to dictate a letter of dismissal that would make his hair curl. Bounced. . . . Bounced and disgraced by that temper of which he had been warned so long ago. A nice story to tell his aunts, especially if they had already heard of his adventure into finance! Oh, well, he had been a fool. . . . yes . . . but probably not the first fool in the world . . . and as soon as he got home he was going right over to see Jeff Parsons and square things up with him. . . .

For some odd reason which he couldn't have explained Cliff felt better when he thought of seeing Jeff, and sat up straighter in his chair and looked around him, as a man will sometimes look around him in the corner of his ring while rubbing his feet in the rosin. The old man had had a fireplace built in this private office of his, and on the mantelshelf was a pair of silver gamecocks facing each other, heads down, necks ruffling and wings half stretched as though they were about to spring.

"Fighting roosters," thought Cliff. "Aren't they pretty!" And, forgetting his troubles for the moment, he had walked to the mantel and was admiring the birds when old R. G. returned with a card in his hand, looking not unlike an old fighting rooster himself.

"Now then, young man," said he, "let's look into this. That trouble downstairs first: what was it all about!"

Cliff told him, as fairly as he could.

"Lines up pretty well with what the other man says," nodded R. G. when the story was ended. "But you know as well as I do that I can't have my draftsmen knocked around like that."

"It's coming," thought Cliff, and felt his heart grow almost unbearably heavy.

"No, sir!" said the old man, rapping his desk with his iron hand. "You're not fit to work in the office here. What you need is outdoor exercise—with a gang of roughnecks crowding round you, and your feet right down in the dirt. Ever done any field work?"

"No, sir."

"Good. You'll enjoy it all the more. Now, let me see. I guess—I guess I'll try you up in Bidford first—thirty-six miles of concrete road, and a paper mill and a power house that ought to have been finished last month and isn't much more than half done yet. A hard job, they tell me, and a job that needs a fighter. Grades, rocks, freezes, washouts, poor help, moonshine—I never had so many touching letters in my life. So I'm calling off the correspondent who's in charge up there and I'm going to send you up to take his place. Can you start to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir," said Cliff, hesitating. "I think so."

"Think so?" demanded the old man with one of his ferocious looks. "Don't you *know* so?"

"Yes, sir," said Cliff, a bit quicker this time. "I guess I can make it."

"You guess so?" demanded the old man, more querulous than before. "Damn you, don't you *know* whether you can make it or not?"

FOR the second time that day Cliff felt the inward turmoil which he was beginning to know—that sourish-sweetish feeling of intoxication which seemed to lift him up into another being and give him strength and fearlessness that wouldn't be denied.

"Don't you damn me, Mr. Buller!" he said, almost breathlessly leaning over the desk. "I'll go up there if you like. But whether I go or whether I don't, we'll cut out all the personal profanity, and we'll cut it out right away quick, do you hear me?"

The old man breathed hard through his ax head; but back in his eyes was a gleam that wasn't exactly displeasure.

"Damn you, I knew you had it in you," he murmured, as though to himself, and then with a bang of his iron hand upon the desk—a bang that made the photograph shake—"All right, young man, to-morrow," said he. "And now go home and pack!"

The old man had told Cliff that he would get all the information he needed on the job, and it wasn't until he had reached Bidford the next day and had started for Lake Annascoggin that he realized the size of the contract.

Jogging along in an old army truck that clucked like a prehistoric hen every time her rear end flopped into a particularly deep hole, he caught sight of batteries of steam shovels gnawing into the sides of hills, gangs of masons building culverts, road-making crews clustered around mixing machines that could do everything but dive and catch fish; and finally, after a two hours' journey from the railway, he reached the lake where, at the lower end, a power house and a mill were being erected in which paper pulp would presently be converted into golden coin with a speed undreamed of by the alchemists of old.

STEVE NICKERSON was waiting for him at the construction office—Steve, the eloquent correspondent who was being withdrawn so that he could pursue his literary labors elsewhere. He was a little man, growing bald, and of course it was purest fantasy, but it seemed to Cliff that he dimly resembled that other literary gentleman, Mr. Shakespeare, having something the same profile and the same pointed beard. And, instead of gazing with any displeasure upon this tall, dark, serious young man who had come to take his place, he welcomed Cliff with wide-open arms and asked him if there were any good shows in town.

"Thank God, I'm through up here," he said, sitting on the edge of the desk and mutely waving Cliff into the throne chair. "Good thing they've caught you young; you'll be wearing white whiskers by the time this job's finished. Construction reports you'll find in the right-hand bottom drawer. Good man in the office here named Swapscott—Swops, for short. Correspondence file just behind you. Any new cabarets, do you know, worth going to see?"

"I've heard the boys talking of one—Joe Miller's, I think it is," said Cliff uncertainly, and he began to feel like a minnow in the ocean, a minnow with a whale's job in front of him and no one to tell him how to flap his little tail. "But listen now till I get some sort of a line on things. What's been holding the job back here? The old man's distinctly mad about it. Is that the way he always acts? Or has he got a right to be peevish?"

"I'll say he's got a right to be peevish," said Steve promptly. "And he knows why as well as I do—or if he doesn't it isn't for me to say so. Because why? I'll tell you why. When a man's got his own brother-in-law on a job as foreman, and that brother-in-law can do as he darned pleases and has to be handled with kid gloves all the time—well, maybe you can solve the problem, but I'll be darned if I can!"

Cliff didn't think much of that, but it wasn't the news which Steve had told him that made him wrinkle his forehead. Rather it was the first approaching shadow of a problem that was going to take some solving, to wit: "If the old man's brother-in-law has to be handled with kid gloves, why did he send me up when he thinks I'm such a roughneck?"

"Funny thing about the old boy," Steve was chuckling with that rare good humor which almost inevitably marks the man who has not yet taken the fatal step. "He's always been able to handle every contract he took on—until he married this second wife of his. One of the Schureman girls—the contractors—'Schureman, Inc., Are Building This.' You've seen their flashy signs. She's only about half the old man's age, they tell me, and you'd think he could lead her around by the ear. But, oh boy, from what they tell me she makes him step around—the poor old bimbo with his tinny hand!"

"But what's his brother-in-law got against the old man?" asked Cliff, more puzzled than before. "Why should *he* want to hold the job back?"

"Ah, baby, now you're asking questions!" said Steve, nothing loath to answer them. "Wait till you see him! 'Horstyle and ornery to the whole world.' Couldn't get along with his brothers, so the old man's giving him a chance. Said right away quick that this was a three-year job, and he's setting out to prove it. You must know that type of bird," said Steve indulgently. "He isn't the only one that was ever hatched."

"Oh-ho," said Cliff, beginning to find wisdom in the words of the literary Stephen. "Sure, I know the kind. We had a gardener once who said that roses wouldn't grow on the east end of the porch—but never mind him. Let's hear more about this brother-in-law."

"Sure," beamed Steve. "Wait till I tell you a nice bit of scandal about him. They say he stands in with the boss bootlegger at Bidford and gets a dollar a bottle on all the stuff that's sold to our thirsty young gentlemen. Pretty soft, eh? Probably averages between two and three hundred bottles a week; and you can figure that out any time you want to figure it out—any time your slide rule's working good."

After he had gone Cliff sat at his desk a long time, his mind first busy with this problem and then with that; and just as he was on the point of shrugging his shoulders at generalities and getting out the construction reports so that he would have something definite to bite on, the door behind him suddenly opened and a voice asked in the tone of authority, which grated unpleasantly, "You the new man up here?"

Cliff turned around in his chair; and, although he didn't know it, he was frowning. For one thing, he didn't much like the way in which his door had banged open without warning; and for another thing he didn't much fancy the voice which had spoken to him—his gentle aunts having taught him always to knock at a stranger's door before opening it and always to speak to others as courteously as he would like them to speak to him.

"Yes, I'm the new man," he answered.

"Huh," said the other as though grimly amused. "I'm the foreman, Henry Schureman. What news have you got about those new steam shovels?"

NOW, almost all men and almost all women have had their lives changed more or less completely by the passing across the stage of a character appearing in but a single scene—a character unguessed at the opening and generally forgotten at the drop of the curtain—and yet if this unexpected one had not appeared and disappeared the comedy would have had a different ending, and saints might well have been sinners, villains have turned into heroes, and this poor woman in the weave shed would be wearing sables and going to Europe every summer to buy her lingerie.

Whether or not Cliff Parkhurst had some dim premonition of what was about to happen he arose from his chair—although he would probably have arisen anyhow, his aunts having taught him that upon an occasion like this an exchange of the amenities should always be the order of the day.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Schureman," he said, holding out his hand. "My name is Parkhurst—Clifford Parkhurst—and I'm mighty glad you've dropped in."

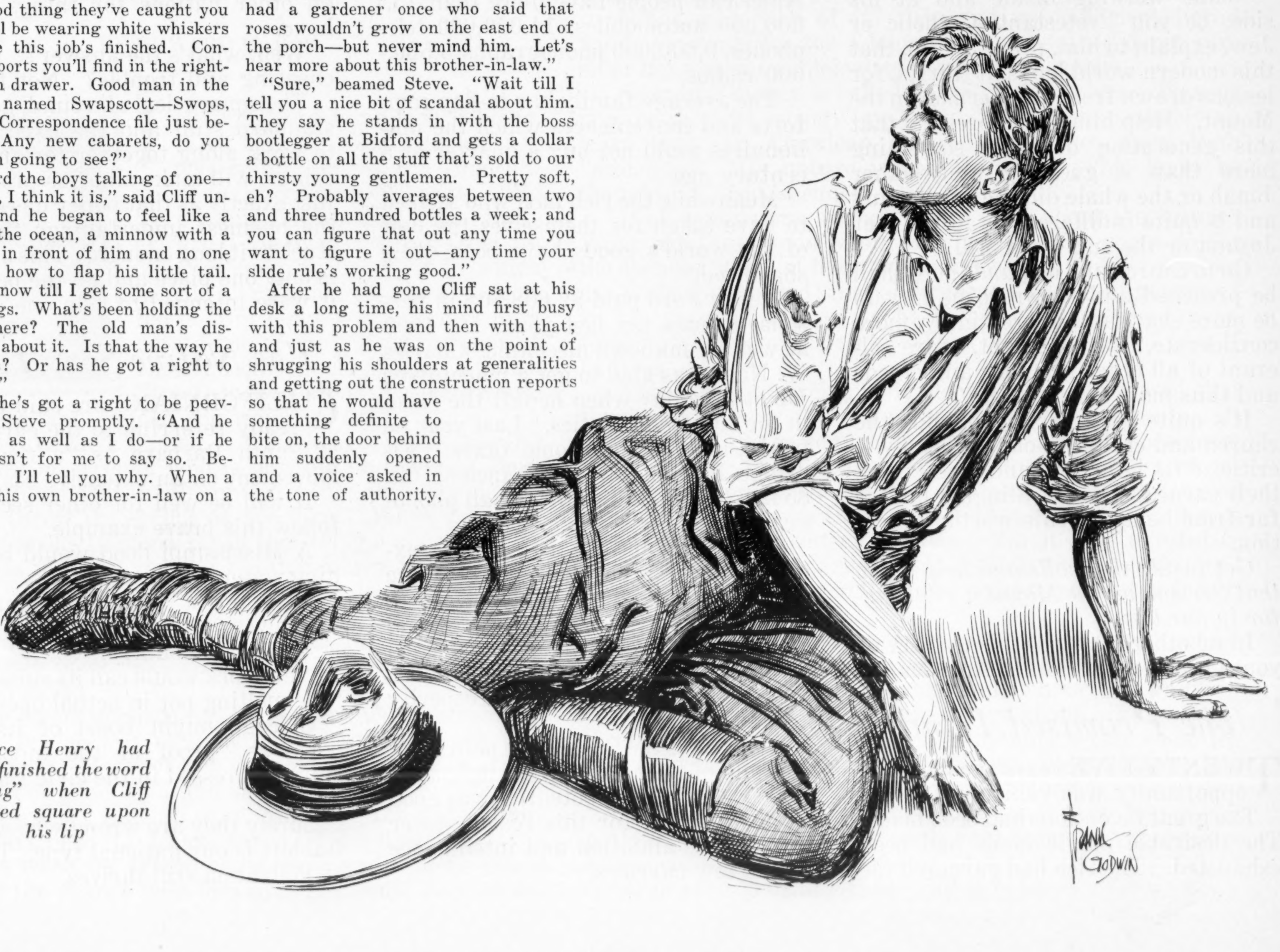
If you had been there then it might have struck you that although they were about the same height and breadth, after that they couldn't have been much more different if they had tried. The younger man was smiling, for instance; the older one was stern. One had warm brown eyes; the other's were blue and touched with frost. One had full lips; the other's were thin. One had the frame of youth; the other the figure of maturity. And, for a final contrast, the face of one had a rosy glow, while that of the other seemed to be a cross between blue and gray—that color which gentlemen used to wear upon their features in bygone days more extensively than now—especially upon such occasions as the morning after New Year's Eve. For the rest of it Mr. Schureman was dressed in a brown flannel shirt, riding breeches, leggings and a good-shaped sombrero; and whether or not his necktie smelled of something peculiar he seemed to have his doubts and kept his nose upstage.

"Gee, he's handsome!" thought Cliff, almost with childish envy. "Hard as nails too, from the looks of him. I'll bet he makes his men step around whenever he's in a hurry!"

"I thought you were the boy at first," said the newcomer with a touch of indulgence. "What's the old man doing—running a nursery in the city?"

For just a fleeting moment then Cliff felt it, very faintly and very far down, that sourish-sweetish churning, born not so much of the other's words as the manner in which they were spoken. For just one fleeting moment, and then the feeling left him.

"What a fool I'd be," he almost breathlessly told himself, "to start raising a row with the old man's brother-in-law just after I'd been thrown out of the office for raising a row down there!" So aloud, and quite as courteously as before, he said, "Steam shovels, (*Continued on page 56*)



*Prince Henry had just finished the word "lying" when Cliff landed square upon his lip*

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## *Go to Church*

THE arguments against going are many and of force.

But the arguments for going are of greater number and of greater force.

Within the church walls, worldly though we may be, something stirs within us, some wee small voice speaks, as nowhere else. Within that church we learn much of the Sermon on the Mount, and we feel MORE.

Of course YOU recognize Christ's Sermon on the Mount as the best of all guides through this life of ours—that it points the one right path.

Get back of that minister or priest by being a worker with him from inside the walls. Help him through your knowledge of the outside world to understand this modern day and generation and its needs.

While working inside and at his side, be you Protestant, Catholic or Jew, explain to him, prove to him, that this modern world longs, it thirsts, for lessons drawn from that Sermon on the Mount. Help him to comprehend that this generation demands something more than a guessing at whether Jonah or the whale did the swallowing and is quite indifferent as to whether Joshua or the sun stood still.

Go to church and *demand* there shall be preached and shown to us how to be more charitable, more kindly, more considerate, more upright, more tolerant of all other religions and creeds and thus more Christ-like.

It's quite easy to stay outside the church and cheaply—oh, so cheaply—criticize its ministers and priests and their earnest efforts. Slinging mud is far from being a praiseworthy avocation.

*Get inside the walls and help make that Sermon on the Mount a vital factor in our life.*

In no other way will this country of yours become a still finer America.

## *The Promised Land*

TWENTY-FIVE years ago men said opportunity was vanishing.

The great inventions had been made. The desirable public lands had been exhausted. The rich had garnered the best. The poor were destined to poverty, the middle classes to shabby gentility.

They did not know their America.

Thirteen years ago when Theodore Roosevelt was launching a new political party Albert J. Beveridge uttered the remembered phrase "Pass prosperity around."

Prosperity has been passed around during these following years to a degree unimagined even by the advocates of social justice.

In this country despite a world war the standard of living of the average man has been raised enormously. We heard talk about the topsy-turvy state of affairs when workmen rode to their jobs in motor cars and all women adopted silk stockings.

That sort of conversation no longer goes. Wise men have learned that it pays to pass prosperity around. The American people have more than 15,000,000 automobiles, 14,000,000 telephones, 9,000,000 phonographs, 3,500,000 radios.

The average family has to-day comforts and conveniences which the millionaires could not buy a quarter of a century ago.

Meanwhile the rich men who seemed to have taken for themselves the best of the world's goods have been overshadowed.

Henry Ford paid $2,608,808 in personal income tax last year. In 1900 he was an unknown mechanic. Charles W. Nash was glad to get a machinist's job at $2 a day when he left the farm in the eighteen-nineties. Last year he paid $459,776 in income taxes. Eldridge R. Johnson (1924 income tax $542,627) began life in a small phonograph shop.

These men, and the list might be extended to a great length from the Treasury reports, quickly accumulated great fortunes because they had the wit to seize opportunities opened by invention and even more because they believed in passing prosperity around.

America is the land of the politically free and of the economically independent. Every man is potentially as good as another and for this reason never before have ambition and intelligence had so few barriers.

Opportunities greater than any offered in the past are wide open for those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand the fellow man.

It is a great time in which to be young, alert and ambitious.

## *The World is One Place*

HARVEY S. FIRESTONE is working up a big scheme to grow his own rubber in Liberia. He says rubber is too dear and thinks the price is being stretched to make our automobile users help pay off certain European debts. Some of those countries are anxious to find ways of producing their own copper and cotton since they think we charge too much for these materials.

From farm fertilizers on the soil to aircraft high up in the blue, each civilized country finds itself dependent on other nations for things it must have.

Well, what's the answer? Fussing, cheating and trouble? Not for long.

The square deal all round, good will, standard stuff and the fixed thought to work along together toward better things, will make all of us prosperous, just exactly as that policy has enriched the business undertakings that have stuck to it long enough. This old world is only one place and all the peoples in it were intended to help one another.

## *The Native Sons Tell It*

CALIFORNIANS are said to be already referring to the earthquake at Santa Barbara as "a real estate movement on an extensive scale."

It will be well for other sections to follow this brave example.

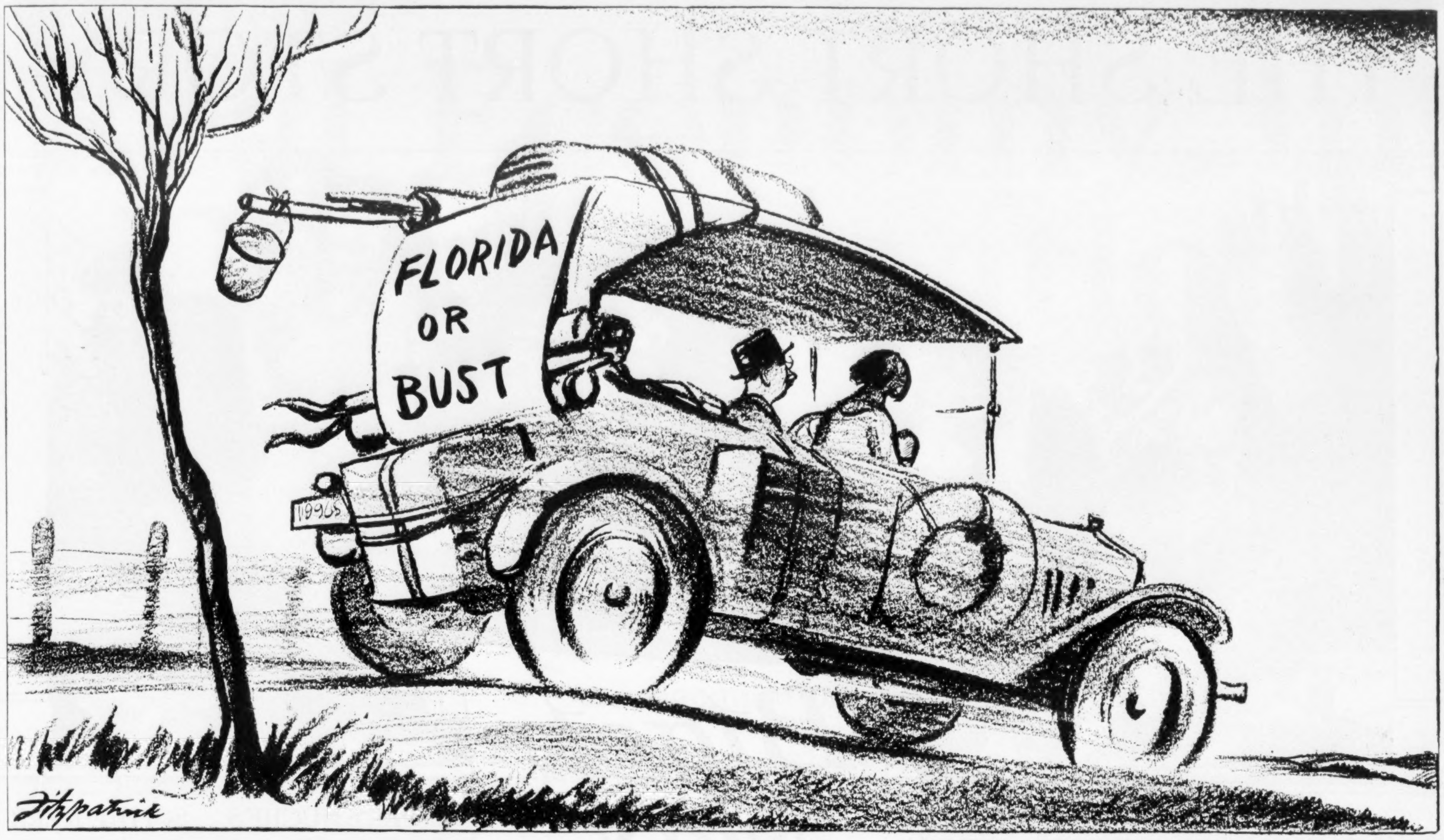
A Mississippi flood would be "running water in every home."

Vast forest fires would make the Northwest "the best illuminated territory in the country."

New York would call its subway jam "the melting pot in actual operation."

Chicago might boast of its crime wave as "proof of the indomitable spirit expressed in the civic slogan: 'I Will.'"

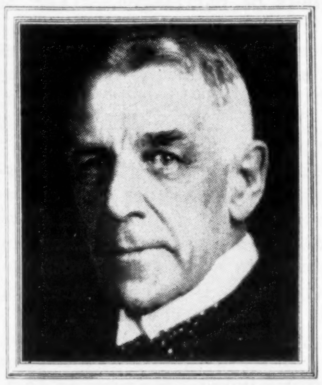
Surely they are wrong who say that Babbitt is our national type. The cult of Pollyanna still thrives.



The Covered Wagon

# *He Kicked It Into the Gutter*

BY EDWARD W. BOK



I PICKED it up and took it home. What was it? Just a potato. It was rolling across the sidewalk out of the groceryman's basket. We were young fellows then. Years afterward I received a letter from an old gentleman in the West in which he said: "You have of course forgotten it. But I saw you once pick up a potato out of the gutter in front of Ritterbusch's grocery store on Smith Street, in Brooklyn. I asked whose boy you were, and decided you would go far."

Forty years have passed. A week ago I was passing the day with my friend, who is now old and bent, a clerk in a department store. He untied a bundle while I was there, and threw the string on the floor. When I opened a bundle of books to-day I saved the string.

"It beats me how you have gotten where you are," he said to me. He meant it kindly. I know it does beat him. If I told him that it was the potato and the string that had kept him where he is, he would laugh in derision. Yet that is exactly what has happened. He spent and wasted. I spent and saved.

An investment opportunity of the kind which comes only once in a lifetime was recently offered to a man whom I know very well. He went to a very close friend with whom things had not gone well, and said to him: "You take this chance. It will fix you and your family for the rest of your lives. I don't need it. I have saved. I am fixed."

After a week the friend came back, and said he would have to let the chance pass him by. He would give no explanation, and he refused assistance. "No," he said. "It was coming to me. It is a life-lesson that I must accept."

What was back of it? He had not sufficient liquid funds or securities for a loan, and the banks did not consider his account sufficient to justify the venture.

Spending money is called having a good time. To save is to be thought "stingy" or "near." There is probably no word that the American inherently dislikes more than "economy." His nature is to spend: his pride is to be thought "a good spender."

It all sounds fine and generous. But about the future? What will those upon whom money is lavishly spent do for the spender when, at fifty-five or sixty, he is told his services are no longer needed: his job is needed by a younger man? In his years of incapacity he becomes a dependent upon family, friends or the state. That day is ahead of him if he lives.

Theodore Roosevelt put it very well when he said that thrift was simply the art of spending money wisely. It does not mean to be penurious or "close." But it does mean not to live up to an income, no matter how small that income may be. When I earned 50 cents per week I saved 5 cents of it. It was the principle that I respected: it was the habit that I formed. To-day I am just as careful to turn out an unnecessary electric light, even in a hotel, as I was in early days not to light the lamp a moment before it was actually necessary.

A wife mentioned to her husband the care with which a certain young man, a friend of the son of the house, always turned off every light when he left his room, and how punctilious he was in the little things about his room and the bathroom. The husband said nothing. But when the boy was graduated from college he asked him to come into his business—in which he is now a partner.

There are few acts of conduct so small that they go unnoticed. There are few so lowly and humble that the eyes of someone are not upon them.

It is hard to believe this. But it is so.

# THE SHORT SHORT STORY

T.D. SKIDMORE

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN ZONA GALE RUPERT HUGHES SOPHIE KERR

## Black Max

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

*Character, action, humor—every element of longer fiction is possible in The Short Short Story contributed weekly by one of four famous authors. Next week: Zona Gale*

A DEEP frown of worry vanished from the hawklike face of Detective Sergeant Max Rogers as the door opened to admit his stalwart son. Hatred of others could not exist in the breast of the grizzled chief of the plain-clothes force while he was with his son, and so, as he crossed the room and dropped a hand affectionately on the lad's broad shoulders, the menace of Detective Jim Maggiore was temporarily forgotten.

"I'm proud of you, son," said the sergeant huskily. "They've been a long time taking you out of uniform and off a beat—but it's come at last and it's a big step upward."

The boy grinned. He had an engaging smile which lighted his fine face. There was that difference of eyes between father and son—the boy smiled with his, while his father's possessed an unrelenting, steely glint. But in all his twenty-five years Eddie Rogers had never detected this mercilessness. And it was perhaps because Max had been both father and mother to him; perhaps also because the love of the old man was little short of idolatry.

And that was why, after the boy had gone, the head of the plain-clothes force settled again into a fierce black mood, and his eyes focused venomously on the door which separated his office from that of Jim Maggiore.

On the very day Max Rogers had learned that his son was to be promoted to the detective force he had heard very definitely that the new chief of police intended to retire him and to put Jim Maggiore in his place. Of course he—Max—was old, but he knew that had Maggiore been a less efficient man the change would not be contemplated. So he hated Maggiore with a deep, unreasoning, personal hatred. And Rogers could hate. It was this power to loathe a person beyond all reason, and to prosecute that hatred relentlessly, which had earned for him the sinister sobriquet of Black Max.

The desk sergeant stepped briskly into Rogers' office, saluted and delivered a crisp report. "Trouble at the Madison Hotel, sir. Guest locked in his room raising hell. Clerk thinks he's full of cocaine. He won't come out; says he'll shoot anyone who comes in. Clerk don't want a bunch of harmless bulls—afraid it'll hurt the hotel. He wants some plain-clothes men."

Black Max Rogers dismissed the other with a nod. His eyes gleamed reflectively as he sounded the buzzer. Detective Jim Maggiore answered the summons.

Maggiore was a fine figure of a man; tall and lean and with eager, flashing black eyes. He was coatless and collarless and he wore carpet slippers. It was early, and Maggiore had been lounging in his own office. "Yes, sir?" he inquired respectfully, all unconscious of the venom in Max Rogers' heart.

Rogers sketched the situation at the Madison. "Go get him, Maggiore." The face of the plain-clothes man did not change expression. He reached through the open door into his own office and took from a hook the belt upon which his revolver holster was strapped. Quite calmly he slipped the weapon from its sheath. It was a beautiful piece of blue steel mechanism, murderously dainty. Maggiore twirled the chamber, inspected the cartridges and replaced the belt and weapon on the hook. He saluted. "Very good, sir. I'll start right away."

Maggiore vanished through the door. Rogers knew that he had gone to the dormitory for his shoes. But Black Max Rogers was thinking of something else. He was to be retired on pension just because Maggiore was more efficient. With Maggiore out of the way, they'd keep him on the active list—and he wanted to remain chief of the plain-clothes force during these first days of his son's service out of uniform.

He not only hated Maggiore. He was without scruple or mercy. He crossed to the open door and took from the holster Jim Maggiore's revolver. With quick, deft motions he emptied the chambers of cartridges. Then he returned the gun to its holster.

Maggiore reëntered his office. The tall, dark man slipped the belt around his waist, satisfied himself that the revolver hung loose—then walked briskly from the office.

Max Rogers knew Maggiore and realized what would happen. The detective would draw his gun, break down the door at the Madison and enter the room prepared to shoot it out with the drug-crazed man. He would enter the room with an empty revolver. . . .

Max Rogers felt no twinge of regret. His eyes glowed with the steely glint his son did not know. He was, in fact, diabolically satisfied with himself.

Twenty minutes later Detective Sergeant Max Rogers left his office for a consultation with the chief of police. As he neared the door of that office, it opened and Jim Maggiore emerged. Rogers frowned.

"What are you doing here, Maggiore?"

"The chief took me off that Madison thing, Rogers. He has kept me in his office—so I didn't get a chance to report to you."

"Hmph! And all this time that man has been raising the devil at the Madison?"

"No, sir. The chief sent your son down there to get him."

"Eddie?" Black Max shook his head. "The kid won't know how to handle an affair like that. He'll bust right in—and, damn it, Maggiore—he hasn't even got a first-rate gun!"

"Oh, yes, he has, Max." Maggiore spoke in kindly, friendly fashion, "I loaned him mine."

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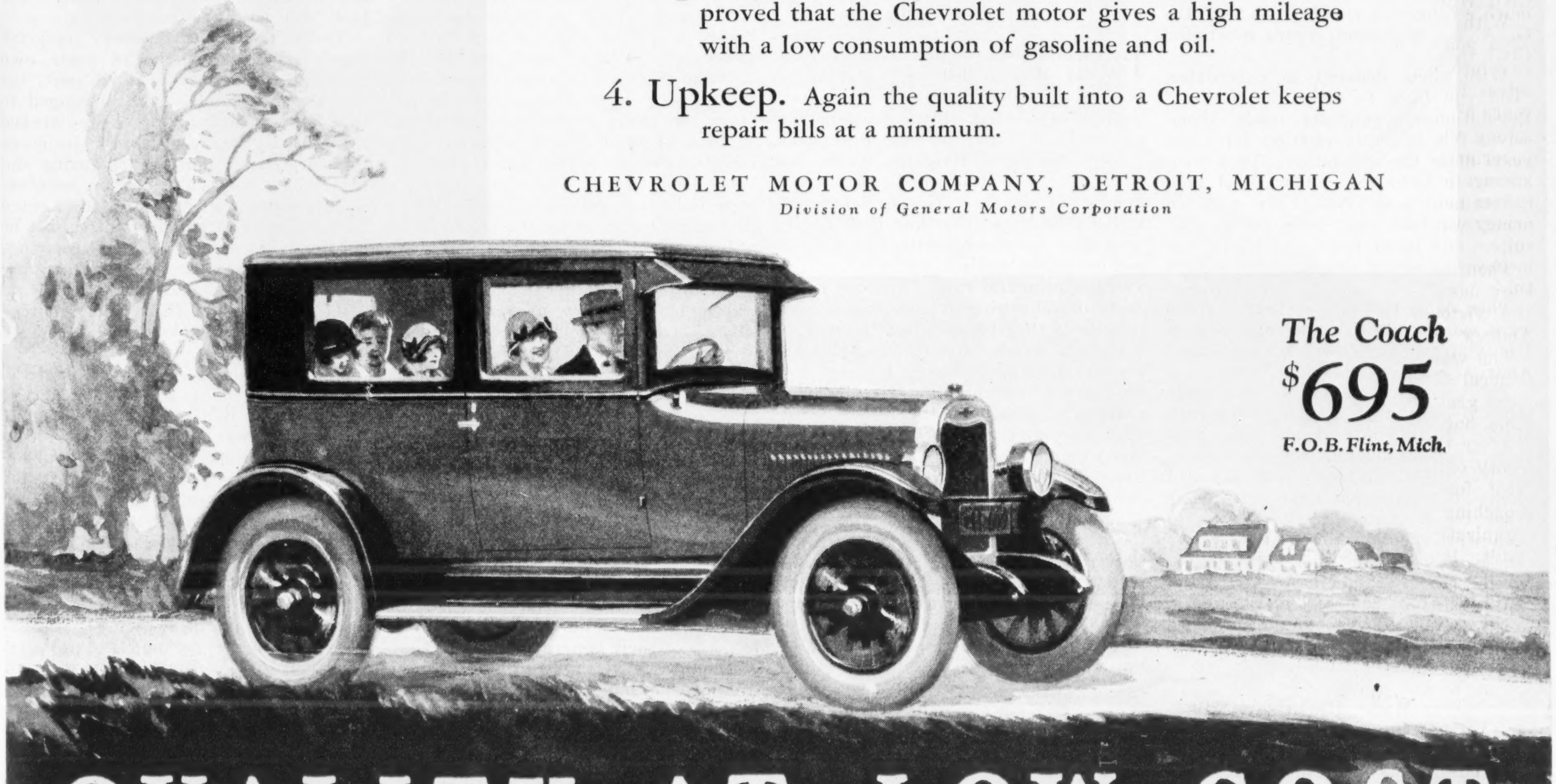

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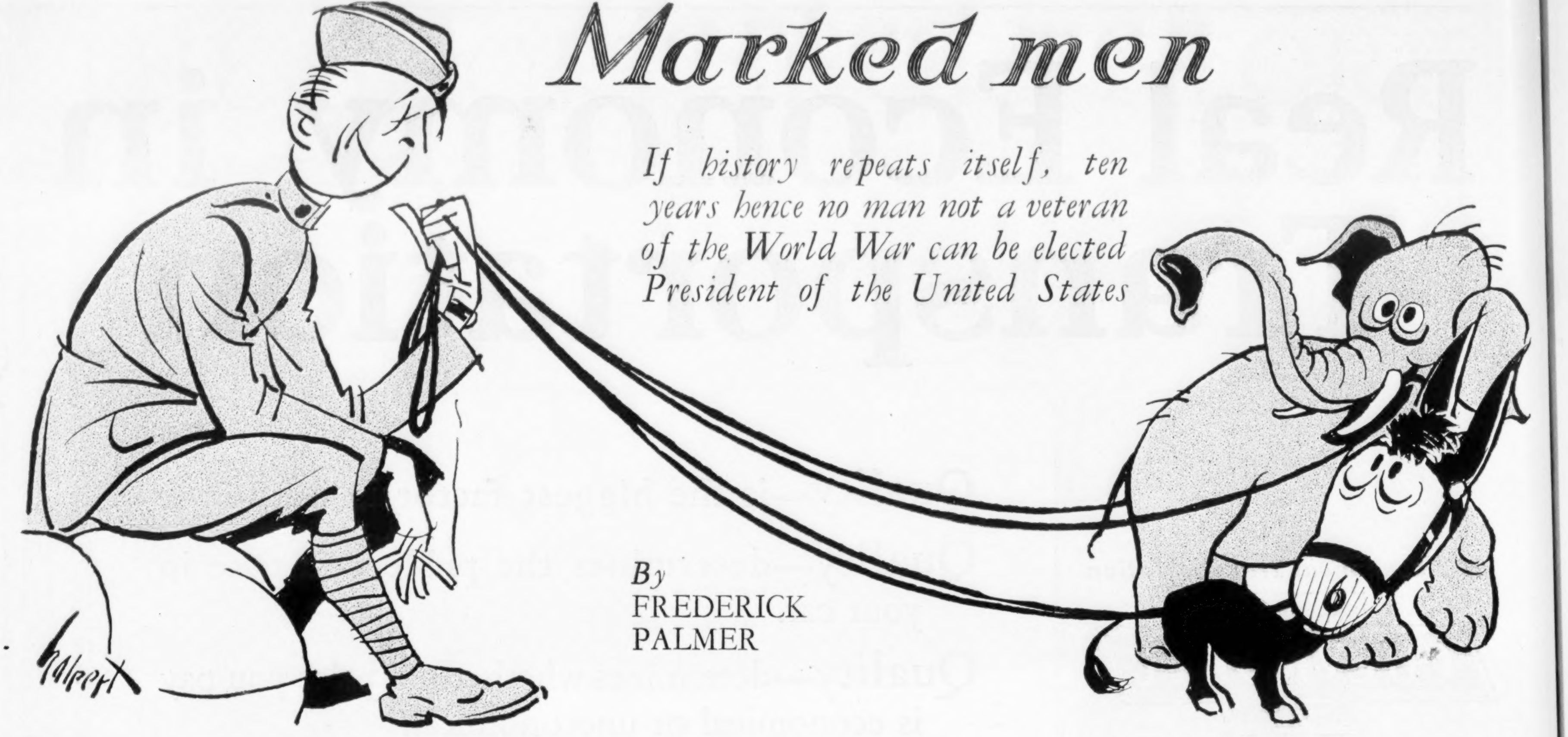
# Marked men

*If history repeats itself, ten years hence no man not a veteran of the World War can be elected President of the United States*



By
FREDERICK PALMER

WHILE we are talking national economy, here is a hundred-billion-dollar question in the future of the United States. Will the history of the American Legion duplicate that of the G. A. R.? The cost will be one hundred billions should the average veteran of the World War receive as much from the Treasury as the average veteran of the Civil War receives and is due to receive under the G. A. R. pension system.

If history repeats itself, ten years hence no man who is not a veteran of the World War can be elected President; then for twenty years to come the veterans will rule the nation. The Legion is the World War veterans' great organization. It is relatively much stronger in membership than the G. A. R. was seven years after the Civil War.

With their demand to candidates, "Did you fight to make the nation?" Revolutionary veterans made themselves felt at every election for forty years after the Revolution. They were strong in Congress. They filled high government positions. They received arrears in back pay, some money gratuities and many grants of land when money was scarce and land was plentiful.

Then came the war of 1812. There were more gratuities and land grants. His victory at New Orleans made Andrew Jackson President.

The war with Mexico in 1848 made General Zachary Taylor President. More gratuities and grants, some pensions, but no universal pension system.

After the Civil War there was still plenty of unoccupied land in the Far West for homesteads. We were approaching the days of modern group organization. The G. A. R. was the result. It supported our first universal pension system, the most liberal one in world history, as the country grew rich in the great era of development of the seventies, eighties and nineties.

### War-Made Presidents

GRANT, commander of the Union armies, was the first President elected after Lincoln. He was followed by Hayes and then Garfield, both with distinguished war records. Hayes beat Tilden, who had no war record; Garfield beat General Hancock. From the White House these Presidents looked across to the Capitol where war veterans were supreme.

After Garfield the Republicans ran Blaine, who had no war record, against Cleveland, who had none. In 1888 Cleveland was beaten by Benjamin Harrison, a Civil War veteran.

As for the war with Spain in 1898, Dewey's victory might have swept him into the White House if his temperament had not been a handicap. The Spanish War was too brief, the relative number of men in uniform too small, to give the veterans mass importance, but Roosevelt would hardly have become President if he had not led the Rough Riders up a hill in Cuba.

### Legionaries Coming Fast

IN COMMON with the Civil War, the World War called vast masses of men to the colors by the draft as well as by volunteering. But conditions had changed. The country was developed. Except for some irrigable tracts, we were at the end of public lands for homestead grants. Government provision established the War Risk Insurance plan by which soldiers could take out insurance against war risk for the average premium rate. This they could continue, changing it into endowment policies if they chose, after the war.

Canada was prompt in forestalling a pension system by heavy bonuses and land grants which would give the veterans a purchase on the future while they were young. Six years after the war we passed the Adjusted Compensation Act with its paid-up insurance policies coming due in twenty years. There was no War Risk Insurance during the Civil War; and no Adjusted Compensation Act after the Civil War. Note this difference. There are other differences to be mentioned later.

Had Pershing been politically minded, and had he had the popularity that he has now with the veterans, he might have followed the example of Grant, of promotion from the field to the White House. But friend Charles Dawes was warned off the boom he wanted to start for his chief.

"I am a soldier," said Pershing. "I have led my country's armies in a great war. That is enough."

Conditions favored politically ambitious generals in the Civil but not in the World War. In the Civil War local political leaders, who were in the thirties and forties, formed volunteer regiments which they led to the front. When the war was over they had mature age as well as leadership as an appeal for votes.

In the World War control was given to the regulars. All the generals and colonels, with the exception of a few National Guardsmen, were regulars inhibited by training, tradition and regulations from political ambition. The censorship and the Pershing method did not favor war reputations which would be a political asset.

All of the more than four millions who went into the combatant branch of army or navy in the World War are still young. They represent the able-bodied youth of fighting age of one generation. When they put on the uniform their average age was twenty-six. To-day it is thirty-three. In another ten years it will be forty-three.

Many of these youngsters had made no start in civil life when the war summoned them. The vast majority were only just getting started. When they came home, under the handicap of military service in readjusting their habit of mind to civil routine, the first thing to do was to get a job; to secure leverage for future progress. Hard times struck the country before they were settled down. The world of business, of politics and the professions is still directed by generations ahead of that of the World War veterans.

Upon being demobilized the average man wanted to forget the war. That has been true after all wars. Now, with the passage of time, reminiscence is beginning to glow. That, in turn, has been true after all wars. Age looks back to the action and adventure of the days "when I was young."

To the ex-service men youth's high point will always be the war. The fellowship of their generation will be that of common service. Can any fraternal organization have a stronger bond than that of sharing the drill, marches, combat and hardships in their country's uniform?

A condition that especially applied in the World War strengthens that bond. The Revolution and the Civil War were fought on home soil. In the World War our people at home were far from the scene and unfamiliar with military organization. "Why talk?" they reasoned. "Home folks do not understand. Let's forget it." But they could not forget it. "Around at the Legion post they understand."

Will this bond eventually bring all the World War veterans into the Legion's fold as all Civil War veterans were brought into the G. A. R.'s fold? The Legion's membership is now between seven and eight hundred thousand and on the increase. The G. A. R. did not become mighty until the nineties, then from fifteen to twenty years after the Civil War the great pension drive got under way. Twenty-five years after the Civil War the number of veterans who were not members of the G. A. R. was insignificant. The last "hold out" has now come in.

The G. A. R. was necessarily sectional. Confederate veterans had their own organization. For the most part, the members of the G. A. R. belonged to the Republican party. They worked through that party which was in power for more than twenty years during and after the Civil War. Legion membership is national. Although the Legion may influence either party it cannot be politically partisan. At the first suggestion that any Legion leader or any Legion group is making a political asset of the Legion there is an outcry from the Legion ranks.

### Should They Get 100 Billions?

THE G. A. R.'s part was fraternal; the meetings of its posts an occasion for reminiscence; its national organization concerned with looking after the veterans' specific interests. The Legion does the same, but it does more. When the Legion's present commander, James A. Drain, appeals to ex-service men to join the Legion he says:

"We do not want you—there is no place for you in the Legion—if you expect only to receive and not to give. You must give, you must serve in peace as you served in the war, or stay out."

As a national organization the Legion is committed to the World Court; it fought for the restriction of immigration; it coöperates with welfare organizations, especially for child welfare; stands for advanced mental and physical hygiene in schools; holds Americanization (Continued on page 52)

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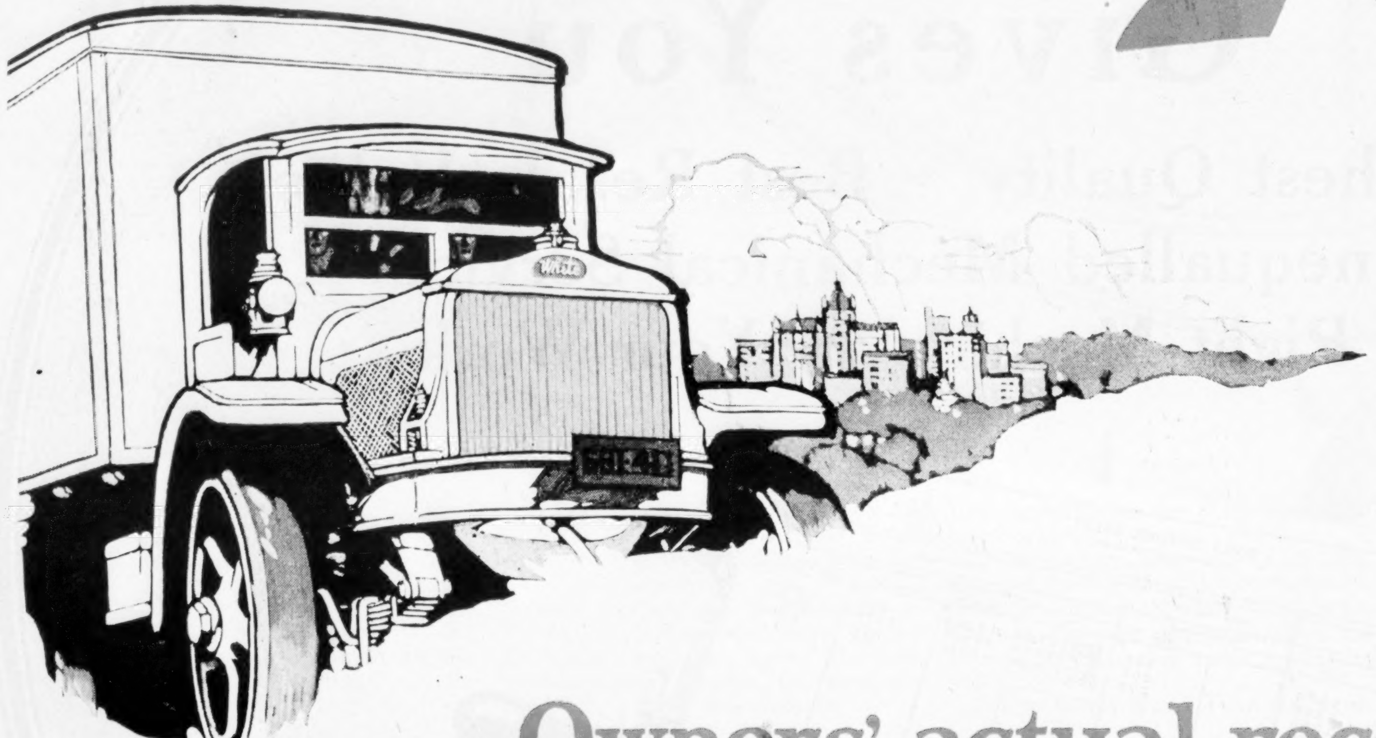
# 100,000
# 200



## Owners' actual records of White Truck mileage

4 TIMES AROUND

*100,000 miles is four times around the world.*

SAN FRANCISCO
NEW YORK
16
ROUND TRIPS

*You would have to go from New York to San Francisco and return 16 times by rail before you would exceed 100,000 miles of travel.*

**336 Whites** have run **300,000** miles and more each

**759** have run between **200,000** and **300,000** miles each

**1204** have run between **150,000** and **200,000** miles each

**3720** have run between **100,000** and **150,000** miles each

***giving us the astounding total,***
***by owners' actual records —***

**6019 Whites** have run **100,000** miles and more each

**There is a White Truck model to meet every transportation need. Truck chassis, $2,150 to $4,500; Model 50A Bus chassis, $4,950.**

*The names of all of the owners of the 6,019 White Trucks which have made these great mileage records are listed in a 100,000-mile booklet, published annually. You will find owners in your own section of the country, in your own line of business. Write for it. We will gladly send it to you—free.*

# WHITE

# 000
# 300,000 miles and more

## No truck owner will operate a truck long enough to run 100,000 miles unless those miles are *money earning miles*

Once more the owners of White Trucks report from their actual records a volume of high truck mileages that has no parallel.

More than 6,000 Whites, whose owners actually check and report mileages, have run 100,000 miles and more each. We have no accurate record of the hundreds of additional Whites which have exceeded 100,000 miles. We do not count them.

A high-grade motor truck *should run* 100,000 miles. Whites *do*. Isolated performances of one truck, or even one hundred, are not performance standards. Hundreds of White Trucks, as far back as 1917, had set the 100,000-mile standard of measure for motor truck performance. And, while thousands of them have been reaching that mark, other Whites have gone on—doubling, trebling, quadrupling it.

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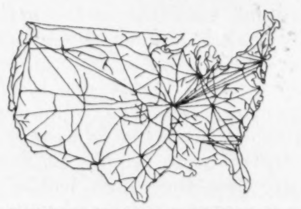
No other truck manufacturer has ever published such a volume of evidence of dependability, economy and long life. No other truck manufacturer can.

216,423 MILES

*200,000 miles is almost as far as the distance to the moon—216,423 miles.*

NEW YORK
LONDON
50
TIMES

*200,000 miles is more than 50 times the distance between New York and London.*

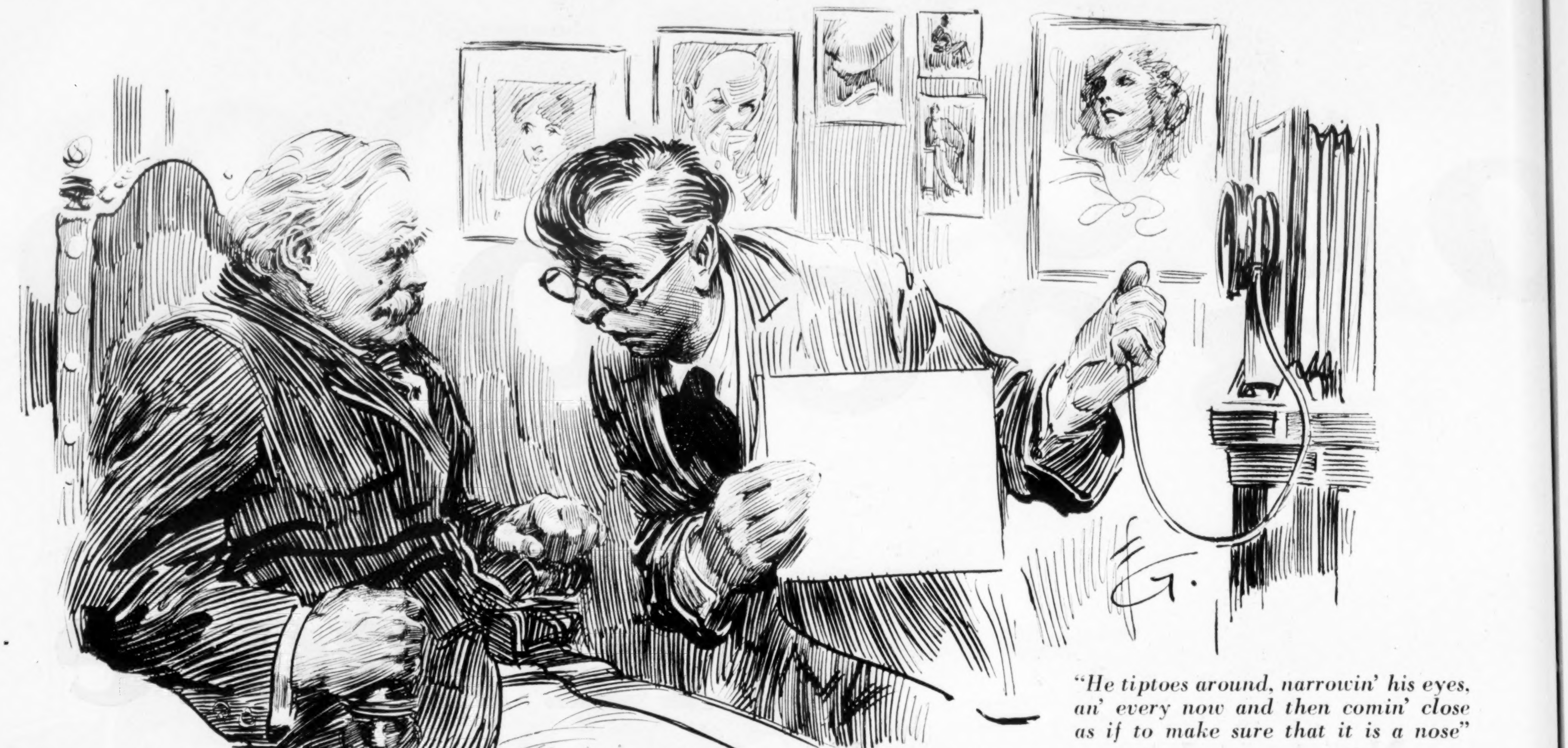


UNITED STATES RAILROADS

*300,000 miles is more than the total mileage of all the railroads in the United States.*

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

# TRUCKS



*"He tiptoes around, narrowin' his eyes, an' every now and then comin' close as if to make sure that it is a nose"*

# Brave but dumb

## *Uncle Henry says it is easier to face a lion at bay than to fire the cook or tell the truth about that cold bath*

"WHAT'S the matter?" asked Mr. Stubbs. "You certainly look as though you'd been through typhoid."

"Nothin' much," wearily answered Uncle Henry. "Jes' havin' my picture taken, that's all. I can remember when it didn't use to be so bad, 'Lonzo. You sat down in front of his spare sheet, had your head fitted into a pair of iron clamps, an' the photographer even hid under a black cloth so as not to irritate you with his face. You were doin' it for the family an' not because you yourself found any pleasure in it. As you must admit, 'Lonzo, man's greatest vanity is tryin' to let on he hasn't any.

"But what's the situation to-day? The average photographer's an Annie Oakley, shootin' from everywhere except the shoulder. For hours he tiptoes around you, narrowin' his eyes, gloomily shakin' his head an' every now an' then comin' close as if to make sure that it *is* a nose. Inside of five minutes this Mexican jumpin' bean has got you twistin' your head like a canary on a perch, restin' your temple on first one finger an' then the other, lookin' arch, rollin' your eyes an' raisin' your chin, after pryin' your mouth open until every tooth feels like it needs a fig leaf.

"A photograph gallery is certainly the place where moral cowardice finds its choicest expression.

"Jumpin' into the water to save a drownin' woman, yankin' her head off, pushin' her face in, an' then givin' her a belt in the chin to make her keep quiet, isn't heroism. It's a *luxury*. Yet every day you see 'em pinnin' medals on life savers, while if I'd given this here photographer a bust in the nose for tryin' to make me prove the Darwinian theory, they'd have had me up for disorderly conduct. An' what did I do? Staggered out fairly sobbin' my gratitude because he didn't make me take off my shoes an' stockin's or pose with a rose over my ear an' smilax in my hair.

"It certainly is a topsy-turvy world we live in. We fairly bay our admiration of physical courage, an' yet what is it but a form of cowardice? Half the time the people who do these brave deeds simply lack the moral courage *not* to do 'em. They're heroes because they don't dare take a chance that nobody's lookin'.

"I'll bet if you took an X-ray of a hero while he was in action, an' the picture did him justice, you'd find his interior organs lookin' like a rummage sale at the end of a hard day. Take my own case. I wouldn't hesitate a minute at savin' somebody from a burnin' buildin' if enough of a crowd saw me before I could hook around the corner an' make a self-respectin' getaway. If a mad dog came down the street I'd be fool enough to battle it, not because of any bravery, but on account of bein' scared to death you'd think that I *was* scared.

"The whole trouble comes from a wrong sense of values. From the dawn of time we've put entire emphasis on physical courage, so that the average man never thinks of bravery except in terms of arms an' legs. As a consequence, every day sees rheumatics tryin' to stop runaway horses an' chaps that can't swim a lick jumpin' off docks to rescue somebody who's stayin' under water on a bet.

### Don't Forget Your Sneakers

"NO ATTENTION whatsoever has been paid to *moral* courage, which is of far greater importance. Naturally, therefore, we have nothin' to rely upon in those crises of everyday life, such as tellin' a photographer how you want your picture taken, a barber how to cut your hair, refusin' to laugh at a stupid story, informin' the wife that you don't feel like gettin' up for church or firin' a cook.

"What's the cause of half the insomnia in the world? I'll tell you, 'Lonzo. It's tryin' to get up the nerve to discharge the creatures that infest our kitchens. For weeks I've tossed on my pillow, rehearsin' the speeches I meant to use an' practicin' forceful gestures designed to indicate rage, contempt an' inexorable resolve. An' the little woman stayin' awake too, beggin' me to remember my hasty temper.

"Each mornin' I'd be mutterin' such sentences as 'Surely you haven't the impudence to ask me *why?* I want you out of the house before I leave for the office. A reference? Ha-ha!' Many a time I've shaved off an eyebrow with the upward gesture that accompanies 'No, not a word from you. Not *a* word!'

"An' what happened? Halfway downstairs I'd decide to cut out everything but the curt announcement, 'You're fired.' At the bottom it would occur to me that it was a wife's job, anyway, an' what the devil did she mean by tryin' to saw it off on me? An' a few minutes later I'd be sayin', 'Good mornin', Annie,' an' agreein' abjectly when she asked to have the radio an' mechanical piano put in the kitchen.

"Which, after all, is the truest bravery? Capturin' an enemy banner or quittin' a card game when you're ahead? Facin' a lion at bay or lettin' people know that you take a *hot* bath in the mornin'? Snatchin' a little child from under a rushin' automobile or leanin' over to your wife, when you're dinin' out, an' askin', 'Why can't we have things like this at home?' Who's brave enough to tell his wife how to vote? Why shouldn't hot coffee be poured out into the saucer? What is there in the Constitution that forbids a man confessin' that he prefers Irving Berlin to Wagner? Show me any normal human bein' that really *likes* bran an' raw carrots?

"When the wife says, 'Don't forget your overshoes to-day, dear,' or 'Have you packed your heavies? The weather *may* change,' what one of us has the moral courage to say what we want to say?

"Before my marriage I lived at the worst boarding house in the world. For a year I struggled for the moral courage that would let me tell that landlady I was leavin', an' at the last I sneaked out, leavin' my trunk an' such belongin's as couldn't be carried off under my coat.

### Sweet Belles Jangled

"WHEN a man quits a job, does he ever give the boss the dressin' down he's dreamed about? Think of the anguish we endure at the hands of young women who are takin' music lessons, yet does anybody ever tell 'em the truth? The 8,475,641 music teachers now doin' business in the United States are made possible by a people's lack of moral courage.

"Moral courage, 'Lonzo. That's what America needs. Why is England great? Because no true Briton shrinks from sayin' the unpleasant thing. In fact, he prefers it. Firin' a cook leaves us exhausted. England can tell a whole nation to beat it an' never turn a hair. We look on frankness as brutal an' walk in fear of hurtin' people's feelin's. No wonder we've got so many memory systems in this country. Keepin' track of one's lies is a hard job."

"You're right," said Mr. Stubbs. "I think I'll begin tellin' the downright truth to everybody I meet."

"If you do," said Uncle Henry hastily, "I'll never speak to you again."

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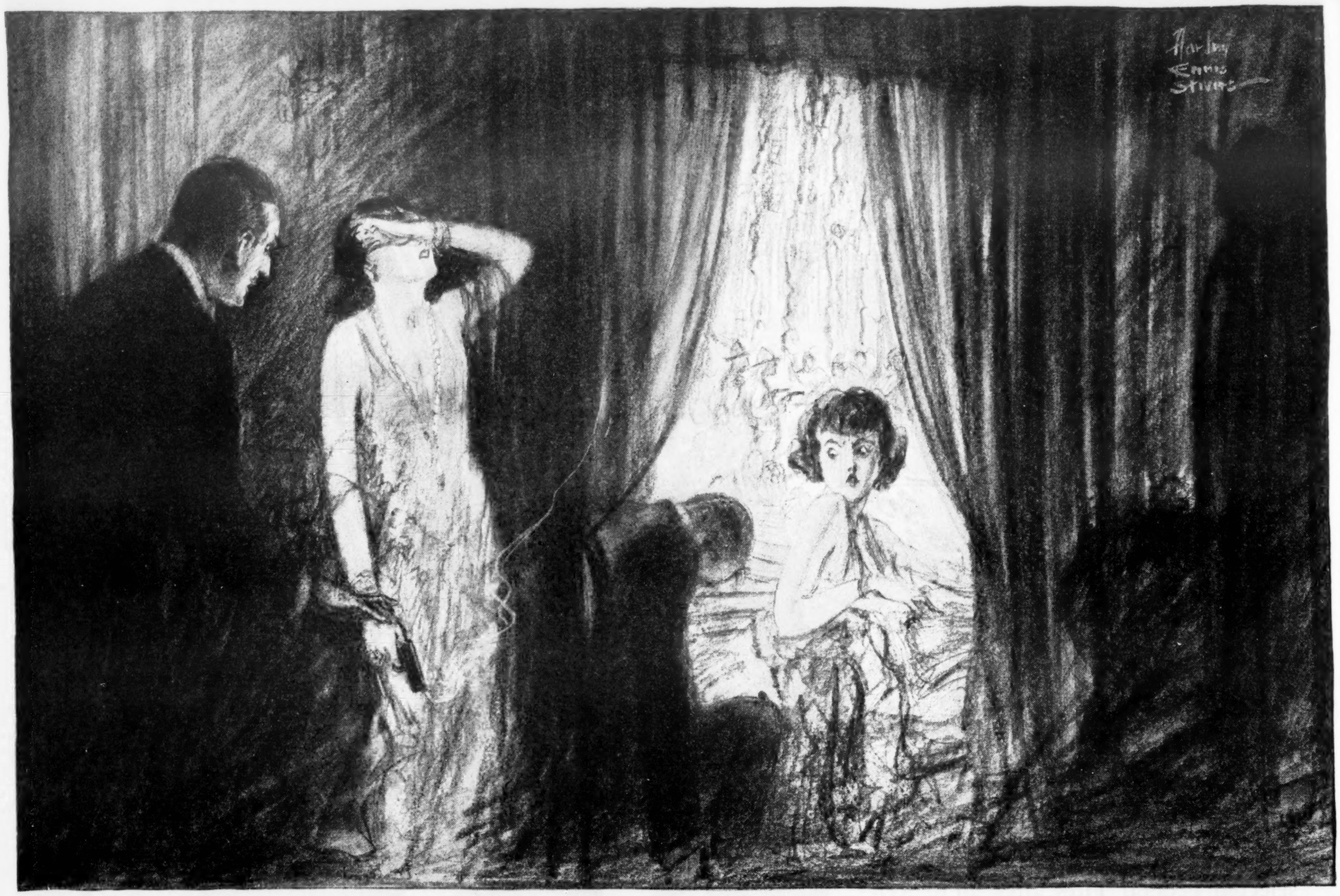
# FEDERAL TIRES



*He was met by a woman retreating from the box as a snake recoils after striking. Her hand still held a fuming pistol*

# WHITE FIRE

## *By* LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

### *The Story Thus Far*

JUNE WYNNE, the wife of Tabor Wynne, of an old Philadelphia family, picks a quarrel with her husband. Lance Fairless, a friend of June's, asks Tabor to go to New York to buy back Lance's love letters from Jennifer Challis, an actress. That evening Tabor finds a note from June saying that she has gone to New York with her sister. Tabor follows but doesn't find her.

Next day Tabor calls on Jennifer. On leaving her room, he sees June and Lance step into the elevator with a boy carrying two bags. He realizes that June has lied to him, and why.

After walking for hours in a pouring rain he returns to the hotel in time to see Jennifer leaving. He follows her to the river and decides to drown himself but someone pulls him back. Ten days later he rouses to find himself being taken care of by Jennifer. Jennifer had also been bent on self-destruction that night but on seeing Tabor had forgotten herself and saved him. Finding him ill she had secured rooms and introduced him as her husband, Tabor Drew. They decide to go on living under this arrangement.

Since Tabor's disappearance June has been enjoying secret meetings with Lance. Tabor surprises them one night at dinner and insists that June get a quiet divorce. He then makes them promise to marry as soon as the divorce is granted.

That night Jennifer tells Tabor that she is going away. The reader realizes that each is in love with the other without knowing that the love is returned. Jennifer corresponds with him regularly from her work in a play on the road.

Tabor goes abroad. One evening after his return he finds June waiting to see him. She has her divorce and comes to get Tabor's help in finding Lance and making him marry her.

He goes with Arlington, the producer, to the out-of-town opening of the play in which Jennifer is to appear in New York and finds Mona Desmond, a friend of Jennifer's whom he had befriended, in the cast as well as Nigel Tormay, a great friend of Mona's and Jennifer's. After the play Tabor sees Jennifer. He also stops in to see Tormay and finds Lance Fairless there. Fairless refuses to make good his promise to marry June and Tabor knocks him down.

Next day Jennifer confesses to Tabor that she left him because she was in love with someone, Tabor never guessing that he is the man. While on the road Nigel Tormay had been making love to her. She had been uncertain of her feelings but had broken with him because, on the night of the Stamford opening, he made the leading man drunk knowing that he would be substituted and hoping that he would have the part permanently. Jennifer admits that she is afraid of Nigel.

Tabor and Jennifer do not see each other again until the New York opening of the play. Mona Desmond is let out of the cast, and is jealous of Jennifer.

Just as Tabor is about to start from his house the evening of the opening, his one-time chauffeur, who has since been in Fairless' employ, comes to Tabor with a note from June saying that the man has a queer tale to tell.

### Conclusion

"WELL, it was like this, sir: Yesterday Mr. Fairless and Miss Desmond and a couple of friends of theirs starts kiting all over Westchester, hunting roadhouses that sell bootliquor and finding plenty. About eight o'clock we comes back to town and they has dinner at a rest'rant where they must've found plenty more stuff. About half past eleven, they come out, everybody feeling pretty good, I mean three of them, the two ladies and Mr. Fairless—it seems the other gentleman has passed out and been left to sleep it off—and Mr. Fairless says to drive over to the Astor Hotel and pick up another party they've made a date to meet by telephone. Then I drives to the other lady's flat—I mean, Miss Desmond's friend's—up on Park Avenue, and after about an hour there they piles out and into the car again, all highly illuminated, and Mr. Fairless says: Drive to Greenwich, he and Miss Desmond's going to get married. So long about three in the morning they're man and wife all right, and we're coming back to New York, and Miss Desmond's lady friend is taking a nap she needs the worst way, and the others start jawing about a job they've framed to put this show that's opening to-night on the blink. It's this gentleman we picked up at the Astor's idea, he's an actor in the show; and it seems Miss Desmond's just been let out of the cast for giving a rotten performance or something, and everybody's sore and crazy to put the kibosh on the whole shooting-match. Mr. Tormay, this actor, has got it all lined out, how he's going to do a phony blow in his big scene with the leading lady, forget his lines and say something comic and get the audience laughing so the show can't go on, and—"

"That's enough, Lewis," Tabor interrupted. "If that wasn't simply a drunken scheme which these young people wisely forgot in the cold gray dawn—we've no time to lose. My car is outside, please come with me."

THEY were no sooner under way than he must snap on the dome-light to acquaint himself with the time: five minutes past eight, and the theatre traffic crush, then at its densest, still to be dealt with. . . .

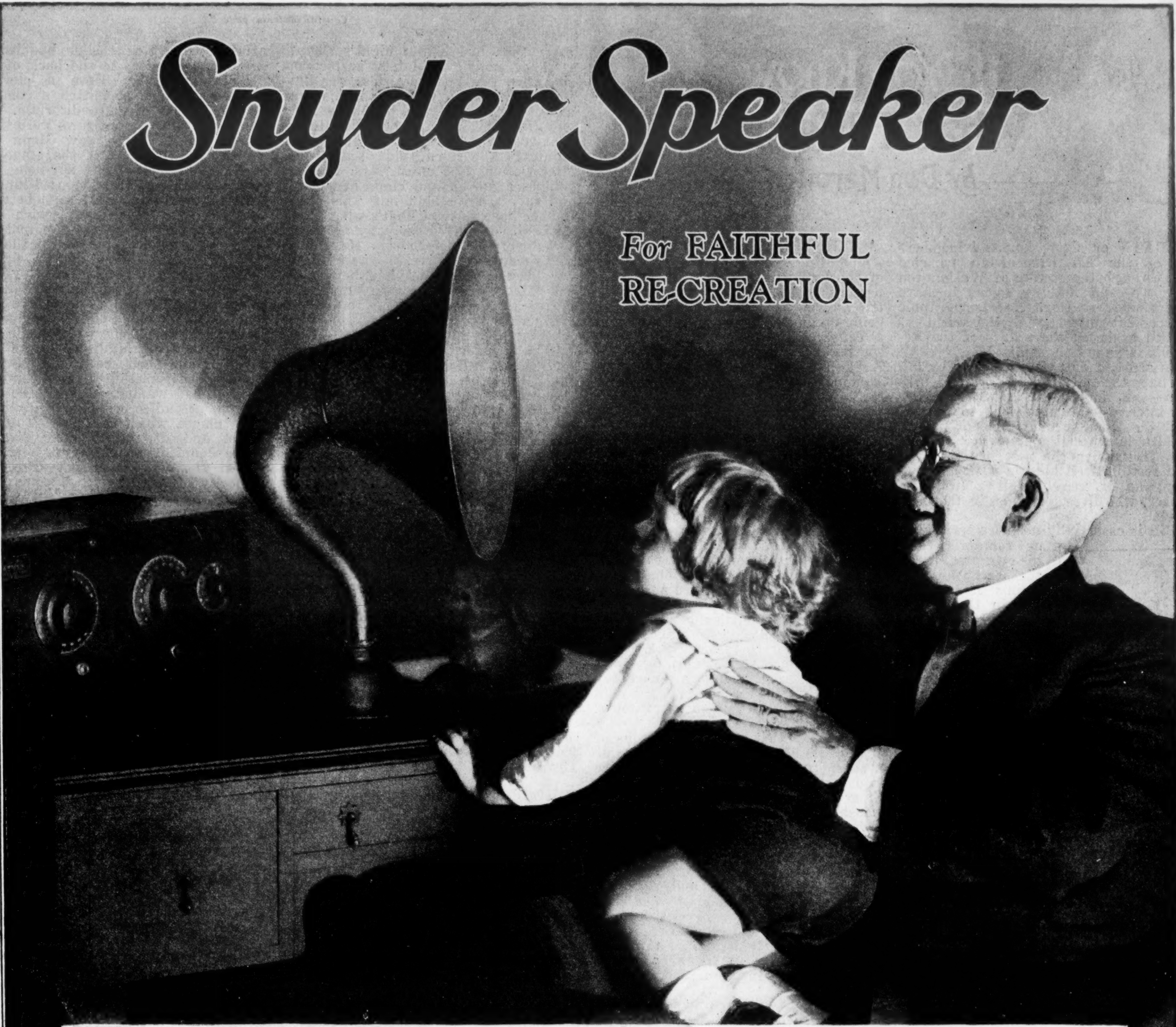
"I am to understand, Lewis, that Mr. Fairless and Miss—er—his bride and Mr. Tormay discussed this business openly, in your hearing?"

"They wasn't thinking of me, Mr. Wynne. People get that way, you know, so in the habit of treating a donkey—I mean, a chauffeur—like a machine, they think anything he sees and hears makes no matter."

"Then it's possible—don't you think? they were too—ah—excited to mean what they proposed."

"No, sir, I don't. Everybody was traveling on high, all right enough, but the others had such a long start on Mr. Tormay he never did catch up—he was steady as a rock, last I seen of him. And Mr. Fairless—well—he's the sort, the more he hoists in, the more cold scheming mean he gets. It all come about account of Miss Desmond telling how she'd found out you had an interest into this show and wouldn't it be too lovely if they could do something to grease the skids and shoot the whole works into Cain's storage warehouse? Mr. Fairless was all for that, account of the string of goals you pasted him for up in Stamford the night previous. Mr. Tormay said he knew one way the trick could be turned, maybe, and sprung it; the only catch in it is, he says, he'll give himself a bad eye as an actor: it'll be a long while before he gets another engagement. Mr. Fairless says for him not to worry, he's made a pile of jack in Wall Street recent and he's giving Miss Desmond a hundred grand for a wedding present to star herself in her own production with Mr. Tormay as leading man. Mr. Tormay says that settles it, he's going to give himself the pleasure to-night of getting even for the rest of his life with you and Miss Challis, account of something he wouldn't tell what. But I guess Miss Desmond was wise, all right; she kept kidding him about him having made a play for this Miss Challis and miscued."

"But don't you think it quite probable that they reconsidered and decided to drop it (*Continued on page 36*)



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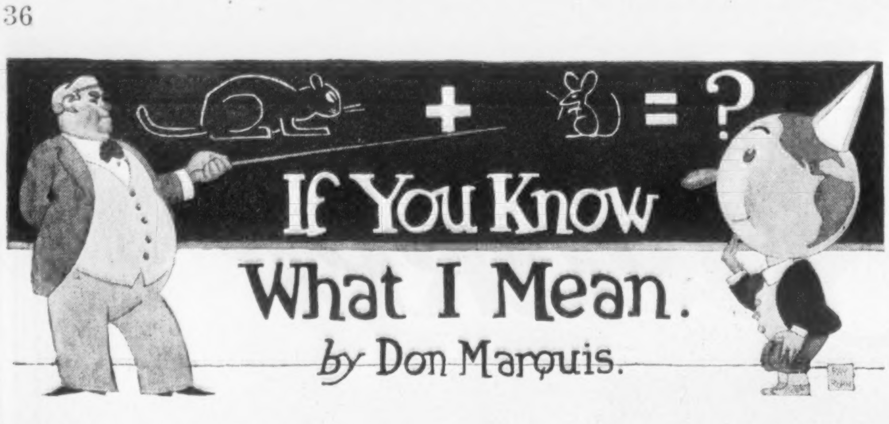

# If You Know What I Mean.

by Don Marquis.

FIFTY or sixty thousand members of the Ku Klux Klan paraded through the streets of Washington recently—and nothing seems to have happened thereafter. No seismographic instrument anywhere in the world recorded a shock; the pillars of the Republic were not shaken.

In short, a dull time was had by all. Perhaps the failure of any great sensation—and, indeed, of any overwhelming interest—was partly due to the fact that the Klan paraded without masks. A kleagle without a mask, no matter how impressive the rest of his robes and regalia, is a kleagle without mystery; he is merely Bill Smith, the grocer, who lives, perhaps, in the next block.

Bill is essentially no more terrifying or romantic than his own potatoes or the sand which he claims he doesn't put in the sugar. One knows that Bill is neither a star-eyed idealist nor a black-hearted villain, but a florid person with sandy eyebrows whose snores shatter the neighborhood when he goes to sleep in the hammock on the front porch on Sunday afternoons.

One remembers that Bill is quite a "joiner," perhaps, being constitutionally unable to resist any secret or semi-secret society that permits him to wear a fearsome headdress and a tin sword at its annual conventions and convocations. One dimly recognizes that this is Bill's feeble and ineffectual protest against the general commonplaceness of his own nature and his environment.

When one sees Bill in broad daylight without a mask one discerns that he is a trifle pathetic and somewhat ridiculous and a bit confused mentally and emotionally. It is hard to believe that Bill, if left to himself, would feel any active animosity toward Negroes, Jews and Catholics—or would even experience any great impulsion to analyze and define his feelings toward them.

But he has not been let alone; he has been persuaded into a sheet and a conical cap and a mask. Perhaps with the mask on he feels powerful and important; possibly, with the mask off, meeting your eyes or mine, he may feel rather silly. It is difficult to feel that Bill, or any number of Bill, is a menace—with his mask off. Parades of the Klan, unmasked, should be encouraged, in my opinion; if we can get enough parades, unmasked, perhaps the whole thing will just dribble away into desuetude.

O. HENRY was right—there is more romance in real life than the fictionists can invent sitting up nights and burning the incandescent at both ends. Real life is always coming through with a wallop, an O. Henry wallop. And Mr. O. Henry Wallop (yes, that is his real name), a Wyoming cowboy and ranchman, woke up recently to find himself a Belted Earl. To be specific, Earl of Portsmouth. Here is a story that has been written by the novelists a thousand times, so many times that it is hackneyed. And now that real life has come tardily along to imitate (in a manner of speaking) Art we shall probably have a revival of the theme, starting with a play or two.

A THING that must be very disappointing to the Reds in various parts of the world is the fact that so many persons do not know that anything in the way of an attempted revolution is going on at all. I read in a newspaper, a conservative newspaper, that "the specter of Communism is terrifying England," etc., etc., and I see reports of a similar nature from other points on the earth's surface. And for a moment I am almost alarmed. And then I remember an incident that occurred this week—this week that I write not being the week wherein you will read—and am somewhat reassured.

I was down on one of the docks in New York from ten o'clock in the morning until half past one in the afternoon, helping some relations arrive from Europe in a big transatlantic liner, getting their baggage off the ship and through the customs inspection, and all that sort of thing, and there must have been five thousand people on that dock and in the street outside, counting passengers and welcomers. Maybe there were more, for there were 2,400 passengers alone. I saw nothing untoward or disorderly. But the next day I read in all the papers that the ship was met by a hostile demonstration of radicals.

I wondered that I had seen nothing of this hostile demonstration, either inside or outside the pier; I was sure that the thousands of persons about me struggling through the customs, and the thousands who were there to meet them had been as untouched and as ignorant as myself, for the most part. So I investigated, and learned that the demonstrators had been really less than a hundred in number, and that the police and steamship company had been practically the only persons aware of them; that there had been no real trouble; that, in short, the thing had meant nothing whatever in the lives of the great majorities in the neighborhood at the time.

The Reds hadn't even made the most superficial dent in the normal and usual mental activities of all these people; the world at large had not known anything at all was going on. A few reporters and a few policemen were "hep," as the saying is. And, as I said, the incident somehow reassured me. A revolution that gets lost in the shuffle of everyday events is scarcely terrifying; a demonstration that is essentially secret because it is swamped by numbers who can't find out anything about it need hardly raise the blood pressure of the most confirmed neurasthenic. It must be continuingly discouraging to declare war on organized society every few months and discover that organized society is ignorant that it is being attacked.

WHY call this an unromantic age when the almshouses and foundling homes are filled with the children of people who married just because they loved each other?

"WOMEN," said my friend Fothergil Finch, the Free Poet—"women are kissed in different ways. Some women are just kissed. Others help."

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# White Fire

Continued from page 34

after they had had a night's sleep?"

"They hadn't as late's 'safternoon, sir, when I and Mr. Fairless was having our bust-up. That was in his suite at the hotel, and the telephone rung and after he'd hung up he calls into the next room that everything's set for to-night, he's got ring-side seats; and Miss Desmond—I mean, Mrs. Fairless—gives a whoop and claps her hands and says she wouldn't miss this party for her honeymoon. That's what I and Mr. Fairless parted company about, on account of this honeymoon. He wanted me to ride them to the theatre to-night, call back to the hotel for their grips and things, and be waiting outside the theatre again at nine-thirty to drive to Newport, and—"

"Why nine-thirty?"

"That's about when they figure everything will be all over but the funeral service, sir; this gag line Mr. Tormay's going to pull comes somewheres in the second act, when he has a big scene with Miss Challis. . . . So I tells Mr. Fairless nothing doing; I've been driving all night for him for two weeks nearly and I'm half dead on my dogs for sleep, and not only that but I'm sick of donkeying for him and want to get back working for a gentleman once more. If you ever need a chauffeur again, Mr. Wynne—"

"You've been back on my pay roll, Lewis," Tabor grimly laughed, "ever since you brought me that note half an hour ago."

"But you got a good driver already, sir. I been watching this guy out in front, and he knows where he's going all right."

"So do I," Tabor obliquely assured the man—"at last! It's more than probable I shall want to put another car in commission before very long. In the meantime"—they were edging into the curb at the stage entrance of the Town Theatre—"come with me."

THE door-keeper, instructed in accordance with Arlington's promise, passed the pair in without delay to be welcomed with salvos of rifle and pistol shots on a darkened backstage; for the curtain was already up, the defenders of the besieged residency were firing blanks through its loopholed walls, and stagehands in the wings were working devices which gave a good if, in that close and shadowy cavern, deafening effect of rifle-fire answering from various distances.

Tabor, thankfully remarking the absence of Jennifer from the well-drilled groups that were waiting about for cues to involve them in the action—her entrance was not due by several minutes—cast about till he found Mr. Billy Coin, shirt-sleeved, derby-hatted, liberally perspiring and chewing the unlighted cigar that protruded from a mask of professional composure.

"Tormay," he tersely demanded—"I've got to have a word with him the moment he comes off—"

"That won't be before this act's finished, Mr. Wynne. Guess you've forgot." An inquisitive stare sharpened. "What's all the row about?"

"I'm neither mad nor joking, Mr. Coin. The fate of this production hangs on my having a few words in private with Tormay before the curtain goes up on the second act. I count on you to arrange that."

"I'll fix you up, all right; have him in the stage manager's room thirty seconds after the curtain falls. If there's something wrong, Mr. Wynne, just slip me the tip and leave it all to me—"

"Thank you, Mr. Coin; I'm afraid it's a confidential affair—thus far. Where can I wait?—I mean, where Miss Challis won't see me."

"Anywhere this side of the stage. She makes her entrance from the other side; her dressing-room's that side too. Like to have a squint at the house?"

With that patience which people of the theatre reserve for the heathen, he conducted Tabor and the man Lewis by ways where, in semi-darkness, stagehands, electricians and supernumeraries costumed as coolies huddled in seeming confusion, to the back of the proscenium arch. Here a cleverly masked peephole permitted a comprehensive survey of the auditorium.

In none of the front rows were there vacant seats; Tabor saw Mona and Fairless nowhere. But the stage-box immediately below his spy-hole was still untenanted. He composed himself to be patient, dividing attention between this box and the stage, which was partly visible through a gap, not too wide, in the sides that walled in the set.

THE act unwound smoothly its scheme. Tabor, succumbing quickly to its magic in spite of the cares that rode his mind, found time to wonder if it were new bias alone which made him think that Cissy Maurice, in the rôle which Mona had been dispossessed from, added something which the play till then had wanted. Tormay, he considered, prejudice or no, was giving a performance which few players of his school and day could have rivaled. While Jennifer on her first entrance proved the unstressed yet sorcerous authority of genius at last come consciously into its own: the house to a man was hers before she had been five minutes on the stage.

So compelling, indeed, was her power that Tabor tended to forget what he was there to do, perhaps would have forgotten altogether till the curtain dropped had Tormay not, toward the close of the act, chosen to see friends in the audience. The sign he made was slight, it seemed probable that other than those for whom it was intended nobody noticed it; but he happened just then to be facing Tabor's way, and Tabor remembered and, turning, applied his eyes to the peep-hole.

Mona, bewitchingly happy *en grande toilette*, had just finished settling her pretty self in a chair by the rail of the nearer stage-box; Fairless, putting up his hat and stick, placed a chair for himself behind his wife in such wise that, when he sat down, the heavy draperies cloaked him completely from the auditorium. He signaled to Tormay with a lively gesture, and settled down in a temper of expectant malice which was only too legible in his insolent, sleek leer.

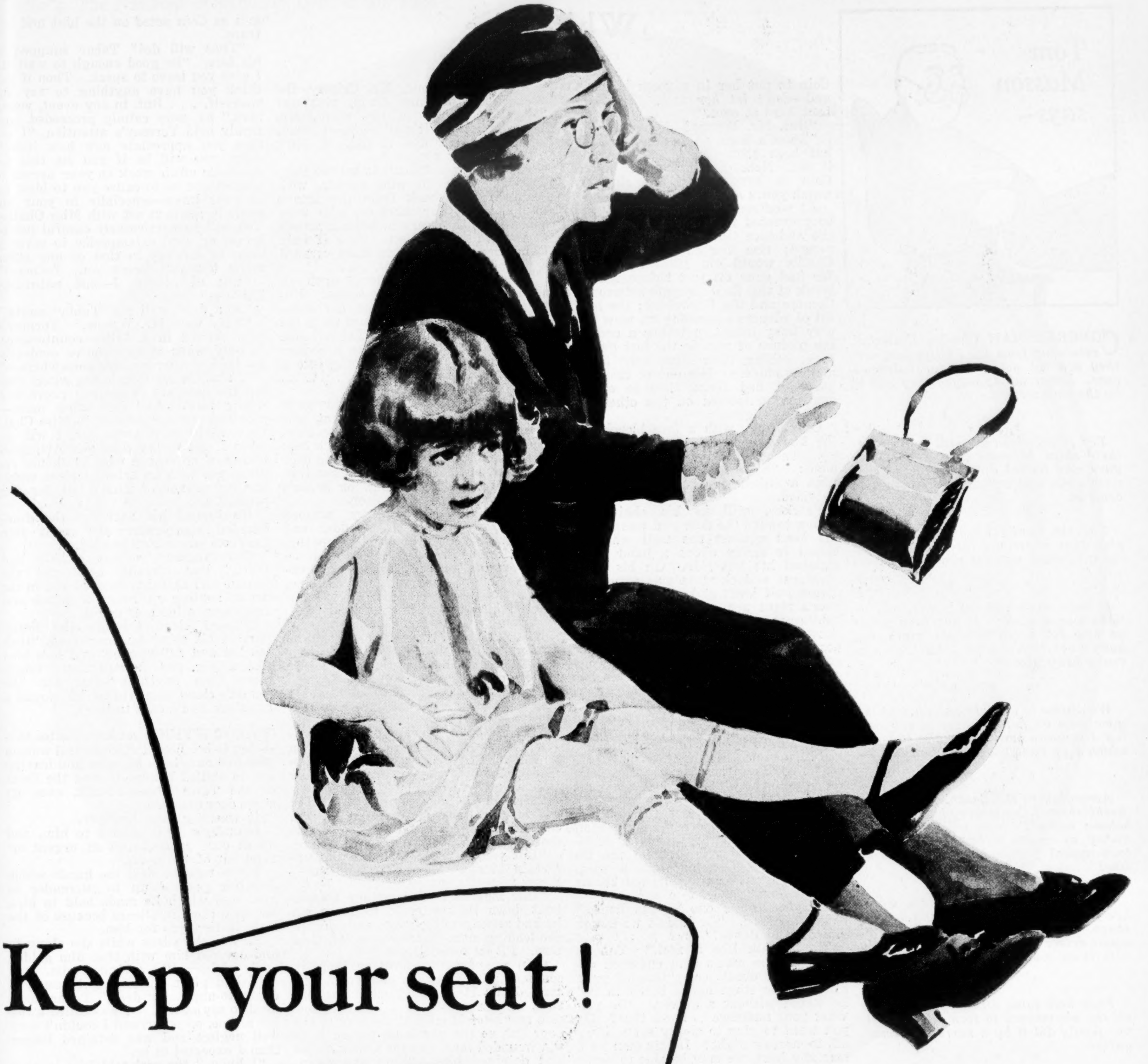
Tabor with a warning word to Lewis immediately left the stage by the door which led to the boxes, though what he meant to do or say to Fairless to effect his ends was still in his understanding unformed. When he had pulled the door to behind him, he hesitated for a thought, at the dark end of that darksome alleyway, subconsciously aware of a woman moving swiftly but silently toward him; one of the girl ushers, no doubt. . . .Only when she turned and threw back the portière which closed the stage-box door and the light caught her features did Tabor identify June.

A fusillade broke out simultaneously on the stage, heralding the end of the act. Even at that close range Tabor heard nothing to warn him what had happened, grasped never the flimsiest suspicion of June's purpose till, as he would have followed her, he was met by the woman retreating from the box as a snake recoils after striking. June's right hand held a still fuming pistol.

Tabor wound an arm round her shoulders and held her fast. His fingers, closing like a trap over hers, caused the weapon to fall. She made a convulsive offer to resist, heard his voice, pitched low but commanding—"Steady, June!"—and weakly suffered him. In another moment, having dragged her back from the door and needing not to look twice to see she was dazed with the realization of the enormity which she had done and incapable for the time of intelligent action on her own behalf, he saw fit to release her while he jerked open the communicating door to the stage and plucked Lewis forth by his wrist.

"Take Mrs. Wynne back stage," Tabor ordered. "She's ill. Tell Mr.

(Continued on page 38)



# Keep your seat!

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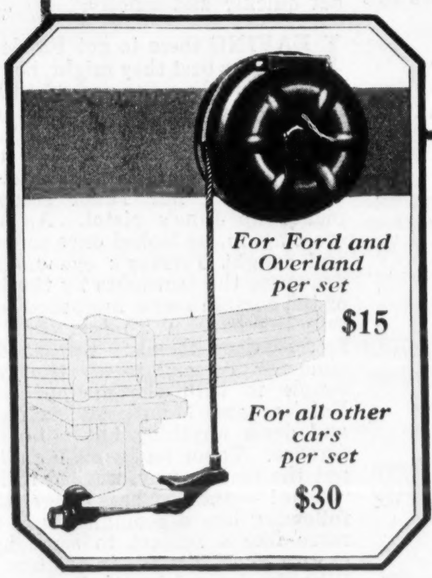

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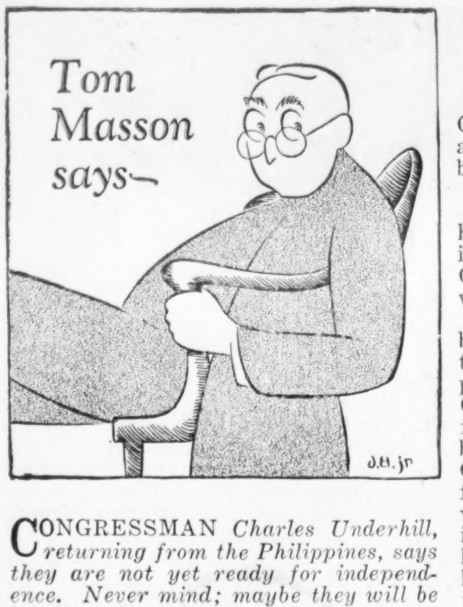


## Tom Masson says—

*C*ONGRESSMAN *Charles Underhill, returning from the Philippines, says they are not yet ready for independence. Never mind; maybe they will be by the time we are.*

* * *

*The fellows who are still waiting for their ships to come in are the same guys who leaned up against the depot clapboards and waited for the train to come in.*

* * *

*The old family buggy had a spark plug that sometimes carried you along for a lifetime without changing wives.*

* * *

*It looks as though the League of Nations was a fizzle. It has been going on now for seven or eight years and hasn't yet brought on a war we can really brag about.*

* * *

*We dislike to be tightwads, but at the same time we don't believe in supporting European nations in the wars to which they have been accustomed.*

* * *

*According to the London papers, the Archbishop of Canterbury has issued "a solemn appeal." Now will some archbishop, or even a bishop, issue a frivolous appeal just to see what it looks like?*

* * *

*The largest locomotive in the world has just been constructed in the B. & O. shops. Who will be the first careful motor driver and family to make a date with it on some grade crossing?*

* * *

*They had some difficulty in getting all the pie makers to form a pie trust, but finally did it by a narrow oleomargarine.*

* * *

*Now that the Scopes trial is over and things have quieted down a bit, we can all go on descending once more.*

* * *

*"I may be beneath you," said the furnace to the refrigerator, "but, oh, boy! look at my overhead."*

* * *

*We wonder how many Europeon nations will be alive by the time they finish paying Uncle Sam all those installments.*

* * *

*It is said that radicalism is spreading so rapidly among our playwrights that one of them is actually engaged in writing a decent play.*

* * *

*Henry Ford wants us all to learn how to dance when we are forgetting how to walk.*

* * *

*It seems too bad for an Italian scientist to discover that brains are radio transmitters just as they are going out.*

# White Fire

*Continued from page 36*

Coin to put her in a room by herself and—*don't let her talk.* Then come back here at once."

"But, Mr. Wynne! What—"

"There's been an accident—Fairless has been shot. Nobody knows about it yet. Nobody need know if you tell Coin to keep his mouth shut—and watch yours as well. Now cut along!"

At whatever cost, this tragedy must be prevented from becoming known to the audience till, at least, it had dispersed; else the career of Jennifer Challis would die still-born. Jennifer had gone off just before the outbreak of this final struggle between the Chinese and the Europeans; the handful of players remaining on view were very busy indeed, painting a convincing picture of men in the last gasp of hope, selling their lives only to the highest bidders. Not one of them, apparently, had found time to observe anything untoward on the other side of the footlights.

Only Mona, with a face bleached to the hue of chalk, was making to get up. Tabor signed to her with a flat hand: "Sit down!" She answered with a stifled gasp and involuntarily subsided.

Fairless, still in his chair, had swung toward the door and was resting his head against the wall while he bowed in agony above a hand which clutched his left side. On his white waistcoat a dark stain was spreading. Tabor half knelt at his side, drew the man's right arm round his neck and, holding the wrist fast, rose. Fairless, thus lifted, proved sufficient consciousness to try to help himself; his legs did not break under him, but even with uncertain strides aided Tabor. One last heave bore him out to the alleyway; but Tabor could manage no more without assistance; for a sudden change in the nature of his burden, from a living to a dead weight, told that Fairless had all at once become insensible. He contrived, however, to prop the body up against the wall for the few seconds that Coin and Lewis kept him waiting; they were tumbling out through the door to the stage more promptly than he had hoped. With a grunt of gratitude Tabor resigned to them the injured man: "Get him into a room back there, out of sight, as quickly as you can—and send for a doctor."

"Maybe there's one in the house," Coin suggested. "Or hadn't we better call an ambulance?"

"Don't talk like a fool." Tabor's grasp on the man's arm enforced attention and obedience. "One of your guns on the stage had a bullet in it," he stated without a quiver. "Do you want your audience to know that? Do you want to play to empty seats, if at all, to-morrow night? If this man isn't mortally hurt, we may be able to cover up and save the production. I don't say we will, but we may—*if* you can act quickly and quietly."

LEAVING them to get Fairless backstage as best they might, he returned to Mona, finding her as he had left her, sitting turned away from the audience, with eyes of wide, appalled dilation in a face so drained of blood that its rouge stood out in staring blotches. Before noticing her Tabor stooped and picked up June's pistol. As he stood erect again, he looked once to the stage and caught Tormay's eye as Tormay, drawn to the footlights by the business of the curtain scene, happened to glance into the box. With less than twenty feet between them, it was hardly possible for Tormay to see that weapon, couple it with the disappearance of Fairless and Mona's stricken gesture, and draw anything but a healthy inference. Tabor had a grim smile as he put the pistol away, nodded to Mona—"Come!"—and led back-stage, the girl, following like a somnambulist, or even more like a subject to some hypnotic power that vested in Tabor solely. What he desired her to do, that she did without hesitation or question.

In the wings that plain man, if now a much rattled one, Mr. Crissey, the stage manager, met them, bleating: "We've got him in my room, Mr. Wynne. I think it's all right—I mean, happening just like it did. I don't think anybody noticed."

It was not too difficult to believe that. The stage was in wild uproar, with coolies falling back from the attack to make way for marines, who were charging with cheers through a breach in the wall of the set. Now if only Fairless would prove to have escaped a wound in a vital spot. . . .

They had put him down upon an aged and creaky rattan settee. Unconscious still, he lay with a countenance of deathly pallor turned up to the stare of a swinging bulb. The left side of his waistcoat had become a sodden rag; blood was slowly dripping into a little pool beneath the settee.

THE uproar on the stage was abruptly silenced, the house out front was shaming it with crashes of applause. The din beat upon the hush which held in the shabby little room, once its door was shut, but could not drown out that sound of steady dripping, or Mona's sobs as she wilted to the floor.

And while Mr. Crissey stooped clumsily to pat Mona's shoulder and utter incoherent groans of sympathy, Tabor for the first time since the shooting found a moment to give to conscious thought—and remembered June.

"In the next room, sir," Lewis answered his inquiry.

"Alone? Or is Mr. Coin with her?"

"I don't know, sir. Mr. Coin said he was going to find a doctor."

Tabor, opening the door to go to June, cheated the knuckles which young Mr. Tormay had lifted to apply to the panels. Without speech he fell back one pace.

"Good God!" Tormay cried, searching Tabor's countenance with eyes in which horror flickered—"what's happened, Tabby? They told me Billy Coin wanted to see me—"

"Mr. Coin is busy at present," Tabor cut in. "He has delegated to me the task of saying to you what it would be more properly his part to say."

"But you," Tormay began in an uncertain bluster—"but Fairless there—I saw you—"

"One moment!" Peremptory accents beat down that attempt to say what he had seen from the stage and silenced the leading man. "Here comes Mr. Coin now. I'll let him tell you."

Coin was bearing down on them in company with a hatless gentleman who carried a black surgical-instrument case. Tabor motioned Tormay to one side and himself cleared the way to the door but, as the physician passed in to the wounded man, caught Coin's sleeve and detained him. "Shut the dooor, please, Mr. Coin. I must ask you to tell Mr. Tormay here what has happened."

"What's happened! Hell's happened, if anybody should ask me." Sensitive to a pass of high tension in the relations of the two men, which he did not in the least comprehend, but taking his cue from one whose conduct in this emergency had won him the unreserved admiration and gratitude of a devoted follower of Charles B. Arlington's fortunes, Coin addressed himself directly to the bewildered Mr. Tormay: "Seems one of those guns we used in the first act had a loaded cartridge in it—God knows how! And the slug caught that poor bird inside there in the stomach. Friend of yours, isn't he? I'm sorry. But we've got to keep it hushed up somehow, or this production will be as dead by to-morrow as Fanny Janauscheck. Mind you don't let on to Challis anything's gone wrong before the show's over. Why, Mr. Wynne, what's the trouble?"

"None whatever," Tabor answered, forestalling Tormay's offer to interpose a statement on his own account. "Mr. Tormay didn't seem willing to believe I knew just what had happened. Thank you, Mr. Coin."

"But see here, Tabby—" Tormay began as Coin acted on the hint and left them.

"That will do!" Tabor snapped in his face. "Be good enough to wait till I give you leave to speak. Then if you think you have anything to say for yourself. . . . But, in any event, young man," he more calmly proceeded, and firmly held Tormay's attention, "I am sure you appreciate now how injudicious you will be if you let this lamentable affair work on your nerves to such extent as to cause you to blow up in your lines—especially in your big scene in the next act with Miss Challis. You will be particularly careful not to forget or, say, extemporize to cover a lapse of memory in that or any other scene to-night, won't you, Tormay?"

"But of course, I—but naturally, Tabby—"

"And don't call me 'Tabby' again."

"Very well, Mr. Wynne." Tormay's eyes shifted in a fallen countenance. "I only want to say you've evidently got hold of a wrong idea somewhere—"

"I shall be waiting in the wings during the next act to see you prove it a wrong idea. And one thing more—provided you say nothing to Miss Challis to-night to distress her, I will do what I can to see that Mr. Arlington learns of no reason why he should replace you with an actor of more trustworthy memory. That's all for the present."

He turned his back on the dumfounded conspirator and went into the room where Fairless lay.

The surgeon, working swiftly and deftly, had already uncovered the wound, and as Tabor entered was in the act of holding up, between thumb and forefinger, a lump of metal.

"Passed clean through the fleshy part of his side," he announced. "He's too fat and full-blooded, and he's bled like a pig and fainted from fright more than anything else; but the wound's clean as a whistle, as simple a puncture as I'd care to treat."

TABOR WYNNE got back—after taking to her hotel the hysterical woman who had once been his wife and leaving her in skilled hands—to find the front of the Town Theatre dark, even its stage door deserted.

It wasn't closed, however.

Jennifer's maid opened to him, and all at once remembered an urgent errand out of the room.

For a time he held the hands which Jennifer jumped up to surrender to him, and which he made bold to kiss, but held them in silence because of the light in her eyes for him.

So was she silent while she clung to and covered him with that dim golden smile of hers, like a tender mist.

"I had given up hoping to see you again to-night, my dear," Tabor managed to say at last. "I was called away for a time, on an errand I couldn't very well neglect and was detained longer than I expected to be."

"I know," the girl told him in that oddly husky yet musical voice which poets were yet to hymn—and wagged her lovely head indulgently at him—"I know everything that happened tonight, Tabby dear, and how marvelously you managed to hush it up. To-night, after the performance, Mona called me up from her hotel. She was sick with penitence for having tried to be such a little cat, and to make it up told me all she knew—confirming all that I have gone a long time suspecting, dear. Why didn't you tell me what you were doing for me?"

"I knew what your pride was, Jenny; I was afraid, if you found out, you would refuse—"

"Don't you know, dear, a woman in love has no mean pride, but only the pride of being so blessed? . . . And it was so hard to go on trying when you made me think you didn't want me!"

"But Jenny! I thought you must think me so much too old. . . ."

"I knew you'd say it!" The girl laughed happily through her tears. "And such a foolish thing for such a wise man to say! Dear, I shall have to teach you the truth, that no man is ever a day older than the woman who adores him."

THE END

Flowers-for precious memories

*Your birthday*. To you—just the passing of another year. To Mother—it is a day of poignant, precious memories of you. You were the tiny child she held in her arms. You were the hopes and fears, the joy and tears, the enduring pride of all the glorious years of her motherhood. What could be more fitting than for you to remember her on your birthday with the loveliest gift a man can give? *Flowers!*

Say it with Flowers

# Catching up with the World

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

*Director "Science Service"*

## Bleached Chickens

IF YOU have some black, brown or yellow hens that you wish were white, say for the county fair, just feed them some dried thyroid gland. Within six to twelve days, depending on the dose, molting starts, the feathers come off, and within seventeen to twenty-nine days the feathers begin to grow again, this time pure white. Professor Zavadovski of the Sverdo University, Moscow, reports that it is possible to deplume any fowl and get a new growth of white, softer plumage and to accomplish the transformation within a fortnight by a single dose of thyroid. An ounce may be enough. An overdose may be fatal.

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" The answer is still no. But biological chemistry is only beginning.

## Germany's Power

WE ARE told that the power of Germany was destroyed by the World War. True, in regard to military and naval power. But war power is waste power—constructive energy diverted to destructive purposes.

Germany's useful power increased, even multiplied, during the direful period of conflict, defeat and deprivation, 1913-1922. In those nine years the public electrical works more than trebled their production. Where water power is wanting lignite is used.

The French are gaining in power at an equal rate. In 1913 the production of hydroelectric power in France was 790,000 horsepower. In 1924 this had increased to 2,400,000 horsepower.

## Man as a Good Animal

COMMON opinion has it that while man is lifted by his intellect above the beasts that perish, physically—as an animal—he is the least of all. Obviously he cannot swim with the whale, run with the antelope, fly with the eagle or wrestle with the gorilla. He has no natural weapon, such as the daggers which lie in the tiger's paw, the sword which grows from the end of the nose of the rhinoceros or even the poison-gas projector of the skunk. He lacks defensive armor, the corselet of the lobster, the natural fur coat of the polar bear, the horny shoes of the horse, the double shield of the turtle. He has no natural pocket, as has the kangaroo. He cannot hunt food from infancy like the chicken. He is not an untaught natural-born carpenter like the ant, beaver and nesting bird.

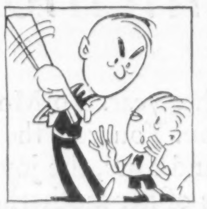
Man is even said—though not accurately—to lack "instinct" altogether and to have to supply every one of his needs from brain power alone. This soft, weak, short-lived, slow-breeding, hairless, tailless, top-heavy mammal seems, alone in nature, to lack every useful piece of natural equipment for the struggle for life.

There is much truth in this view, but truth so obvious that it blinds us to many countervailing considerations. As a matter of fact, even if man had never used his big brain to seek out many inventions he would still be a very interesting and reasonably competent mammal. He is larger than most animals. After all, there are very few elephants and whales in comparison with the infinite myriads of foxes, wrens, mice, garter snakes, trout, insects, earthworms and other of our lesser brethren. He is longer lived, at least, than most of the many-celled organisms which have lost the bodily immortality of the single cell. All of his domestic animals—and only domestic animals can escape from enemies long enough to die of old age—grow senile while man is still in the prime of life.

Although one of the slowest-breeding animals, man is now more numerous than any species of comparable size. Even in the savage state he has been able to make himself quite at home in every climate that the earth affords. The fact that he is not like most animals, able to live in a single environment only, is a most encouraging omen for his survival of geological change. He can eat almost anything. He does very well on an all-meat diet in the Arctic or an all-vegetable diet in India, or a mixture of both in Europe.

In strength and skill man is excelled in particular departments by particular specialized species. But as an all-round athlete he might win nature's pentathlon. He has all of the usual senses and all in good working order. His sense of smell seems to be less sensitive than that of most mammals, but his sight and hearing are fairly acute. He is not color blind, as many species seem to be. His sense of touch, when properly educated, is very delicate. If he lives a healthy outdoor life he can outrace, outswim and outclimb many mammals which at first sight would seem to have the advantage. Not many species could swim the English Channel (fish being barred as professionals) or climb the Himalayas. His hands are the most pliant, adaptable, convenient tools ever invented by man or nature.

Man can speak not only because of his better brain but also because of his better vocal apparatus. He has none of the elaborated and intricate instinctive adjustments of the insect world, but he is very far from lacking useful reactions. Flourish a weapon near a child's eye, and see how quick he winks! Put your finger in a baby's hand and see how tightly he grips it. Some psychologists even go so far as to say that man's instincts are more numerous than those of other animals, though they are less in evidence because at a very early age they fuse and blend with acquired habits and thought-out conduct.



Man is primarily a soul and should never forget it. But he is not a naked soul, nor a badly clothed one. In general, his body is rather more than less efficient in physical equipment, compared with his poor relations of the animal world.

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# The All-America Baseball Team

Continued from page 10

veterans, Johnson and Coveleskie. Johnson had another brilliant year, and during the grind of the pennant fight when Old Barney of Coffeyville was ill and out of action, Coveleskie won thirteen out of his first fourteen games. That is carrying the brunt in critical times up to any standard.

Ed Rommel of the Athletics was the first pitcher in either league to win twenty games. Rommel has been a star for some seasons, and not so long ago won twenty-seven games for Philadelphia when that club was far down in the race. He is also known as "the fifth infielder," since he fields his position in flawless style.

There must be a left-hander on the squad, and among the leading candidates are Yde, Rixey, Reuther and Pennock. Yde of Pittsburgh seems best fitted to fill this position.

There are such stars as Sam Gray of the Athletics, Ted Lyons of the White Sox, and others who pitched fine ball, but this staff named has earned its place at the head of the list.

The infield is easier to name. Sisler at first has a star rival in Bottomley of St. Louis and Kelly of New York. He has another in Fournier of Brooklyn. But Sisler, a smart, fast ball player, remains one of the great first basemen of all time.

There is keen rivalry at second among Hornsby of St. Louis, Collins of Chicago and Frisch of New York. Frisch also played short and third, starring in all three spots.

Hornsby is given the call for his terrific batting and for his fine infield play. He is no better infielder than the brilliant Eddie Collins, but a harder and more dangerous hitter. Hornsby finished as Ruth's home-run successor.

Bancroft of Boston, Wright of Pittsburgh and Sewell of Cleveland were three great shortstops, but Bancroft, through greater experience, gets the call.

There was something of a slump in third-base quality. Joe Dugan was injured part of the season and others fell away. But as Frank Frisch played third base part of the campaign, and played it well, he is given the assignment. Frisch is no man to leave off an All-America pick.

Kelly of the Giants proved to be an infield star wherever used, so he is given the leading utility rôle. He is one of the best all-around ball players the game has known.

As I have stated before, the selection of an All-America outfield is the most difficult job of the lot. Tris Speaker, Cleveland's great veteran, should head the cast. He not only maintained his place as one of the best of the defensive stars, but led his league the greater part of the year, hovering around .390 through four fifths of the season.

As long as his team had an outside chance Ty Cobb was batting over .400 and leading the league. He was in the midst of one of his finest years. It was not until he began to spend most of his time and thought as a manager, building for next year, that his attacking ability subsided a trifle. But Cobb, with his brains, his craft, his intense ambition, his hustling and his batting, deserves a place in what may be his final season among the elect.

There should be little disagreement in naming Ed Roush of Cincinnati to serve on the outfield committee with Cobb and Speaker, the two eminent veterans who carry sentiment as well as skill. Roush, another veteran, is one of the greatest defensive ball players that ever lived—on a par with Jimmy McAleer, Jimmy Sheckard and Tris Speaker. In addition to this he is something of a whirlwind on attack, averaging .350 or better year after year. Roush was one of the main factors in Cincinnati's grim pursuit of Pittsburgh and New York most of the year. Simmons, Cuyler and H. Rice are brilliant outfielders in every way, but Roush has proved his ability over a much longer span, and his greater experience is something that must not be overlooked. Cuyler of Pittsburgh is given the utility outfield position. He is a great defensive player and one of the best hitters, base runners and run makers.

Of course there isn't room for all the players one would like to see on an All-America outfit, but the team that is named, without the slightest bias or prejudice, should be able to stand up before the protests that must always follow any expression of opinion, where opinions must be so wide apart.

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# If I Were a Clergyman

Continued from page 14

income, as other people have to do. If my congregation ever fell behind in paying my salary I would take it as an indication that my service was ineffectual and look for another job. A man, even though he wears the cloth, cannot retain the community's respect unless he respects himself.

But most of all—if I were a clergyman—

*I would mind my own business.*

And the business of being a clergyman as I see it is this—

By leading an upright life to set an example in the community.

By following the Master in going about doing good, with malice toward none and charity toward all.

By preaching not modernism nor fundamentalism but the simple gospel of Christ with its wonderful Golden Rule in a sincere effort to help men lead better lives.

No soul was ever saved nor any burden of sorrow ever lightened by acrimonious disputes over the interpretation of phrases. To the outsider looking on the angry arguments in which so many clergymen to-day are involved are just as silly as the old debates as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle.

Of course the religion—the real religion—that Jesus taught will survive all these clerical disputes, as it has survived the disputes of the past. Some day even clergymen may come to realize the truth of what George Bernard Shaw once said: "There is only one religion though there are a hundred versions of it."

Already there are signs of hope on the horizon. Fifty young Methodist rural workers recently addressed the bishops, suggesting that—

"Service to the community rather than to the denomination be the basis on which ministers shall be trained, appointed and promoted."

Likewise the rural college student delegates at the American Country Life Association student conference adopted this resolution:

"That we pledge ourselves to endeavor to substitute the principles and teachings of Jesus Christ for narrow denominational creeds and doctrines."

Who can tell? The time may come yet when all the clergymen will really be Christians.

---

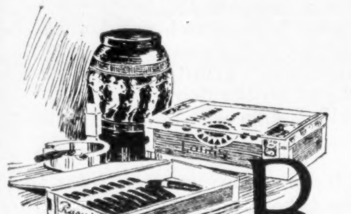
IS Mr. Johnston right or wrong? Let us know how you feel about it—in 300 words or less. For the three best letters which reach us before October 31st we will pay $25, $15 and $10 respectively. No contributions will be returned. Address:

Contest Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

# ATWATER KENT RADIO

## "I never thought I would live to coax a grand organ recital out of something about twice as large as a cigar box."

...*George Ade*



READ that sentence again. It seems as if the whole story of radio in general and this Atwater Kent Receiving Set in particular is in that sentence.

But there is even more to be told and George Ade goes on to tell it in his own way:

"I am just as much an expert," he writes, "as the average fan who sits in front of a set and jiggles the dials and hopes for the best. I am glad to report that your new set seems to be especially made for radio addicts of my description...

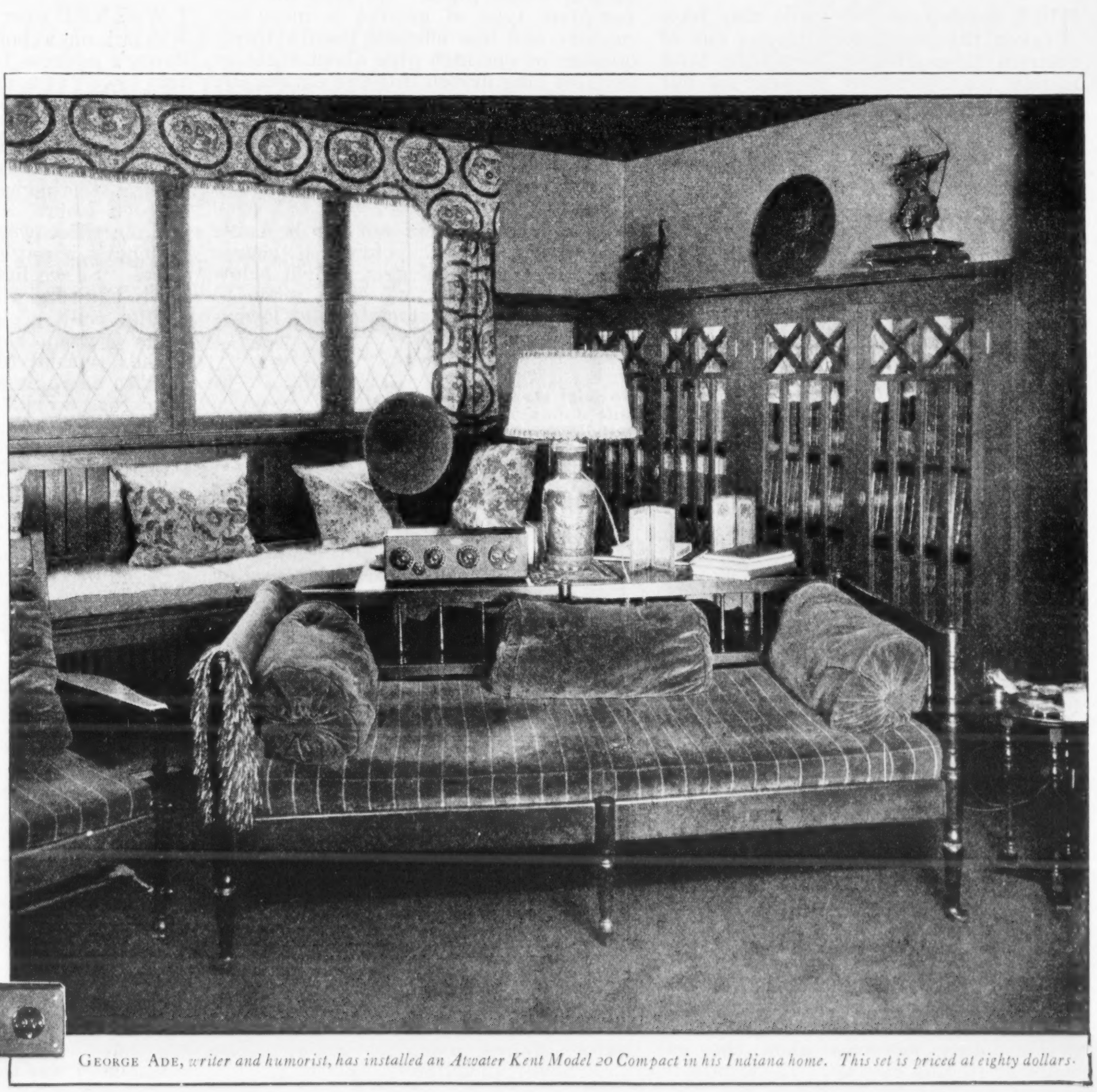
"The set which I now have picks up stations all over the map and they come in clear and strong. The new arrangement for toning the lights gives a control over volume and static which I have not found in other sets. The whole thing is so small and simple that it looks and acts unreasonable."

And George Ade, like so many other celebrities, believes these things because he judges his Atwater Kent Receiving Set by just one thing: *what it does!*

Shall we send *you* an illustrated booklet telling the story of Atwater Kent Radio?

*Hear the Atwater Kent Radio Artists every Thursday evening at 9 o'clock (Eastern Standard Time) through stations—*

WEAF . . *New York*
WJAR . . *Providence*
WEEI . . *Boston*
WFI . . . *Philadelphia*
WCAE . . *Pittsburgh*
WGR . . . *Buffalo*
WWJ . . . *Detroit*
WOC . . . *Davenport*
WCCO . . *Minneapolis-St. Paul*
WSAI . . *Cincinnati*



GEORGE ADE, *writer and humorist, has installed an Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact in his Indiana home. This set is priced at eighty dollars.*

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
*A. Atwater Kent, President*
4751 WISSAHICKON AVENUE · PHILADELPHIA, PA.

RADIO SPEAKERS
PRICED FROM
$12 TO $28

*Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada.*

MODEL 10, $80

MODEL 20, $80

# Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

## DX Oblivion

IT LOOKS as though the era when fans blithely skipped from program to program in order to hear station calls has passed. It is not uncommon nowadays to hear a selection played in its entirety when visiting the home of a bug smitten with the radio virus.

"we will now broadcast the opera 'aïda' in jazz"
"oh, you classics!"
fgc

## Ask Your Congressman

ONE of the strange perversities of human nature is revealed in the tabulation of votes received by broadcast stations on preference in music. These invariably show an overwhelming preponderance in favor of classical music. Yet our dance halls are more crowded than ever, and most radios are constantly pouring out jazz. Perhaps we are developing, as the wets aver, into a nation of citizens who vote by contraries.

## We Can See It Already

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, Jr., has apparently speeded up the evolution of jazz through the invention which gives sustained sound to pianoforte notes. We will soon be hearing the piano wailing like a saxophone in the latest blues. Color in music seems to be developing a futuristic tone as it splashes over the scale.

## Gas Expands

THE development of radio may have taken the last traces of gas out of vacuum tubes, but it seems to have merely transferred it to some of our announcers.

## Some Programs Smell

S. W. JOHNSON of Austin, Tex., tells me that last fall he worked in a cotton gin 200 miles south of Dallas. There they kept a fifteen-gallon tin can for the cotton haulers to heave their cigarette butts into and so avoid the fire hazard.

The office man had a radio, and put the headphone inside the can to get loud speaker effects. One day a Swedish cotton buyer entered the office while Mr. Shapiro at WFAA was reading information to farmers. The buyer asked who was talking, and was told the "ashcan." He leaned over it, and got a whiff of stale smoke.

"Phew! Gosh!" he exclaimed. "He bane smokin' a r-rotten seegar."

## Sometimes It Sounds So

WELL! Well! It's a good thing all of us do not have the same experience as the old gent of this story told by P. R. Dalrymple of Cushing, Okla. The old fellow was induced to listen in for the first time on a night when the gods of static were thundering forth. He donned the earphones, and then after a few moments' intense concentration exclaimed triumphantly: "I've got the bug-house down at Norman, and a whole bunch of women are screaming."

## Making Us Less Savage

WHAT a delightful musical education thousands upon thousands are getting through the medium of radio! A serious duty devolves upon the announcer in this respect. He should be absolutely scrupulous in checking his facts regarding the composer and the composition before giving his announcements.

Announcer Milton J. Cross of WJZ is a model others would do well to follow, although Cross would be better if he adopted a less funereal tone. Sad music is not necessarily dead, neither does it have to be interred even in these jazzy days.

## Try for This

WE PAY $10 for all radio stories from our readers which we print. If you have had an unusual radio experience or if you have a helpful suggestion to offer other fans, write them out and send them to me. Address your letters to Jack Binns, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

## Soldierless Warfare

A SCIENTIST of our acquaintance predicts that the next war will be fought with radio-controlled manless airplanes carrying explosives and gas bombs that can and will wipe out ships and cities.

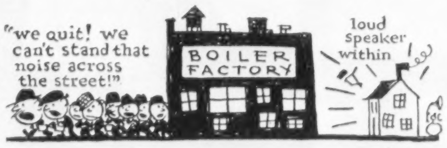
He sees boards of strategy picking out places and, knowing their latitude and longitude, dispatching flocks of planes with their deadly loads to the points selected.

## A Good Ground

MR. E. W. J. ECK, superintendent of the Signal Department of the Southern Railway System, sends this very practical information which may aid readers who live in remote places void of water pipes. He says the copper-plate type of ground is more expensive and less efficient than a three-quarter or one-inch pipe about eight or ten feet long driven into the earth. He adds:

The resistance of the pipe ground can be further decreased by driving another pipe four or five feet away from the first pipe and connecting the two together.

A further improvement can be made by putting several pounds of coarse rock salt around the ground just below the surface of the soil. This seems to attract moisture and materially lowers the resistance.


"we quit! we can't stand that noise across the street!"
BOILER FACTORY
loud speaker within
fgc

## Put a Soft Pedal on 'Em

THE manufacturers would bestow upon society a great boon if they would but pause a moment and survey the enormity of their crime in producing ultra-powerful loud speakers. It seems to me as though four out of every five fans ultimately get one. None hesitates to turn them loose on the neighborhood, blissfully ignorant of the elemental fact that music to them is but discord to others.

## He Got the Radio Gate

THIS pathetic story was sent to me by C. K. Heath of Rochester, N. Y., who recently visited the home of a friend whose daughter was entertaining her beau.

"About eleven o'clock in the evening," continues C. K., "someone turned on the radio. The first words out of it were: 'Young man, go home!' The poor beau immediately beat it."

---

# The Pansy Picker

*Continued from page 7*

slipping the other eight yards in my kick. "If you got so much sugar you might toss that century to Pansy Pilkington. The kid's probably not very fluent with money and could use it right now."

He laughed nastily.

"Pansy will never lack a cavalier while *you're* in the offing, will she?" he sneers, and took a quick step backward when he seen my face harden. "I'd like a receipt in full, if you don't mind," he winds up hurriedly, "and—also your promise that you and that—er—Miss Baxter will stop hounding me!"

"You're all out of gear, Fairfax," I says scornfully. "I'm not pushing you around and neither is Barbara Baxter. You're your own most deadly enemy. Have you ever tried being on the level?"

"I asked for a promise—not a lecture!" he snaps.

"Take what you get!" I snapped back. "All the grief you been having is your own fault. Why—"

"Oh, spare me the moralizing!" he interrupts viciously. "All my grief, as you call it, is directly traceable to you and that female Sherlock Holmes! Who had me arrested in the Falls? Who had me raided and padlocked in New York? You ask me to give *Pansy* money! Why, I wouldn't give that double-crossing ex-hired girl the address of the nearest poorhouse! She was the one who tipped off your lady detective that I was selling, after I'd taken her off the streets and given her a job!"

"You never took Pansy off the streets, you prancing scissorbill, and you make another crack like that and I'll chalk up a decision over you right now!" I hissed in his ear. "The trouble with you is that you're a bum loser. I don't want any part of you, Fairfax, and get a load of this—lay off me and I'll lay off you, but try to put any more fast ones on me or my friends and I'll knock you off!"

"You sound like a movie!" he sneers, wrenching away and rubbing his arm. "May I trouble you for that receipt?"

I WALKED over to the desk and wrote it out on a hotel card. Then I got Pansy's address from him and left him flat.

I'd scarcely got up to my room when Butch Ford and Left Hook O'Brien rushes in, all excited.

"You're as hard to find as a rooster with a toothache!" Butch complains. "I been lookin' all over for you. We fight in three weeks, Big Boy!"

"That's a pay-off!" I says, sarcastically. "So *we* fight, hey? You're coming in the ring with me the next time?"

"Be your weight!" snorts Butch, while O'Brien chuckles. "I want you in the hay early to-night, because you're goin' to be up at five to-morrow mornin' doin' road work."

"Have you got any serious objections to telling me who I'm going to box?" I asked him. "Or is that a secret?"

"It's all right, it ain't Dempsey," Butch answers. "His name in even figures is Eddie Thomas—a third-rate palooka which you should bounce in a round or two. Give him a nasty look and he'll take a count of nine! Does that tell you enough?"

"It tells me *too* much!" I says coldly. "I'm not going to fight no pushovers, Butch, for pennies, peanuts or pudding!"

Butch flops down on the bed and stares at me like I'm Niagara Falls and he's seeing it for the first time, while O'Brien looks from one to the other of us in equal amazement. But I'd made up my mind! My swift knockout of the tough Jim Tierney in my first appearance as a pug had made me all swelled up like a boil over my ability with the gloves. At that minute I honestly believed I could lick any man in the ring, and I was even surprised that the game was as easy as I'd found it. Oh, what a Jasper *I* was!

A couple of sport editors had written that they was afraid I'd be a success, that I was the best prospect shown in some time and that with a little more experience I'd stop many more than would stop me. I repeated this to the still gaping Butch, adding:

"I'll never learn nothing boxing chumps and if you don't get me a bout with a first-class man, I'll manage myself! Personally I'd like to meet Keeley. Eventually, why not now?"

At this both Butch and O'Brien bust out laughing.

"So you wish a piece of Knockout Keeley, hey?" chortles Butch. "You crave to mingle with a killer which has flattened his last ten opponents in from one to two rounds. That's a thought for to-day! If I had your nerve I'd open up a shipyard on the Sara Desert. I seen Keeley go a couple of times and let me tell you *this*, young-feller-me-lad, Mr. Keeley would make a sucker out of you and knock you for a loop in the very first frame!"

"You're certainly one swell manager!" I hollered, fit to be tied. "You think I'm a mug, hey? Well, the man hasn't been born which can knock me out!"

"Applesauce!" grunts Butch. "Tierney had you on the floor!"

"Sure!" I agrees. "But I got *up*—and *then* what happened?"

BUTCH didn't have one ready for that. Instead he commences walking up and down the room, chewing on a unlit cigar.

"Look here, Butch!" I went on. "You know I can hit and you know I can take punishment, so—"

"That's just the trouble!" he interrupts harshly, turning on me. "That's just the trouble! Because you're green and not ring-wise, you take *too much* punishment! Tierney found you as wide open as Baffin's Bay—even your sparrin' partners reach you time and time again. That's why I want you to box this proper punk Eddie Thomas. I want you to get experience. I admit you're as game as a butcher's choppin' block, but the insane asylums is full of ex-pugs which was pigs for punishment—and nothin' more! You got no defense, you're just a catcher and your footwork reminds me of a guy with the gout. On top of that, you mail every punch by parcel post!"

"I don't need no defense, once I sock 'em on the button!" I returned grimly.

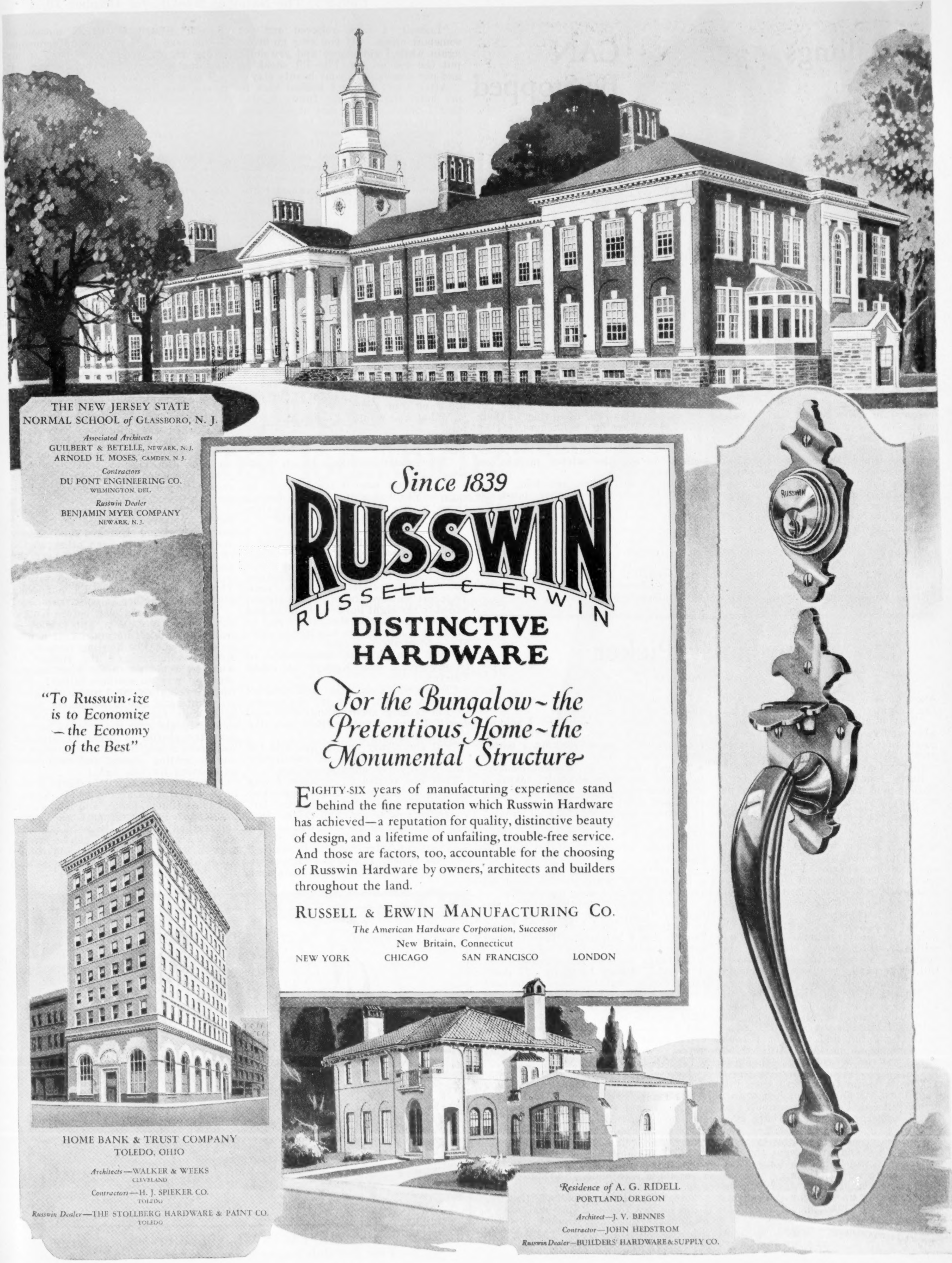
Well, the argument got hotter and hotter. Left Hook O'Brien declared himself in and pretty soon the indignant room clerk called up from downstairs and told us the proper place to stage a race riot was on a vacant lot. But I won my point, and two days later, against the advice of Butch, O'Brien and even Shifty Jones, I signed to fight Knockout Keeley. I was to get twelve hundred bucks for displaying my wares; win, lose, draw or what have you? Left Hook O'Brien encouraged me by telling me I was crazy and that this scuffle would set me back about one year in my climb to the top!

Right after that I made one of the biggest mistakes in a lifetime just cluttered with errors. To the dismay of Butch and my other friends, I started to duck my training and clowned when I *did* show up at Butch's. I'd begun to find the daily conditioning routine tiresome and being mistaken for Nurmi running through Central Park in the early morning made me feel like a sap.

Whenever the fancy struck me, I operated my taxi at nights or aced around with Barbara Baxter—theatre, dancing, auto rides and what not. Sometimes I got to bed early and sometimes it was different. I was happy and care free and thought I was the kitten's velocipede!

ONE Sunday, it being the first chance I got, I looked up Pansy Pilkington at the address I took from Jack Fairfax. The number turned out to be a kind of dingy, gloomy rooming house in the Roaring Forties, and it was certainly a startling change from the gorgeous apartment Pansy had on Park

(*Continued on page 44*)



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# Killings CAN Be Stopped

By HUGH LEAMY

FOR almost a year and a half there have been reported no automobile fatalities in New Bedford, Mass., a busy city tucked on a neck at the mouth of Buzzards Bay with an estimated population of more than 135,000. In 1924 no deaths occurred there from automobile accidents, and New Bedford is the only city among seventy with populations of 100,000 or more to report no fatalities during the first five months of this year.

"It may be due to Lady Luck," Chief of Police Edward P. Doherty told me, "but we like to believe that it is due to the methods we employed to educate pedestrians, especially children, and to curb 'drivin' fools.'

"We began with the children in the public schools. Officers were detailed to visit the schools, armed with charts and posters which forcibly pointed out the dangers of 'hitching' on automobiles and trucks, of roller skating in the streets and of crossing streets carelessly.

"Next we turned our attention to the men at the wheels. Our greatest problem was the youth with the 90-horsepower automobile and the no-horsepower brains. There are two checks on pinhead drivers: the courts and the office of the State Registrar of Motor Vehicles. We have had splendid coöperation from both, but we have found it more effective in most cases to take the direct route to the registrar's office. On our recommendation, licenses are suspended for periods ranging from thirty days up.

"It is of little avail to place reckless drivers in the dock. They pay their fines and step blithely out of court and, as like as not, within fifteen minutes are endangering lives again. Suspension of licenses, however, has a more lasting effect."

New Bedford has no "silent policeman" and no automatic traffic-control lights or other devices. Its traffic policemen are trained, according to their chief, to be traffic dispatchers, rather than merely law enforcers. All the policemen of New Bedford go to a police school during the winter months on their own time.

"Our traffic police are told," said Chief Doherty, "that they must be gentlemen; that they must keep traffic happily moving and not hold it up. They are required to keep cool. If the motorist becomes excited, the officer more than ever must refrain from anger. We have eliminated the old-fashioned type of cop who hit a man over the head with a club first and then talked to him about it."

# The Pansy Picker

*Continued from page 42*

Avenue when she was hostess at Fairfax's night club.

"Why didn't you give *me* a tumble when you run out of dimes, instead of going in hock?" I asked her, feeling pretty cheap for not getting in touch with her before.

Pansy regarded me curiously for a instant and then leaned over to pat my hand.

"I'm no quitter, Bill!" she says gamely. "New York hasn't got *me* licked yet, and the day isn't far off when I'll be the toast of Broadway!"

Lost in admiration of Pansy's courage and her charms, I believed her! As it was to finally turn out, she more than made good on that boast. If I told you just who Pansy is to-day—well, you'd laugh at me!

"You look as if you were putting on weight," Pansy remarks, eying me critically. "I hope you're taking this fight with Knockout Keeley seriously, Bill. The papers say he's a wonderful boxer!"

"He'll find it puzzling to box me while he's laying on the floor!" I says.

"You tell 'em!" agrees Pansy, which, unlike Barbara, was a blown-in-the-bottle fight fan and thought I could lick a squad of marines. "Just think, when you're heavyweight champion of the world and I'm in the Follies--"

"The Atlantic Ocean will turn into grapejuice!" I finished for her, with a grin. "Listen, Pansy—how would you like to come up and see Barbara Baxter?"

Immediately her sparkling eyes got hard and icy and away went the dazzling smile which not so long afterward was to wow Gotham.

"How do you get that way?" she demands, sitting up straight and putting on the chill. "Why should *I* call on your sweetheart?"

"Hold everything!" I says, flushing. "Barbara's by no means my sweetheart—but—"

"But you wish she was!" she interrupts swiftly.

I had nothing to say, and I said it.

Pansy sighed and lit another cigarette. I never knew striking a match could make so much noise!

"I get wonderful breaks—*wonderful!*" she murmurs gloomily, taking a long inhale and gazing at the ceiling. I arose and stood behind her.

"Pansy—you got Barbara all wrong," I says. "She's a peach, no fooling! She likes you and wants to be friends. Why, she's even offered to stake you till you—"

Pansy leaped to her feet, upsetting a basin of hot water, which went all over the floor, including my shoes.

"She—wants—to—stake—*me?*" she flames. "I love that! Are you trying to be funny? Do I look like a Dumb Dora? Am I helpless? Have I asked her for anything?"

"Barbara only—" I flounders.

"Blaah!" Pansy butts in. "I don't want to hear anything more about her! I wouldn't take a penny from that girl if I was starving—which I'm not. I'm fully capable of taking care of myself, and if you—if you had any sense, Bill, you'd never have asked me to accept anything from the girl you're in love with!"

HER eyes were blazing, and things had come to a pretty pass. I never felt so uncomfortable since the time I fell out of a pew in church.

"I—you—would you accept a loan from *me*, then, till you get on your feet?" I stammered.

At that her anger flickered out like a candle in a tornado. She smiled and held out her little hand.

"No, Bill," she says softly. "Besides, I *am* on my feet—all day and nearly all night! But many thanks, and I'll file your application for future reference. You never can tell!"

I shook her hand warmly.

"Listen!" I says, relieved and yet somehow upset. "If you ever go broke again while I got money and you don't put the bee on me, I'll—I'll sneak in and put mucilage in your beauty clay!"

After I left Pansy I walked back to my hotel thinking how funny it was that I didn't seem to feel at ease with her any more like I used to. We used to be—well, like brother and sister, you might say. I'd scold and advise her and I guess I kissed her a couple of times, but the same way you'd kiss your grandmother, if you know what I mean. But now there seemed to be a change of some kind. It was almost like calling on a girl I'd just met. Pansy was younger than me in years, but she seemed older in some ways. She wasn't a kid any more, that was it. . . .

She was all alone in New York, and in the world, for that matter, and there was the movie director which tried to make her, and Jack Fairfax, which claimed he hated her, but I knew different! Probably others too—Pansy was just a girl which men *don't* forget!

The day before I stepped into the ring with Knockout Keeley I run into Fairfax on Broadway. I would have high-hatted him, but he stopped me.

"Well, to-morrow night's the big night, eh?" he grins.

"What d'ye want?" I asked him, frigidly.

"Er—how's Pansy?" he inquires, with a leer.

"How would you like a punch in the nose?" I shot at him.

"You better save it for Keeley!" he says. "You'll need it. They're betting three to one he knocks you kicking. I wish *I* could get some of that!"

MY TEMPER fighting for its head, I done some quick figuring. Butch Ford's cut of the twelve hundred I was to get for the bout was four hundred and twenty bucks—thirty-five per cent. That left me seven hundred and eighty, added to the eight hundred Fairfax had paid me back and a thousand I had in the bank. Twenty-five hundred to gamble—and at three to one!

"Will you lay me seventy-five to twenty-five I stop Keeley?" I asked Fairfax.

"What will I do with your twenty-five dollars when I win it?" he sneers.

"I'm talking about twenty-five *hundred!*" I says, quietly. "How dy'e like *those* berries?"

"Put the money on the line and I'll cover it!" he laughs—"if you really have twenty-five hundred dollars."

That last settled it! I knew I was crazy to do this, as the fellow remarked after kicking the tiger in the ribs, but I was too mad to stop and think. Our bets went in the safe of the hotel I lived at and my head was full of the ten-thousand-dollar bank roll waiting for me when I slapped Knockout Keeley for a Japanese refuse container!

LEFT HOOK O'BRIEN outpointed his man in the ten-round semi-final to the big fight and come back to my dressing-room to help handle me. It had been a furious scrap, and O'Brien's profile was plenty shopworn. A lucky knockdown in the last frame was all that gave him the decision, and Butch was crabbing.

"Well, that's that!" pants O'Brien, sinking in a chair.

"What's which?" snarls Butch as he fixes some tape on a cut over O'Brien's eye. "You had that banana on the canvas—why didn't you put him away?"

"Why ain't you in Congress?" O'Brien snarls back. "If that guy's a lightweight, Dempsey's a junior bantam! Cheese, he weighed a hundred and fifty if he weighed a ounce. I was lucky to get the nod over him!"

"That's what the crowd thinks!" says Butch, grimly. "They're razzin' the referee yet, and when you go out there with Bill don't be surprised if a pop bottle crowns you!"

Further deponent sayeth not.

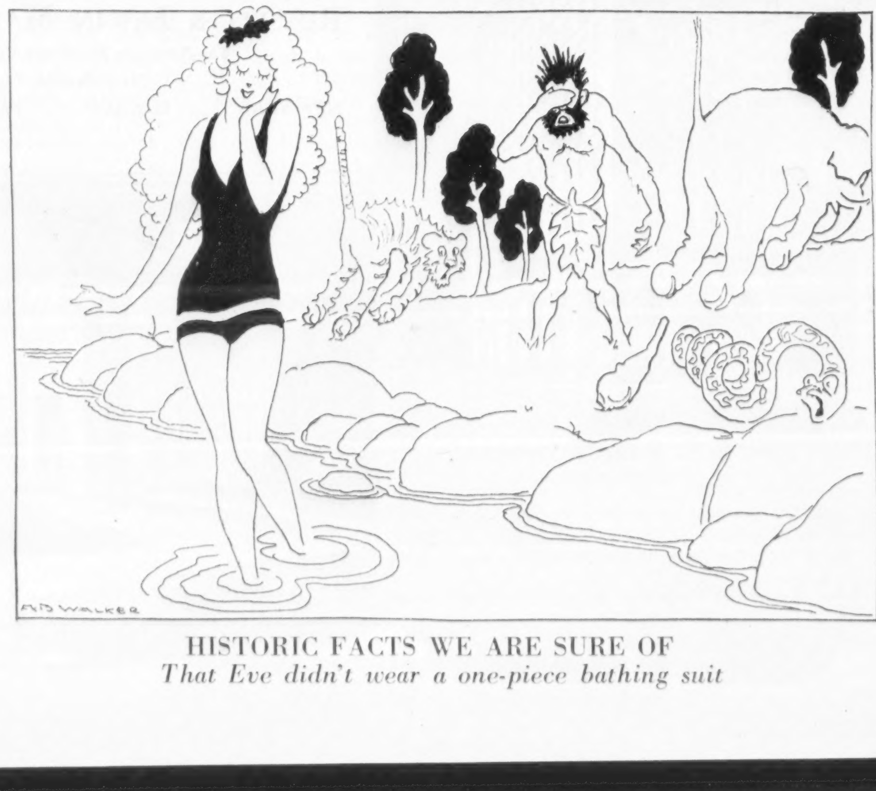
But beyond some mixed boos and cheers, Left Hook O'Brien was paid little attention by the noisy mob when he climbed in the ring after me, carrying the water bucket and sponge. Butch Ford and Shifty Jones made up the rest of my retinue. I got a mild hand when I come in and a big one later when the announcer introduced me as "The Fighting Taxi Driver!" A lot of the customers present had seen me trim Jim Tierney, and in spite of my inexperience and Knockout Keeley's record, they looked for *anything* to happen!

Without thinking to glance at the ticket numbers, I'd made the fearful error of giving Barbara and Pansy seats right next to each other at the ring side and when I leaned over the ropes to wave to 'em, both young women give me a cold nod in return. They probably thought I'd purposely placed 'em together to embarrass 'em!

There was a long wait before Knockout Keeley put in a appearance—a wait which didn't do my nerves a particle of good. The howling remarks of Keeley's admirers on the subject of what he would do to me when he *did* show up was no soothers either! Sitting there on my stool under the glaring lights and gazing out at the ocean of bobbing faces through the haze of tobacco smoke over the ropes, I become very thoughtful. I begin to wish I'd paid more attention to Butch, instead of merely getting shaved and manicured as training for this fight!

Finally a roar from the back of the house signaled the arrival of Mr. Keeley and it continued, louder and louder, till he hopped lightly through the ropes and turned to clasp both hands and wave 'em to the crowd. Then he strode over in a businesslike way and shook hands with me, but he looked at my feet

(*Continued on page 46*)



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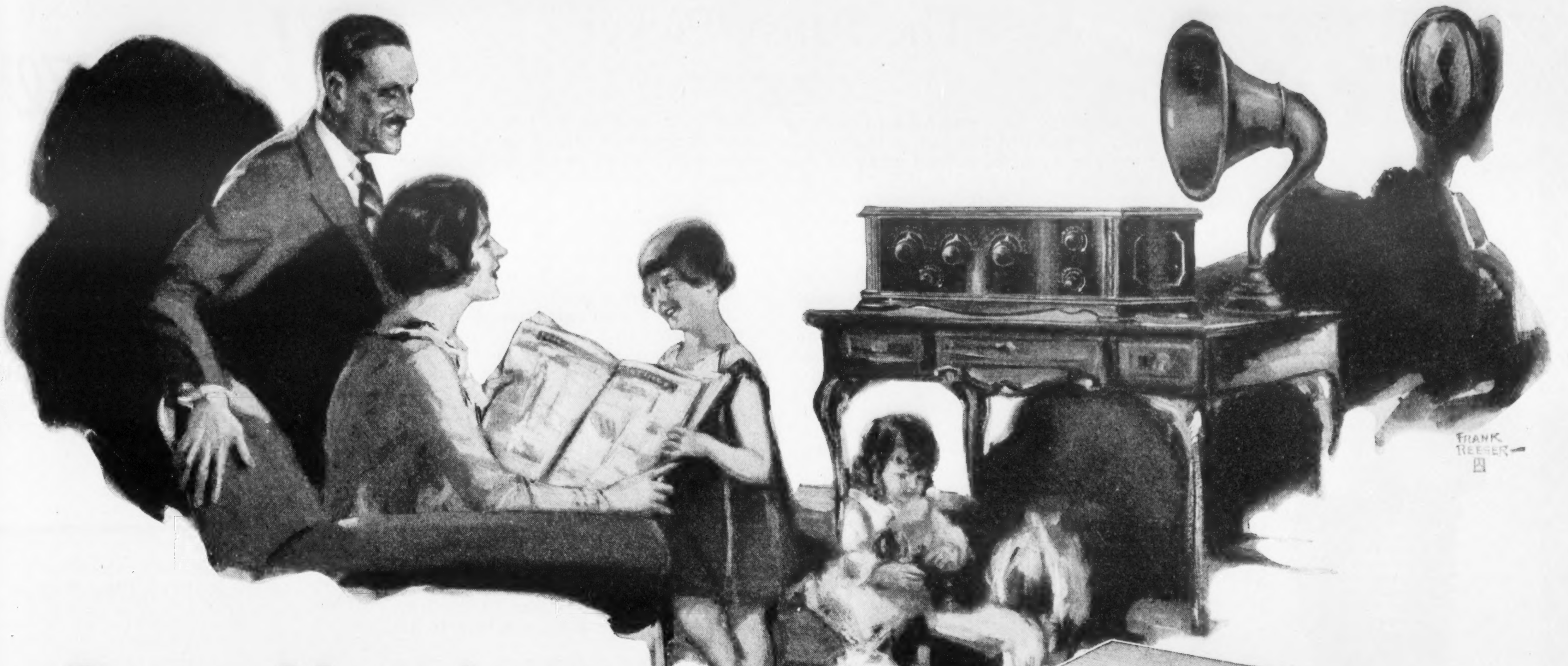
*That Eve didn't wear a one-piece bathing suit*



# Does Happiness Cost Too Much?

THERE is no catalog number for "happiness," but we sell it just the same. You'll not find it illustrated, but it appears on every page. The frock for the young lady's first party; the boy's bicycle; dad's radio; mother's new coat. Don't they all mean happiness? And could all of them be had if Sears, Roebuck and Co. wasn't able to sell good merchandise at such low prices?

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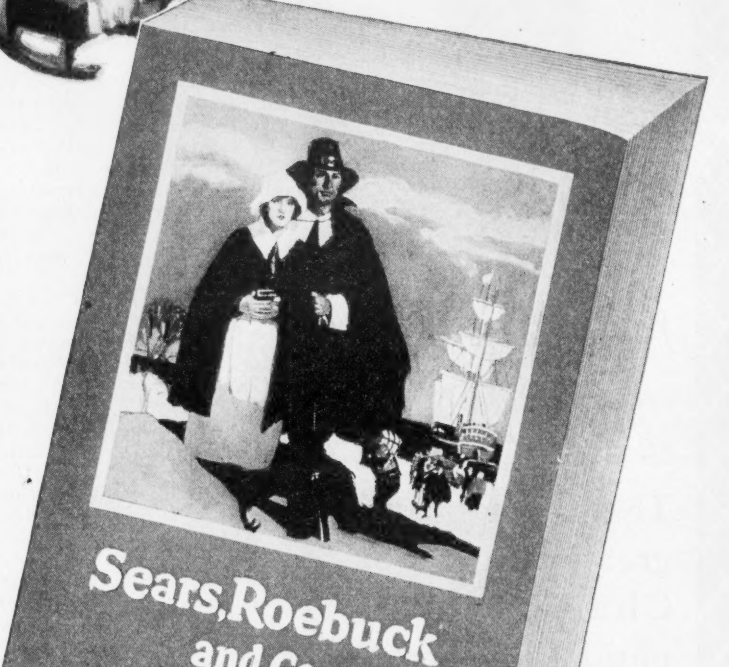
Things like that—and every day's mail contains a great many such letters—make us feel that we are a real factor in the lives of millions of American families. You could hardly blame us for feeling a bit proud in helping these folks to a little happiness they might not otherwise have been able to obtain.

Sears, Roebuck and Co. brings the trading centers of the Old World and the New World as well direct to the doors of our nine million customers; they see in our catalogs, at prices they can afford, the things they need, and the luxuries they have wanted.

One-fourth of all the families in the United States know that we guarantee them a saving on everything they buy; know we sell only quality merchandise, honestly illustrated and described. They know, too, that we ship all orders in less than 24 hours.

Our New Big Catalog for Fall and Winter is ready. It shows 35,000 bargains on everything needed for the family, the home and the farm. Send for it today.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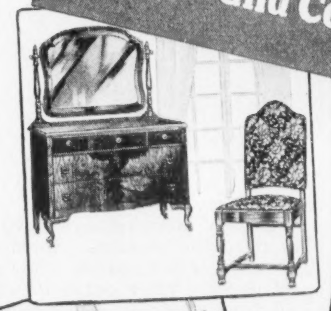

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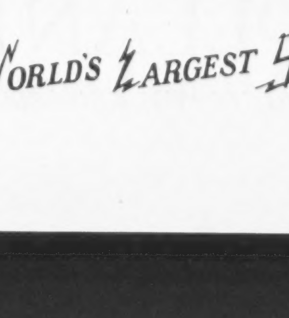

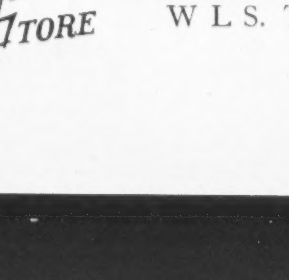

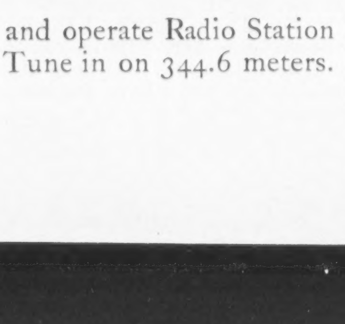

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CHAMPION

# The Pansy Picker

*Continued from page 44*

instead of my face, and he said nothing at all. I watched him out of the corner of my eye when he turned away to rub his shoes briskly back and forth in the rosin box. Knockout Keeley was a little taller than me, but not much huskier—the exact weights being 192 even for me and 207½ for Keeley.

Posing together for newspaper photographers, listening to the introductions of boys which challenged the winner, ball players, actors and what not killed, by crucifixion, some more time. Then Keeley and his manager started a long wrangle about the weight and size of the bandages on my hands. In the end the swearing Butch was ordered to change 'em by the referee. Just why I don't know to this day, but I *do* know that all this fussing around took time, putting the big crowd on edge and putting *me* in a nervous frenzy. That, I learned afterward, was just what Knockout Keeley's pilot planned it would do!

HOWEVER, at last the ring was cleared, we went to our corners and Butch snatched off my bathrobe, whispering a lot of advice in my ear which I didn't even hear over the din of the mob. I just had time to wish myself the best of luck, when the bell rung.

The usual deadly hush, thrilling in its suddenness, settled over the crowd like magic as we come to the middle of the ring. We'd agreed to forget about the regular handshake and come out fighting and we circled cautiously around each other, sparring lightly for a opening.

Knockout Keeley's footwork was a pleasure to watch, even though I was a bit prejudiced, being in there with him like I was. Somebody bellowed, "C'mon, fight—lead to him, Keeley!"

I thought I'd beat Keeley to it and I shot a stiff straight left at his scowling face. He drew his head back smartly and I missed him by a foot!

"Where *is* he, Grimm?" shouted Keeley's delighted friends.

Another well-meant left glanced off Keeley's protecting shoulder, and again the crowd give me the bird. My timing was away off, my judgment of distance horrible and Knockout Keeley's face relaxed in a grin as he prepared to do some leading himself. I seen him feint twice with his left and heard Butch yell hoarsely, "Don't fall for that, Bill—look out for his right!"

Just a fraction of a inch was all I turned my head toward Butch to nod that I heard what he said. Then—I saw the punch coming, but I saw it too late! A dull roar and a flash of blinding light . . . I felt paralyzed from the waist down as I began a slow, soothing voyage up to the roof of the clubhouse . . . I remember wondering how it would feel when my head hit the rafters . . . also, why there was two referees and three Keeleys in the ring. . . .

I opened my eyes in my dressing-room, surrounded by Butch, Left Hook O'Brien and Shifty Jones. Shifty had the ammonia bottle under my nose, and I pushed him away, blinking uncertainly at their solemn faces. A goofy grin, which I couldn't seem to control, annoyed me greatly!

"It's about time we went in the ring, ain't it, Butch?" I asks, starting to get up.

"Lay down!" Butch grunts. "You *been* in the ring!"

"But you didn't make no extended stay there!" adds Shifty Jones.

O'Brien starts to whistle kind of nervously.

"Yeah?" I says, a bit bewildered. "What—what round did I win in?"

"Stop it!" snarls Butch. "You wouldn't listen to nobody—you wouldn't train. Oh, no, you was too good! Well, Keeley knocked you deader than Adam with a punch! Get your clothes on!"

That's what conceit done to *me*. I was Keeley-cured, you might say. But—I come back!

I'll be on the air again shortly and give you the low-down on how I wiped that defeat off my slate.

*There'll be more from Mr. Witwer—another story about Bill Grimm and Barbara Baxter—in an early issue.*

# Mother's Got a Good Home

*Continued from page 19*

"I believe he is," she said, "but I don't share your enthusiasm for him. Jason Parker has the most old-fashioned, stupid views about women."

"Lots of Southerners have—I always lay it to the women. Southern women are always letting on they're helpless and weak. They get a lot of attention and fuss made over 'em that way, and the men feel pleased with themselves to be so strong and such a protection and comfort. And, come right down to it, Southern women are smart as the dickens."

"Well," flung out Margery, "I don't want to be protected and comforted and looked down on. It's archaic, positively archaic, to think that a married woman shouldn't go on with her profession. If a man can't regard me as his equal in every way, and give me my proper place in the world, he can—he can—"

"He can roll his hoop, I guess," supplied her mother. "Well, self-reliance and independence are virtues, whether they belong to men or to women, to married or single." She stopped, struck with her own words. "Why, what am I saying!" she exclaimed.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing—I was thinking out loud. I'm going to bed, childie. You better go too."

"I think I'll read a while—I'm not sleepy."

Mrs. Bentley went into her own room, a very small one beside the kitchen—one of those rooms which architects design to render the servant problem more acute. As Mrs. Bentley undressed—the limited space required that this be done standing still in one place—she observed a blotter on her dresser, a blotter with a small colored picture of Charlotte Corday at one side and an advertisement of a French laundry at the other. Mechanically she read the words beneath the picture:

"The French Revolution, seemingly so sudden, so unexpected, was in reality a long time in preparation. Hidden forces operated on the people, almost unconsciously, until the dramatic moment when the red flame burst forth in full devastating strength, to burn away the old régime for all time and leave a new France rising phœnix-like from its ashes."

"Well, sir!" said Mrs. Bentley. "Well, sir! The French Revolution was a long time in preparation, was it? But it certainly did the work. If I get any more inspiring thoughts to-night my poor old slow-moving brain's like to burst wide open. Inspiring thoughts! And jolts! In equal proportions! I prob'ly won't get a wink of sleep."

AT BREAKFAST the next morning, however, she showed no signs of lost slumber.

"How was Mary?" she asked her son.

"All right."

"Is she going to be home to-day, d'you know? I thought I'd drop in to see her. Don't eat any more cakes, Harry; you'll be getting a corporation on you like a fat old man."

"But they're so good, Mom. And I'm

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going to walk downtown. Yes, I think Mary'll be home." He took two more cakes, and spoke again: "I wish Mary could cook like you do, Mom. She gave me some cookies she'd made last night, and, honestly, they were terrible."

Mrs. Bentley surveyed her son attentively. How long had he been given to "picky" criticisms and she had not noticed it? She waited a moment, then spoke again. "I nearly forgot it, Harry," she said. "I need a little money. I want to have a new lining put into my coat, and I've got to have some shoes resoled."

HARRY looked dismayed and sullen. "How much do you need?" he asked ungraciously.

"Ten dollars," said Mrs. Bentley. "That ought to do it."

Harry looked across at Margery. "If you'll supply one five, I suppose I can manage the other."

"I'm terribly sorry," said Margery, "but until I get my pay check I'm simply flat broke. Mother, does your coat really need to be relined?"

"Unless you want me to go to church all frayed out under the arms."

"Couldn't you save something out of what we give you for the housekeeping?" asked Harry.

Mrs. Bentley did not answer, only sat still and looked at him. Under her gaze he took out his billfold, extracted a five-dollar bill, and laid it beside her place.

"That's the best I can do," he said. "I'm sorry, Mother. Can't you mend your coat? Nobody will notice it, probably."

Mrs. Bentley took the bill and folded it into her apron pocket. "You'd better hurry, both of you," she said calmly. "You'll be late."

There was nothing of revolt in her expression when she arrived at the Sanders house. She kissed Mary on both cheeks. "Let's you and me have a good dish of talk," she said agreeably. "I've got something on my mind."

Mary was plump, brown-eyed and rosy, a wholesome girl who'd never learned the trick of hiding her feelings. She was not very glad to see Mrs. Bentley, that was evident. But she had good manners.

"We'll go right into the living-room," she said, and led the way.

When they had settled down, vis-à-vis, Mrs. Bentley plumped out her question:

"Mary, why don't you and Harry stop dilly-dallying and get married?"

Mary had not expected this. She tried to be evasive. "Well, you see, Mrs. Bentley," she stammered. "Well—Harry feels—well—"

"What I suspect is Harry don't feel he's able to keep up two homes, and you don't want to come in and live with me and Margery, cramped up like we'd be."

"Why, Mrs. Bentley—I—I never said—I'm very fond of both of you—you know that—"

"Look here—let's speak plain. I've been blind's a bat, but I'm seeing now. I've been petting Harry and coddling him and spoiling him and waiting on him till I've probably ruined a real good husband for you. And he's getting to be selfish and greedy and fat, and thinking too much about his eating—"

"Oh, Mrs. Bentley—he isn't!"

"Bless your little heart for sticking up for him. Never mind that, then. But, Mary, I was right, wasn't I? You want a home of your own when you're married. Child, I don't blame you; it's right you should. But that's the big stumblingblock, isn't it?"

Mary raised eyes of desperate confusion, but she could not lie. "Yes, it is," she said in a low voice. "But if you think I'd do anything to hurt you, Mrs. Bentley, or make you give up your place, or cause you any unhappiness—why, I wouldn't for the world. Harry's always said he'd give his mother a good home as long as she lived, and I wouldn't want him to do any different."

Mrs. Bentley gave a singularly youthful and un-old-fashioned giggle. "You young things—so solemn! And so funny! But not a bit funnier than us old things. Mary, let me kiss you again—and I give you fair warning you better begin to think about the way to make your wedding dress—"

"What do you mean? Why—you—aren't—"

"Nev' mind what I'm going to do. And don't say anything to Harry about my being here. I've got to put right along—but you'll hear from me shortly."

Before half past twelve Mrs. Bentley made three more calls and then took the trolley out to the college. Twelve-thirty found her, to the minute, hurrying across the campus toward the library, and she managed a very creditable start of surprise as she met a blond young man coming down the path from the Classics Building.

"If it isn't Professor Parker!" she exclaimed. "Well, you're a sight for sore eyes."

"Why, Mrs. Bentley!" He stopped, took off his hat and held it as he talked in the Southern way. "What in the world are you doing away out at this end of town?"

"I had an errand at the library. How are you? It's been a real long time since you've been out to see us. What's the use of me making spoon bread for Sunday night supper if there isn't anybody who really appreciates it?"

HER heartiness, her friendliness warmed and encouraged the young man to confidence. "I reckon there isn't anybody appreciates your spoon bread more than I do, but Miss Margery and I—well, the truth is we had a little argument on feminism, and it made me feel—that maybe I wouldn't be welcome if I came back."

The same twinkle that had puzzled Mary Sanders came into Mrs. Bentley's eyes. "If you were Harry, now, I'd just tell him that nobody but a born fool argues with a woman about anything. You've just got to let us believe what we want to and slide over the dangerous ground. Margie's got a bad habit of taking things too seriously, I'm afraid. If you've not got anything better to do you come around Sunday evening and let me know if I've lost my trick of making spoon bread, and if Margie and you can't talk together without arguing I guess you and me can."

"There isn't anything in the world that I could have to do that would be better than coming to see you, Mrs. Bentley. I'll be very glad. You're very—kind." He seemed about to say more, but checked it.

(*Continued on page 48*)

YESTERDAY'S GUN FIGHTERS

added some thrilling chapters to the history of the Southwest with their six-shooters. Owen P. White—who, while he was a ranchman and newspaperman in Texas, knew many of them personally—has written a series of *true* stories about them. The first will appear

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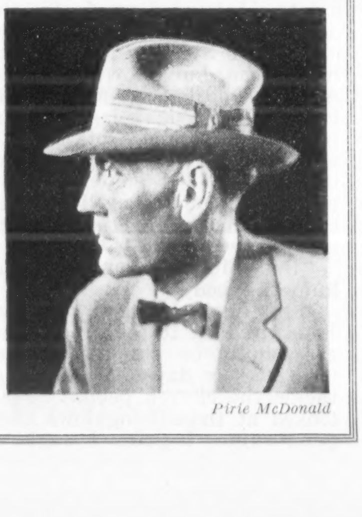
*Pirie McDonald*

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AT DIZZY HEIGHTS......

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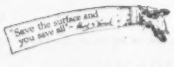
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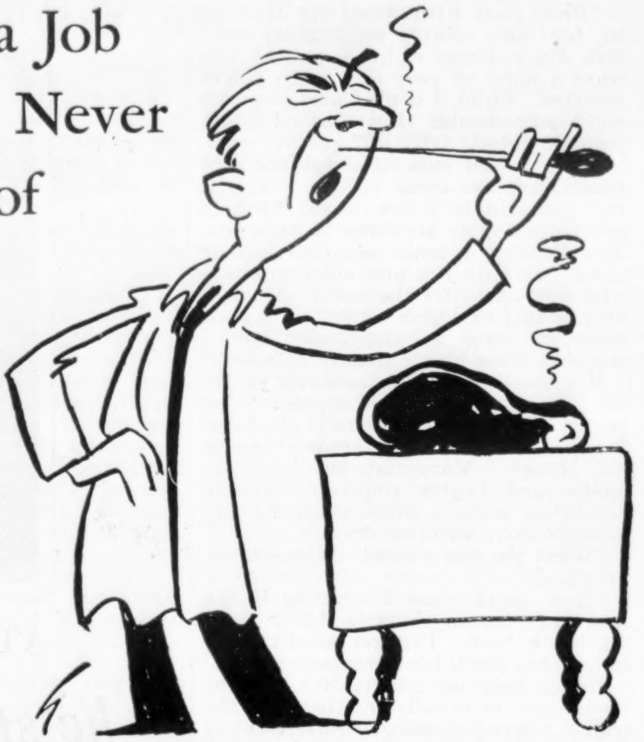
# Here's a Job You've Never Heard of



By
FREDERICK SKERRY

DOUBTLESS you have heard of the egg candler, the man who spends his days looking at a candle through an egg, or through an egg at a candle, whichever it is that he does; you know about the tea tasters and the coffee tasters, whose jobs are explained by their names; but have you ever heard of the ham smeller?

Lovers of ham, broiled, roasted, deviled and sandwiched, give heed! The ham smeller is the man who stands between you and bad hams; that is, he sees to it that hams which have turned sour in curing do not get out of the ham factory. His station is near the end of the ham's ascent from the lowly hind leg of a pig to the delectable product, cased in burlap and widely advertised, which makes your mouth water in the markets. In other words, a ham must please his sensitive olfactory nerve before it can tickle your nostrils and your palate.

The tools of the ham smeller's trade are two: his nose and a steel skewer like an ice pick. He stabs a ham with the skewer and then he sniffs at the steel. Not a job to tempt the seeker after variety! But it is an old one—fifty years old, anyhow, since one ham smeller worked that long in one plant. (That man spent more than 100,000 hours of alternately stabbing hams and sniffing skewers. One wonders how he qualified for the job.)

Should you ever get a bad ham you may rest assured it got that way after the ham smeller put the seal of his approval on it—if it didn't slip by him one day when he had a cold in the head.

# Mother's Got a Good Home

*Continued from page 47*

"I'll be pleased to have you," said Mrs. Bentley. "Along about six o'clock. Good-by."

She went on into the library, walked straight through it, and went down the walk on its other side, to another streetcar line beyond the campus. One by one Mrs. Bentley was working out her plans.

Nevertheless it was nearly a week before she was ready. For that week she went ahead with the household work as usual—Harry and Margery had their meals, their service, their attention. They noticed nothing—not even that now and then their mother looked at them with unwonted interest.

It was Saturday night that she sprung her bomb. "You, Harry and Margie," she said at dinner, "don't go out anywheres for a while. I want to talk to you soon's I get the dishes washed."

THEY waited, unexpectant, Harry with his paper, Margie with a book. At last Mrs. Bentley came in, a little flurried, an unusual color in her cheeks and her eyes bright. She looked young and determined. She had her head up and her hands were clasped together as if the pressure gave her courage.

"Harry and Margie," she began, "I hope you won't think I'm crazy, or anything, and I hope you won't try to change me, for it's no use. I'm going into business for myself, beginning next week, and I've taken a room at Mrs. Pearson's Family Hotel down on the avenue, and I'm going to move there Monday morning."

For a moment there was a stunned, unbelieving silence. "Mother!" said Harry. "Business! What sort of business?"

"It began, you might say," Mrs. Bentley went on, as if he had not spoken, "by Tom Clarke telling me Sue Riddle had opened a tea shop and was making lots of money off the auto tourists. Sue's two years older than I am. And I said to myself if Sue Riddle can set up in business and make money and be independent and beholden to nobody, why, so can I. So—I'm going to sell real estate."

"Sell real estate! Mother, you are—"

"No, I'm not crazy. It's like this: First I went down to Dr. McArdle and I asked him if he didn't have room for a good practical nurse on his list for people that didn't need or couldn't afford a regular trained nurse, and he pretty near kissed me, he was so glad to get me. He said he could fill up my time tight, at three dollars a day and my board, and that people would fight to get me. Not so much as a house worker gets, but it's not so hard neither. And while I'm nursing, and in between, I've made arrangements to sell real estate. I went down to see the president of that big company on the corner of Pringle Street, the one that's opening up that bungalow colony out Maple Avenue, and he was a real nice man—Blackston, his name is—and I explained to him that I knew lots of people who would like to buy homes for themselves if they could get 'em on the installment plan, and we arranged that I was to try it and collect the money each month and be responsible—"

"But, Mother, you can't—you don't know anybody—"

"Oh, don't I! I've already sold a house and lot to the grocer and one to the family on the third floor—that's two in four days. And I'm going to tackle the church people. I went and looked at those bungalows and they're good value—I guess I ought to know how a house should be inside, long as I've taken care of one. If everything goes all right I don't intend to put in much time nursing—it's too much like kitchen work. I only left that way open in case I needed something to fall back on."

"But, Mother," said Harry, and this time reproachfully, "I thought you were happy. I thought we gave you a good home."

"You did, son, as well as you could, but—it wasn't good enough. *No home's a good home where there's dependence and unpaid work.* I've kept house for you and Margie right along, and it would have cost you sixty dollars a month to get anybody to do what I've done. Yet when I want a little money I've got to ask you for it, and most of the time I don't get it. That was all right between me and your father, Harry, and while you children was little, but now it's different. I admit it's partly my fault. I let things go; I didn't see my way clear."

Harry had risen, was pacing back and forth angrily. "I won't have it, Mother—people will think I've turned you out. I won't have you going around working for other people, doing menial things for every Tom, Dick and Harry who can afford to pay you three dollars a day. Or traipsing around trying to sell those rotten little bungalows. My mother! I should say not!"

MRS. BENTLEY laughed. "Don't be funny, Harry. Since when did you tell your mother what she should do and what she shouldn't? You don't see anything wrong about letting me be a menial, as you call it, for you and Margie, and I don't get three dollars a day either. There, I didn't mean to rub that in. It's just that it's wrong, son. Dependence is wrong in anybody who's got health and strength. It's wrong for me to be dependent on you, and it's bad for you to feel I'm dependent—"

"Yes," broke in Harry, thoroughly exasperated, "but what are we going to *do*, Margie and I? How will we get *along?*"

"Yes," said Margie. "I can see how you feel, Mother, and we've been very blind and selfish, but—it's going to be very hard on us, you know."

"I suppose it will for a while. But Harry and Mary can get married—that settles him. And you might come down to the hotel and have a room near me for a while, Margie. Anyway, you're both of you grown up, and you've got your faculties, and if you can't adjust yourselves you're a whole lot dumber than I thought. And as for you, Margie, if you're bound, bent and determined to be a dyspeptic, peevish old maid, you can be one down at the hotel with me just as well as here. But I may as well say now that I've asked Jason Parker to supper to-morrow night, and he was glad to come, and if you—"

Margery was blushing a deep, overwhelming, telltale red. "Mother, you didn't! Oh, I'll not stay in to meet him. He'll think I put you up to it—"

"You will stay in, and you'll be pleasant to him. My gracious, Mother's just been letting you two run wild. About time I turned in and straightened you out! Oh, children—don't get it into your heads that I'm doing this because I don't love you. I love you both, dearly as ever; more, maybe. I won't pretend I'm going off for nothing but my own good, because it isn't so. I want to go, I want to get out and stand on my own feet and have my own money and do as I please more than I can tell you. But it'll be best in the end for you too, and if I didn't think so I wouldn't go."

Chastened, still not understanding, but unable to resist her, they clung to her in real little boy and girl fashion.

"Mother," said Harry, meekly now, "how did you ever come to think of all this? I can't understand it—I can't believe it hardly yet."

Mrs. Bentley kissed him and patted his smooth head. "'The French Revolution,'" she quoted, "'seemingly so sudden, so unexpected, was in reality a long time in preparation. It destroyed the old régime, but a new France rose phœnixlike from its ashes.' There you got it, Harry. And you and Margie better prepare to rise."

# Booze is the Victor

*Continued from page 9*

## HOW FOURTEEN CITIES VOTED

*(Showing results in percentages of votes)*

| | Question No. 1 | | Question No. 2 | | Question No. 3 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | YES | NO | YES | NO | YES | NO |
| *Atlanta | 20.0 | 80.0 | 22.8 | 77.2 | 56.7 | 43.3 |
| Boston | 11.4 | 88.6 | 29.3 | 70.7 | 55.1 | 44.9 |
| Chicago | 32.3 | 67.7 | 29.9 | 70.1 | 59.9 | 40.1 |
| *Denver | 64.0 | 36.0 | 68.6 | 31.4 | 82.1 | 17.9 |
| *Detroit | 41.5 | 58.6 | 48.4 | 51.6 | 56.1 | 43.9 |
| Minneapolis | 42.6 | 57.4 | 53.7 | 46.3 | 66.5 | 33.5 |
| New Orleans | 25.3 | 74.7 | 36.6 | 63.4 | 56.8 | 43.2 |
| New York | 27.7 | 72.3 | 33.4 | 66.6 | 40.4 | 59.6 |
| Philadelphia | 24.5 | 75.5 | 56.8 | 43.2 | 59.2 | 40.8 |
| San Francisco | 20.7 | 79.3 | 21.6 | 78.4 | 66.7 | 33.3 |
| *Seattle | 39.2 | 60.8 | 47.8 | 52.2 | 65.5 | 34.5 |
| St. Louis | 27.1 | 72.9 | 30.5 | 69.5 | 39.2 | 60.8 |
| St. Paul | 18.5 | 81.5 | 23.8 | 76.2 | 41.7 | 58.3 |
| *Washington, D. C. | 17.3 | 82.7 | 18.9 | 81.1 | 32.0 | 68.0 |
| Percentages of Men | 22.6 | 77.4 | 32.6 | 67.4 | 48.3 | 51.7 |
| Percentages of Women | 35.9 | 64.1 | 41.1 | 58.9 | 66.5 | 33.5 |
| Average City Percentage | 29.5 | 70.5 | 37.0 | 63.0 | 57.7 | 42.3 |
| All-American Percentages | 32.0 | 68.0 | 38.8 | 61.2 | 60.9 | 39.1 |

*Indicates cities and states that had state-wide prohibition when federal law went into effect, Jan. 16, 1920

WE HAVE made a mess of prohibition enforcement in America. The time has come to try to straighten things out.

Collier's in undertaking this vast inquiry desired only to secure a true picture of enforcement conditions.

Our national capital lies in an alcohol swamp. The figures show that Washington, D. C., is the wettest city in the nation. The adjoining state of Maryland is one of the wettest states. Another state, reeking wet, is near by: Delaware.

You must go into the very heart of the country, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, to find the driest city. This is Denver.

The states that are driest are those that have had prohibition many years. Kansas, Colorado and Maine lead the list. The wettest states are in the East, along the Atlantic seaboard. The wettest states show the highest dissatisfaction with enforcement conditions. Florida, reporting the least enforcement, also reports great dissatisfaction. The high averages of nonenforcement in Wyoming and New Mexico as shown in the tables are based on too small a total vote to brand either state as the wettest in the Union.

Men and women in the large cities see as little law enforcement as do the people in the country at large. Over two out of every three of the big-city folks say the law is not being enforced. This same average prevails in states where there are no large cities.

Even the driest districts are at least one-third wet. Over one third of the Kansas, Maine and Colorado voters say the law is not being enforced. In driest Denver the voters see almost a thirty per cent wetness. In general the country seems at least one-third wet.

Women everywhere are more satisfied with conditions than are the men. Almost one half of the women say the law is being enforced in their communities, while only about one third of the men say the law is working. Only five men out of every ten believe the law can be enforced, but seven women out of every ten think the law is enforceable.

Unmarried women appear to have a rosy outlook on prohibition enforcement. Almost half of them think the law is being enforced and almost one half of them are satisfied with conditions. There is a high belief among them in the enforceability of the law. Even in the largest and the wettest of the cities there is no flapper-contentment with wet conditions. Perhaps unmarried women do not know as much about real conditions as do the married women or see as much wetness as do the men.

The border states, either along the Canadian line or the Mexican, report weak enforcement. The inland states, that have buffer territories between themselves and the Great Lakes, the two oceans or the land borders, lead all others in dryness and in optimism regarding enforceability.

The two tables included in this article should be studied by both wets and drys, for they throw, we believe, a new sidelight on the entire prohibition enforcement question. They help us to realize the plight we are in. And they have given Collier's incontrovertible material which will enable us, next week, to present to America a suggestion for an improvement in the entire prohibition situation.

---

The way out of the prohibition bog is indicated clearly in the certified information Collier's has gathered.

## "The Road from Rum and Ruin"

is the title of a Collier's editorial which presents, we believe, a practicable remedy for our national scandal

## In Next Week's Collier's

No dials, No panel, Built-in Loudspeaker

The Quiet Manner and The Eloquent Tone

UNOBTRUSIVENESS with sufficiency—the rule of good taste—is the distinguishing grace of the ULTRADYNE Model L-3 Radio Receiver. Ushers in a new era of radio reception—a new, easier command of the air's treasures.

A new artistic form of radio receiver that blends happily with every scheme of interior decoration. Pleases the eye with its charming lines, its beautiful two-tone mahogany cabinet, its fine proportions. Has the appearance of a decorative table-piece. Utter simplicity with superb receptive and reproductive qualities. Your local radio dealer will gladly give you a demonstration of this new modern receiver.

*Write for illustrated folder giving full details.*

R E L

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To protect the public, Mr. Lacault's personal monogram seal (R. E. L.) is placed on the assembly lock bolts of all genuine ULTRADYNE Model L-3 Receivers. All Ultradyne Receivers are guaranteed as long as these seals remain unbroken.

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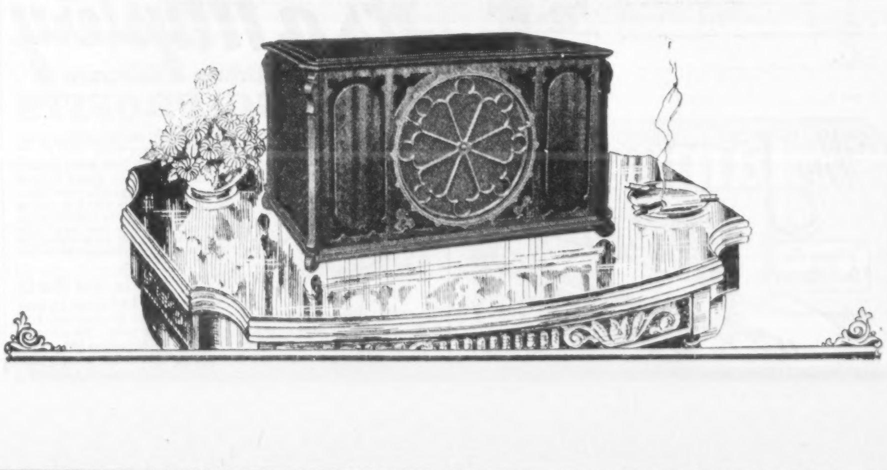

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Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Especially designed Eveready-Mazda bulbs, the bright eyes of the flashlights, likewise last longer.

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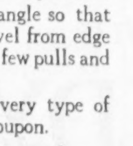

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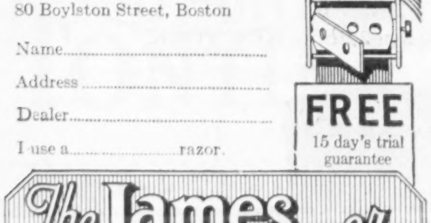

Four Vital Subjects

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*The Holy Scripture*
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# She Knew Martha Washington

*Continued from page 5*

*Here the candid Gaston reveals one of Washington's greatest weaknesses of which you may never have heard. It was—prepare to be shocked—a deep and abiding love for tea!*

5 June, 1780

MY DEAR MOTHER:

MONSIEUR DE LA FAYETTE returned to this country safely in May and Cyprien brought me the letters and packages for which I kiss your hands and thank you. If only this war could come to an end! Everybody is beginning to be weary of it. Happily, the English are more depressed than we are.

Meanwhile General Washington keeps very quiet, and no one can even guess what goes on in his mind. He is a curious person. The whole of last winter he was quartered at the house of a Mrs. Ford, near a place called Morristown. Before he took possession he made a careful inventory of all the articles of which he had the use, and before leaving in the spring he asked Mrs. Ford if all her things had been returned.

She replied that one silver tablespoon was missing.

He entered the fact in his notebook and sent her a spoon, but instead of hers he had his own initials engraved on it.

One of General Washington's few weaknesses is his love for tea, which he insists on drinking every day, no matter where he is. All through that horrible time at Valley Forge he had a cup brought to him every afternoon.

He happened to be visiting at the house of a French friend in Philadelphia, where of course his favorite beverage was offered him. But no one in that house had ever drunk it.

They did not know how it was served, so they triumphantly carried it into the room in a soup bowl, with a big soup ladle to pour it into soup plates.

The General at first didn't know what was being offered to him. When he realized the circumstances he inquired whether a cup couldn't be found, and when a cup was produced he smilingly remarked that tea is "such a good thing it ought to be partaken of sparingly."

And not by one word did he reveal how much he must have been amused by his host's ignorance. DE MAUSSION.

---

*In this letter Gaston tells a story about Washington that you won't find anywhere else. It's about what the Father of His Country said when Lord Cornwallis—his dinner guest—proposed a toast to "The King!"*

BOSTON,
12 December, 1781

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I AM quite recovered from a slight wound received at Yorktown and more than ever filled with admiration for General Washington. I wish those who accuse him of pusillanimity had seen him during the storming of Yorktown and his calmness under fire—to which he continually exposed himself.

At one time he was entreated to step back a little, which brought from him a rather unpleasant retort to Colonel Cobb, who had implored him to be more careful of his person.

After the enemy had surrendered, the General entertained at dinner the chief English officers, whom in general he treated with such courtesy that they must all of them have conceived the greatest respect for him.

One of our officers tells me an incident of the toasts.

The first toast was proposed by Monsieur de Rochambeau, who gave, "The United States." General Washington responded with, "The King of France." Whereupon Lord Cornwallis proposed simply, "The King!"

"—of England," then said General Washington in an undertone, adding, "and confine him there." It sounds like our commander in chief.

DE MAUSSION.

---

*Everybody had wet eyes when Washington solemnly resigned his commission as commander in chief. Gaston was there and wrote vividly about it.*

PHILADELPHIA,
4 January, 1784

MY DEAR MOTHER:

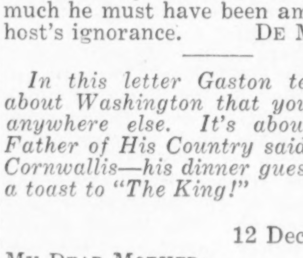
I AM getting my affairs settled, and I think that Hélène will like the plantation where I intend to bring her to live. The house may become very pretty when trimmed up and furnished more in the French style than what we see here, and I am almost sure she will like it. And for the children it will be a wonderfully healthy existence in the open air most of the time and in an excellent climate. And I hope they will get used to the country.

I went to Annapolis to witness the ceremony of General Washington resigning his commission as commander in chief. It took place a day or two before Christmas and it was one of the most touching sights I have ever seen. Congress has been sitting in Annapolis ever since it was compelled to leave Philadelphia. It mustered in full force.

There were present the governor and legislature of Maryland and many men and women of Annapolis. The members of Congress were covered, but the spectators bareheaded.

When the General entered the room he was ceremoniously led to a chair by someone I did not know. The president of the Congress, Thomas Mifflin, made a very nice speech, telling the General that Congress awaited the communication he had to make.

The General arose and, much moved, made a simple but beautiful speech. He expressed his gratitude to the army and delivered back to Congress the commission he had held. He returned to his place, when Congress thanked him, and so forth. It was a very quiet ceremony,



*The*
DOCTOR'S HAREM
*is the title of the gay story by*
JAMES OPPENHEIM
*In Next Week's*
COLLIER'S

but everybody had wet eyes and some women were sobbing audibly. The General was deeply moved.

That same evening he took leave of his former officers in a tavern, where, after filling his glass, he allowed them to shake him by the hand. He was so distressed that talking was impossible to him. His eyes were glistening.

He has gone back to Mount Vernon now. All to whom the future of their country is dear hope that it will not be for long. DE MAUSSION.

---

*This time it's Madame de Maussion who is writing. Her letter will give you a good idea of a Philadelphia Sabbath in the good old days when they didn't even cook or pay visits on Sunday. Read about the food they ate. Madame says it was abundant—but not very good.*

3 August, 1785

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

FORGIVE me with your usual kindness for my failure to write to you before this. We were so busy trying to get settled that I had no time to do it, the more so that getting ink and paper is difficult in this country.

Everything seems difficult nowadays, and I sometimes wish I had not left France and you. On the other hand, the joy of being with Gaston and the knowledge that he has found interesting work is a great comfort.

He has taken a piece of land to farm and we hope that the cotton and tobacco will help us to get along without applying to you for help, as we both feel that you have done so much for us by paying Gaston's debts.

Philadelphia was the first place we stopped at. We spent two weeks in which I tried to get acquainted with things here. People are funny here in their customs. For instance, the way in which they spend Sunday. Only imagine it, they don't even cook, and are not allowed to visit each other. All one is allowed to do is to stay in church as many hours as one can endure it.

One is not allowed to travel, except when this means getting to a distant church, and even the city boats are not used except to transport people to places of worship. No horse or wagon is to be used if church happens to be within a reasonable distance; and this word is elastic, because some people think nothing of walking ten miles and more to hear a favorite preacher. And one dares not smoke tobacco near any meeting house.

Now you will want to know about the food. I cannot say that the things to eat are good, but they are abundant, too abundant, and without any variety. Fricassees of chicken such as we like in France are absolutely different from those we get here, and sauces are unknown. Everything is covered with a thick and most unappetizing gravy.

People generally breakfast upon a pint of hot water colored with tea or coffee, but just colored, without any fragrance whatsoever, and hot bread half baked and soaked in melted butter, which they seem to swallow without chewing it at all. To this they add cheese, pickled pork and fish, which are all served together, most of the time upon the same plate.

At dinner they devour, literally devour, boiled pastes called puddings, and they seem particularly fond of turnips and other vegetables which we would scorn to eat in France.

But with it all they are most hospitable, and I have been told that in the country they are even more so than in town, because it seems a fixed rule among the planters in Virginia and North Carolina to help each other as much as possible.

The houses in Philadelphia are very well and even richly furnished, but extremely stiffly. Carpets are mostly of local make, or else Turkish, and I have not seen a single Aubusson such as we love to have in our homes. They are as a rule small and seem to be designed only for the center of a room, and chairs are set around their edges with a table in the middle. It is quite a recent innovation to have carpets or wall paper; a few years ago the floors were simply strewn with sand which was renewed every morning, and the walls of a room were whitewashed.

I have found a warm welcome among the friends of Gaston. The children are quite well but worry me by insisting on playing with some little Negroes whose parents are servants in the house where we live. I am always afraid that these blackies may do them some harm. But Marie has grown quite fond of them and Pierre also, although Pierre, I am happy to say, has struck up a friendship with some very nice little white boys who try to explain to him the way one lives in this strange country.

I commend myself to your kindness, my dear mother-in-law. Gaston is writing to you also, and I subscribe myself,

Your very dutiful daughter-in-law,
CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

---

*The "made-in-America" idea was popular in 1785. Martha Washington kept sixteen spinning wheels going at once.*

15 September, 1785

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

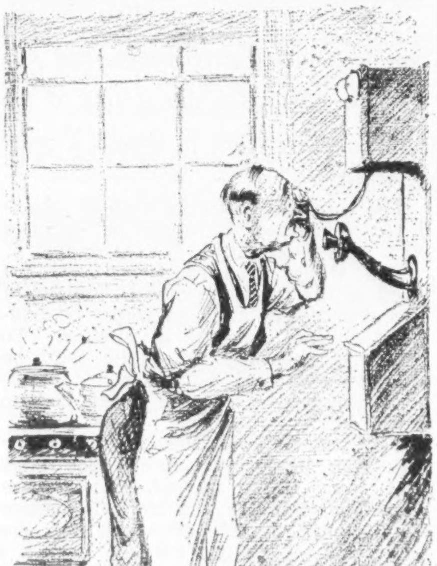
I MUST before everything else thank you for your letter and the packages. The clothes were very welcome, and the lovely stuffs have been admired by all our friends, the more so since it is only very well-to-do people who can afford such things.

Since the war there is such an anti-British feeling that even rich persons make themselves or buy coarse American cloth. There is an association of women who have agreed to drink no tea and to wear no garment of foreign make.

It is common to see women carrying spinning wheels through the streets on their way to assemblies where they spend their time working them and chatting a lot over it.

I have heard that on the plantations this is done on an even larger scale, and that Madam Washington, the wife of General Washington, has something like sixteen spinning wheels going at a time. It seems that she even made for herself two dresses of cotton striped with silk from the ravelings of brown silk stockings of her husband and old crimson damask chair covers.

*More of these fascinating letters will appear in next week's issue of Collier's. Don't fail to read them.*



*Husband (whose wife is away): "Hello, Hello, Hello! Zis information? Say how long do you have to boil a four-minute egg before it gets hard?"*

KEYSTONE
Standard

"Ye gods and little fishes! Let's go"

"AN hour late now by my watch and chain!" Which brings us to the point—the watch. A watch is as much a part of a man's dress today as his waistcoat. If one really wants to look and feel correct, a modern, thin watch must be worn.

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The Keystone Standard, in the celebrated **Jas. Boss** 14K Gold-Filled Case, is a splendid watch beautifully designed, extremely accurate, moderately priced and absolutely correct in every detail.

It is a 15 jewel movement cased and adjusted at the factory. It is sturdily built and is an excellent timekeeper.

The watch is sold in an attractive presentation box and makes a splendid gift for any man—a particularly fine gift for the man who is still carrying one of the old-style thick watches that some one has handed down to him.

See it at your jeweler's. Meanwhile write for free booklet describing other styles and sizes at correspondingly moderate prices.

Made and guaranteed by The Keystone Watch Case Company, sold by jewelers everywhere. If your jeweler does not carry, send your order direct to this company at Riverside, N. J. Made in America.

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*Established 1853*
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KEYSTONE
*Standard Watches*

CLEANS the HAIR while it FEEDS the scalp

*At one time and for one cost*

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

EVEN healthy scalps deserve a certain amount of care. But few scalps — nowadays — are really healthy. Some scalps are starved, because the food supply from the tiny oil glands is insufficient. A great many scalps are choked with dandruff.

To be sure, there are complicated treatments. They take time—require expert service—*and cost money.*

*Home treatments possible*

Until recently, such costly treatments were the only road to scalp health—but all this has been changed by a scientific discovery. A new *double formula,* called Taroleum, now makes it possible for you to give yourself a complete scalp treatment in your own home—for only a few cents.

Wildroot Taroleum Hair-Wash costs no more than an ordinary shampoo. It cleanses—yes—removes dust, and dirt, and dandruff with a luxuriant lather. A *wonderful* shampoo!

*Life-giving Crude-Oil*

Taroleum is also a *crude-oil treatment* such as you might get from a scalp specialist. While the hair is still dry, a tablespoonful of the Taroleum should be rubbed into your scalp, with the finger tips.

Under such a massage, Taroleum's life-giving crude-oil finds its way into your scalp.

Now take some warm water, and shampoo the head. Like magic, there springs up a thick, white, cleansing lather. While it cleans and feeds, Taroleum also *protects,* because its healthful ingredients are mildly antiseptic. Your scalp gets the extra benefit of healing pine-tar.

*Scalp young—hair silky*

Rinse out your hair, and see how Taroleum has loosened up the grime. Your head feels *new.*

Clean hair should be soft—but easy to handle. *It is*—after Taroleum. You will be surprised at your hair's silkiness, and wonderful true color.

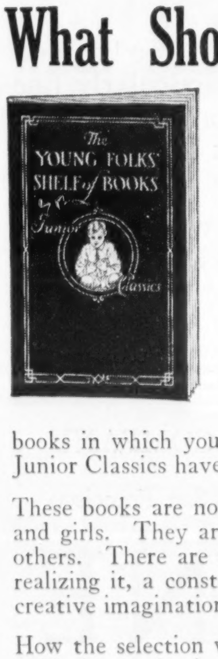
*No stain—no odor*

When the easy Taroleum shampoo is done, your hair is left sweet and clean, without any after-odor. And no matter how fair your hair—Taroleum absolutely cannot discolor it. White-haired mothers, and golden-haired daughters are enthusiastic about Taroleum.

*Money back guarantee*

Your druggist has Taroleum. If it isn't the wonderful shampoo we say it is—you can have your money back, without a question. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, New York.

What Should Your Children Read?



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# Marked Men

*Continued from page 28*

classes for illiterate foreigners, and is on record in favor of practically all forward-looking movements. It has a committee examining all peace projects with a view to reporting to the next national convention a program for the Legion to support for the prevention of war.

But it is by the work of the local posts that the service of the Legion is to be judged. The Legion is weakest in the cities. There the manifold urban attractions lessen the appeal of the weekly post meeting. The absence of intimate communal interest makes city posts more exclusive. Often they are composed of men who were all in the same unit or belong to the same occupation.

In small places where neighbor knows neighbor, members are of all branches of the service and of all occupations. Here the posts become a part of the life of the community, one of its institutions. Many have good clubhouses built with their own money or received as gifts from well-to-do citizens. They join in the "Watch Our City Grow" boosts and to make drives for "community chests" a success.

All the members of one post worked all day with pick and shovel as good-roads propaganda. Many posts have started movements for memorial buildings which will be civic centers as the best tribute to our soldier and sailor dead instead of the statues of which the G. A. R. was so fond. Many have built public swimming pools, athletic fields and playgrounds for children and summer camps for boys.

Others have brought good music to town, developed choral singing, aided law enforcement, cleaned up dirty yards and streets, established juvenile courts, got out the vote, brought boys off the streets at late hours, provided library facilities, campaigned for better conditions of rural life, organized children's theatres and conducted lecture courses. Such is the future that its progressive members see for the American Legion with the bonus behind it.

And can the Legion ever have such universal membership as the G. A. R. with only the appeal of this program and without the material appeal of pension benefits? If not, then let it not increase, say the progressive leaders. There is no talk of pensions in the Legion ranks at present.

There was no bonus after the Civil War. That left the way clear for the pension drive. When, according to precedent, World War pension agitation should become formidable, payments on the Adjusted Compensation Insurance will be in sight. The answer to the pension demand will be, "The account is squared." There was no such answer in the nineties. Ten years hence many veterans will be heavy taxpayers. There was no direct national taxation in the nineties. We now have the income tax, which has come to stay.

There are officers', foreign wars' and disabled veterans' organizations, but no all-inclusive World War veteran organization except the Legion.

"I am in the Legion," says a veteran who holds a key position, "because the Legion was bound to be and ought to be, because I was in the war and I want the comradeship of the Legion and my part in helping to shape its future."

Should a pension party start within the Legion it would split the Legion. There would be a second big veterans' organization including immense numbers who were for the bonus as an act of justice and wise policy. A rich bait, that one hundred billions; but no taxpayer, as long as the Legion keeps to its present program, will welcome anything but an increase of membership. And the Legion will be what the Legion membership makes it and the public sympathetically wants it to be.

# The Great White Frontier Passes

*Continued from page 15*

collected by the indomitable Joy—were submitted. Four witnesses were called for the defense and Justice Joy, hearing the statements of the accused men, duly warned that anything they said might be used against them.

Then Justice Joy bound over the three Eskimos on a charge of murder in the first degree for trial by the district court of the Dominion of Canada.

British tradition regarding the administration of the law, British tradition in colonial government, and circumstances all conspired to provide a striking climax for this drama of the North.

For the first time in history a court of justice was to sit north of the Arctic Circle.

The thing was utterly without precedent; therefore, it must be handled with every exactitude of precedent.

The thing presented itself to the mind of the rulers as a vital matter of education. The Eskimos must be educated by an example of justice. To this end not only must the trial be effectively staged but there must be scrupulous fairness, due order and no undue haste.

This was an object lesson. Its heavy cost was immaterial beside the ends that were to be served. And these were not so much the ends of justice as those of racial education and the prevention of similar crimes.

Therefore, in the summer of 1923 two district judges, crown prosecutors, counsel for the accused, interpreters and court officers were embarked and sent north. Along with them went all the movable paraphernalia of British courts.

Ponds Inlet is 420 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Judge A. L. Rivet of Quebec presided, wearing his gown and wig. The courtroom was bright with the red coats of Royal Northwest Mounted Police constables. The barristers were ceremonially attired. The jury was drawn from the crew of the vessel that brought the judicial party north.

Every detail of procedure was minutely observed. The Eskimos, admitted to the courtroom, looked on wide-eyed.

There was a painstaking attempt to translate each step of the trial to the onlookers. The rights of the accused men were rigidly respected.

When Noo-Kud-Lah and one other had been convicted (the third man was acquitted) Judge Rivet was pointedly lenient in his sentences, giving to Noo-Kud-Lah a term of ten years in prison and to his accomplice a one-year term—much lighter punishment than would have been inflicted on white men convicted of the same offense.

The Eskimos doubtless reduced the whole long-drawn-out affair, from Joy's first appearance in their midst to Judge Rivet's final words, down to a simple formula. Conceivably it ran about as follows:

Kill white man, white man come and make great magic and punish.

It did not matter if the formula were no more than that, provided the conclusion were firmly fixed in the native mind.

Is it? Well, one can point to the marked lessening of crime among the Eskimos since the trial at Ponds Inlet.

All men's frontiers vanish. But the spirit of the frontier—the impulse to take the law into one's own hands which arose in the old necessity to do so—lingers much longer. But even that, too, goes in time; and the Great White Frontier passes because one man was intrepid and scrupulous and persistent; and because a nation backed his methods and backed the man.

# In the Presence of Ladies

*Continued from page 12*

victory within his grasp, to Modesta a resemblance of the more fragile chalice deep-seated in her breast, but bearing like the others the names of Don and Douglas, each written twice.

She stood there alone when Douglas went back into the grillroom in search of a sub-steward not too sleepy to fix them a bite. Finally she wandered to a corner of the window seat and was resting there when the curtain separating a reading-room from the lounge was brushed aside and a little man came in, blinking his truthless blue eyes into the unexpected light. Purvis was still in his knickers, a size too small, and his rumpled coat and his yawns told plainly that he'd fallen asleep over his golfer's magazine.

Modesta called to him. "Purvis—come here to me." And when he sat down beside her, gazing out of that childlike blue serenity: "What's this propagandizing about women not being sports, Purvis? I've heard all about it, and you might as well admit you said it—"

"What! Why, Modesta, I wouldn't say such a thing—" And then, grinning, he added, "—in the presence of ladies. No. Now, here's what I said—that a point of sportsmanship might arise which a man might ruin himself rather than ignore, but that a woman would see how silly it all was and ignore it. See?"

Modesta smiled. "Yes, but it isn't true. I know women who spend most of their time trying to figure out what the sporting thing to do is—"

"So that they can properly estimate the motives of a man?" asked Purvis innocently.

"No, you unspeakable thing! So that they can do it."

He laughed, full of glee. "Well, that might be you, Modesta. Even Coop Baldwin thinks you're a sport, and he says there ought to be a ground rule excluding ladies from the course—"

"Yes—because Esther Page and I won two dozen balls and a luncheon from him. How's your game, Purvis?"

"Oh, you haven't heard, then?" He sat up with renewed interest. "You haven't heard about my three on sixteen?" His face became serious. "It just goes to prove that old midirons are best, Modesta. You know what a lot of new-fangled irons they all use now. Well, I got one of 'em, a No. 2, and at first I thought it was great. But I kept my old one, Old Reliable, in the bag, warped shaft and all. So there I was, mind you, a hundred and fifty yards to carry the pond in front of sixteen green—"

IN THE end Modesta looked up at him. "Thanks, Purvis," she said. "I know you like him. But you see—I lost my old iron and had to rely on a new one."

He had gone upstairs when Douglas appeared with sandwiches and drinks. "Some practical joker has penciled Don's name on the entry list for the bowl match. What's the matter? You look unhappy."

"Don's name? Where? On the bulletin? We'd better erase it before we go, Douglas."

The night was balmy. After a while they went outside and walked arm in arm around the eighteenth green. The moisture of the ground came up to them, fresh and cool, and a film of misty light hung over the fairway. Presently Douglas put his hands on her shoulders and, when she looked up, bent and kissed her. "Modesta?" He hesitated and then went on. "How long are we going to wait? It's for you I ask—because we could go away from here to-night and I could begin to show you how to trust a man. All the legal detail and formality—"

"Dear Douglas." She held his hand between hers. "I'm not waiting for that. I'm waiting just a little longer, so that if he should come back I can tell him—"

"Why? What difference can it make? You are sure, aren't you?"

"Yes, Douglas. But don't you think it would seem more—sporting?"

ON THE way back through the clubhouse they stopped at the bulletin. "I'll get an eraser and rub out that name," offered Douglas.

He found Modesta still staring at the tournament list when he returned. She seemed disturbed. "Perhaps—we'd better leave it, Douglas. We don't want to—to let them know we care. Let's go home now."

Modesta was glad to be out in the dark again. They followed the curving road swiftly and in silence.

"You left your porch light on, Modesta."

As they gained the top of the steps he came out of the dark of the porch swing, and the three of them stood there staring at each other, as motionless as the figures of a tableau—which, indeed, they were. Finally he said, looking intently at Modesta, "Well—I'm home."

Her brow wrinkled, and she pressed the back of her hand to her mouth. He wasn't a stranger. It was just Don, the same Don, a shade more gaunt in the hollow of his eyes perhaps, a scar cutting into the hair at his left temple, but otherwise the same, the man she really knew. But in her weakness Modesta was leaning back against the shoulder of Douglas Babcock.

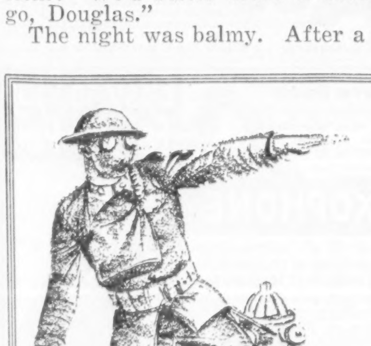
Don spoke again—in the lower voice of one who has sustained a blow. "I rather suspected that I might not be welcome home, but I had to find out—for sure."

A subdued cry came from Modesta. She started toward him, but paused and reached blindly for the knob of the screened door into the house. They heard her trip on the stairs inside, those two men looking straight into each other's eyes.

Finally Douglas said: "Don, as you see, you have come back too late. Modesta is not the sort of girl who can be deserted coolly and then months afterward picked up again on a whim—or on the realization eventually that she is incomparable. You should have known that before you went."

Don was very white now but controlled. "Come, sit down, Douglas. This is too serious for melodrama." They faced each other across a small smoking table with just enough light

(*Continued on page 54*)



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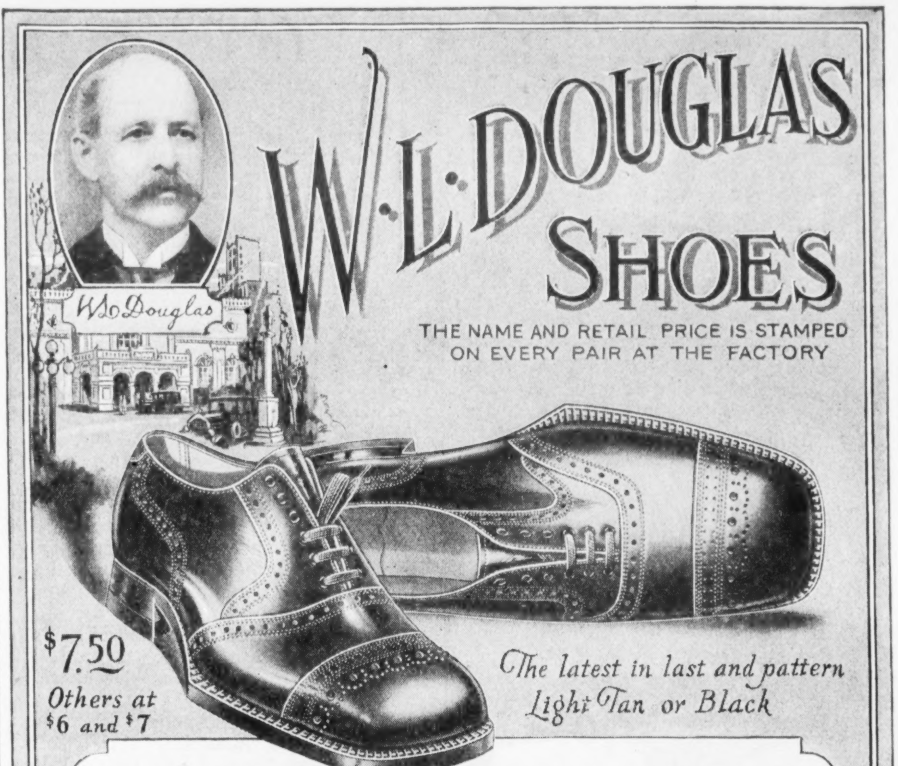

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# In the Presence of Ladies

*Continued from page 53*

to show their faces. "Now listen, Douglas. Get this clear. I did not desert her. I prevented a financial disaster by going over there. Then an oil derrick collapsed and I got this—" He tapped the scar. "By the time I was in my right mind again I caught typhoid. Had it bad. Months. Didn't know who I was. When I did know they cabled me from the office that they had informed Modesta and that she refused to believe it—"

"I don't believe you, Don. You deserted Modesta when the poorest sort of man would have stood by—"

"What!" Don was on his feet.

"Oh, don't get excited. The baby didn't get here—but it was that much worse for her." Douglas watched the other man slip back inert into his chair. "So you can't expect to come back here and interfere when she has found someone she can depend upon."

Two minutes must have passed. Then Don stood up again. "No," he said. "I—I don't suppose I can. Is there a train this late?"

They heard the screened door open and close, and Modesta, very white, stood between them. She put out her hand to Don. "I heard all this. You'll not go, Don—unless you want to. You know what he said was true, Douglas. And he didn't know about the baby—"

Douglas backed away as if he'd been struck. "Then it is I who—go," he said.

"No." Modesta's voice was almost commanding. "There is too much between us, Douglas. I couldn't do that." Suddenly she lost poise, slipped down, and bent her head to the table. "What did I do—that wasn't the thing to do?"

It was queer, that girl weeping there and neither of them presuming, nor prehaps daring, to put a hand upon her shoulder. Don drew himself erect after a time. "Douglas, will you kindly leave us. Modesta is still—my wife."

"No," replied Douglas. "We're beyond that."

"Then I'll have to invite you to leave my house."

"When I take Modesta with me, Don. Or else when we both go."

Don smiled grimly. "There is an open space in front of seven green then. We can decide there who stays."

"Oh, don't!" But they didn't hear her whisper. Douglas led the way down the steps and the driveway through the fringe of trees.

DOWN there, in their shirt sleeves and in the white thin light, they fought, openly, playing always for the head, as amateurs will. Don went down quickly enough, but he arose and, weaving in close, brought a blow from his knees to Douglas' chin. Once again after that they felled each other, and the end of ten minutes found them exhausted and sprawled upon the soft turf.

Don glanced at his adversary, and the ghost of a smile crossed his face, that strange, immediate sympathy which comes to men who have fought as soon as the berserk red is out of their eyes. "This is hardly adult, Douglas," he said.

"No," said Douglas. "I'm not hurt, and I hope you're not. I forgot you were not quite well, and I'm ashamed for my part. Besides—it solves nothing. Let's go back to the house. If Modesta will choose, that ends it."

She had gone upstairs again apparently when they regained the porch. On the smoking-table were two drinks and a box of cigarettes. Nearly two hours they sat there, in silence at first, and then trying to determine what would make her happy. A remark of Douglas' startled Don. He had said, "How's your game?"

"My game?" Don expected to see the other man smiling, but he wasn't. "I had an old mashie with me and a dozen balls. Shooting over an oil derrick in a Caucasian valley with four peasant caddies on the other side. That's been my golf. Why?"

"Oh, you wouldn't be interested, then," said Douglas.

Don's eyes narrowed upon him until he read the last thought in Douglas' mind. "So you would like to put it up to that, would you? All right. Done. I was in doubt that I could even get to the finals, but I'll get there now. You couldn't beat me in a thousand years with a stake like that, Douglas."

"If I weren't sure of beating you, Don, I wouldn't have proposed—a stake like that. The loser will leave Willow Brook for a year regardless of everything."

Douglas went inside for matches. "Come in here, Don," he called. "Does this make any difference?"

On the table under a reading lamp was a note, written in such haste that it was all but illegible. "Good-by, you two," it read. "Whatever is in my heart you will never know because I could never be so unworthy of my Don nor could I hurt you, Douglas. Please forgive me. I've taken the coupé, Don."

Don's voice was not quite clear. "Poor child," he said. "She's made a fetish of sportsmanship. This is her idea of it. No, this doesn't make any difference, Douglas. We qualify on Wednesday, I believe. Good night."

THE histories of golf are its Saturday afternoons, glaring, parched afternoons, or storm-ridden, sodden ones, or bright, billowing September afternoons like this one with gay luncheon tables overflowing the veranda upon the terraces and parasols and hats putting color against white as the crowd gathered already behind the first tee.

The story of it all was abroad. Someone had added a guess to another's grain of truth. The ferocity of Don Muir's early matches, overcoming lack of practice by will to win, had fanned the flame of curiosity. While Douglas Babcock was low man in qualifying, Don Muir barely scratched into the first sixteen with an eighty-one. While Douglas was swamping his opponent, Don won his first match on the last green with a twenty-foot putt; his second came from dormie two to victory on the twenty-first hole; his third went for extra holes also. He would not be beaten, and they whispered at the tables and the gray heads of veterans in the gallery shook disapproval because they knew why he would not be beaten and that he surely must.

At one end of the official rope which would hold the spectators back from the line of play was the ever-present Purvis, gay enough in checkered knickers, but sober-faced. There was Judge Page and Esther and Mrs. Carrington. There was Willow Brook. "Where's Modesta?" asked someone, and their searching eyes swept the crowd. "I should think she'd be here—"

Someone behind overheard that. "Well, I should think she wouldn't."

She was there. She was alone in a dark little alcove between the men's grill and the veranda stairs. He must pass by there. "Don!"

The white figure halted, white linen knickers, a new sunburn, and a tinge of bronze in his hair. "Where have you been, Modesta?" he said. "I've searched the hotels in town."

"I've been with Esther Page. I've come here to forbid this, Don." When he shook his head she said, "Well, then, you may know and you may tell Douglas that it makes not the slightest difference to me who wins this match."

"We are playing for the Governors' Bowl," he said, "and the loser will be so disappointed that he will go away by himself for a year."

Modesta broke down then. "But I am *your* wife. Need you gamble for what you already have?"

"Modesta!" He took hold of her. "I thought his stake was greater."

"And now you will have to leave me again." She was weeping against his shoulder, and he reached back to close the alcove door. "You are 'way off form, Don. You will lose—"

"I will win," he said.

ON THEY went together, superbly, par after par, a game of champions now. Don drove two hundred and forty

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yards to the fifteenth green and took the hole while his partisans frankly cheered.

Deep in that crowd under her broad sun hat, Modesta tried to remain as inconspicuous as possible. She was noticed, though. Purvis, having released his end of the official gallery rope for the moment, saw that the knuckles of her small brown hands were showing white through the tan. "Don't get your heart set on anything, Modesta," he warned. "Douglas is still one up, and there are only three holes to go. It's a small chance."

The chance seemed smaller as they halved the sixteenth. Douglas had another favor of fortune when his first wild drive, heading straight for out-of-bounds, struck a tree and rebounded to the fairway. Cooper Baldwin, puffing along, declared that even he could be a champion with that much luck. An inaudible groan escaped Modesta's lips.

Don seemed to be least affected. He squared the match with his second two of the day on the seventeenth. There was no applause. They were all beyond that. Far away beyond the five-hundred-yard sweep of No. 18 was the rambling old clubhouse among its trees and beside it the goal of the last green.

They said afterward that Don faltered before the last drive. Perhaps so. He took a preliminary swing for the first time. His rifle-bullet drive started well, but pulled into the edge of the rough on the left. Douglas was true to the center of the course. A murmur passed over the gallery as they began the home march.

Their second shots set the stage. The short, rough grass made Don use a spoon. He forced it and left himself a hundred yards from the green. Douglas hit probably his longest ball of the day, dead in the center, edge of the green, a screaming brassie that promised him a four.

So it had all been in vain. The strain had been too much for Don. Even his last heroic effort, a full hit mashie to the green, gave him little chance. Douglas approached to within six feet above the cup, an easy putt—

He had that putt to win when, with a wall of breathless people surrounding the green, Don massed his desperate attempt at a twenty-footer and overran the hole eight feet. He sank that one, but it was five and Douglas had his not difficult chance.

Don went to the edge of the green and stared at the ground. Douglas studied the roll of the ground, the set of the cap. He waited minutes of deliberation before he bent above his ball.

He didn't hit it. There was a sudden commotion in the gallery. They said a lady had fainted. People were pushing back and forth and trying to make a way. Douglas set his teeth and bent again. Was it his turn for a bad break? Evidently he was disturbed, nervous. His ball hit the back of the cup and kicked out at an angle four feet beyond. Angrily he stepped to it, putted quickly—and missed. That ball remained for hours where it lay, a few inches from the cup. Nobody touched it.

IN THE reading-room, curtained off from the lounge, Modesta lay back in a chair. Don was fanning her anxiously while she clung to his thumb. "All right now, Modesta. It's over. I knew I'd win—the whole time. Sorry for Douglas. I told him to forget it, but he's going."

Modesta smiled. "Don't mind. Esther Page is going to do some traveling. She thinks it would be curious if she met Douglas during his exile."

Purvis Coleman put his head through the curtain. "Come on out here, Don. They want to see you. I'll fan Modesta a minute."

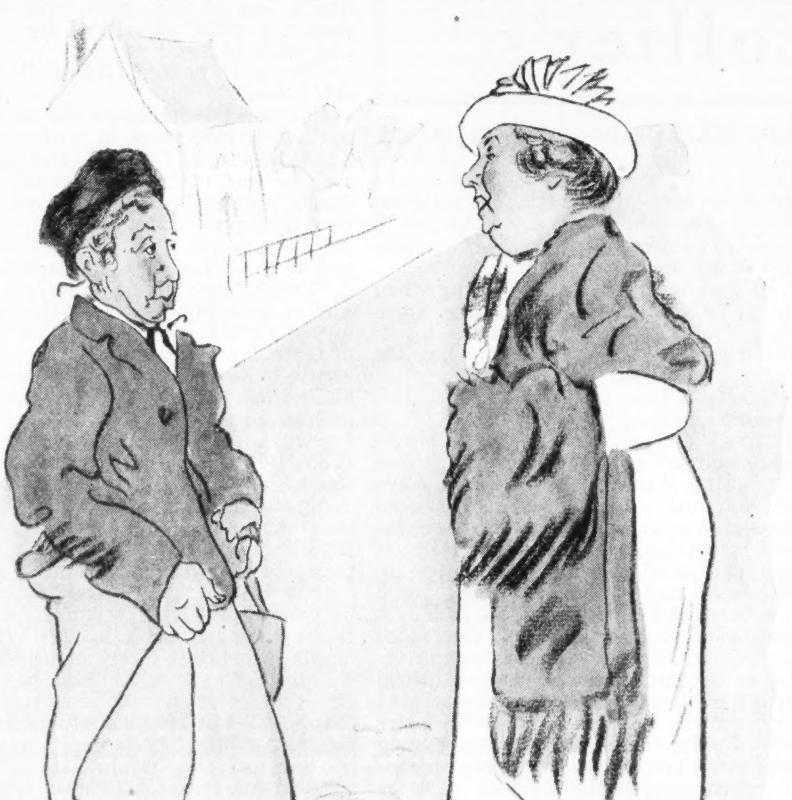
A few minutes later she sat up, startled. "Purvis, what are you winking at me about!"

"Winking? Why, Modesta, I wouldn't think of such a thing—in the presence of ladies. By the way, Modesta, speaking of sportsmanship, did you ever faint before in your life?"

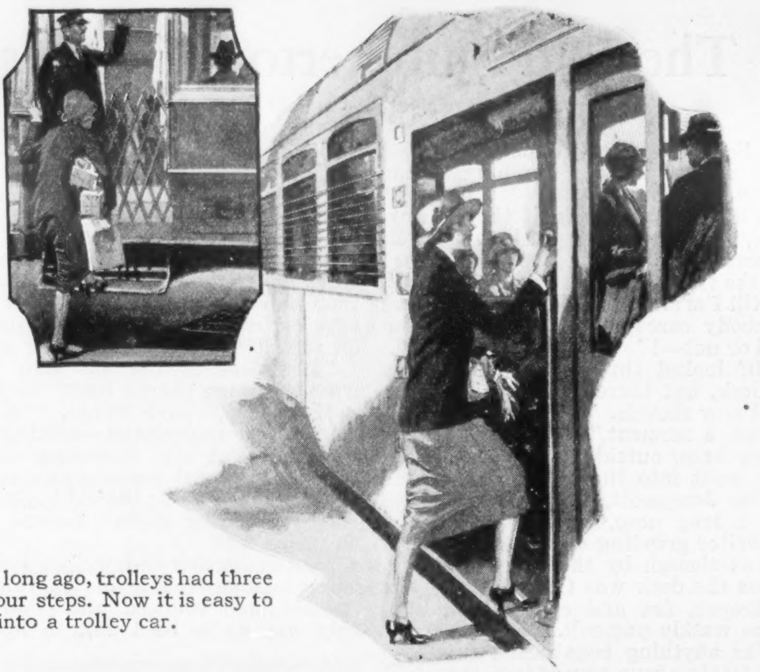
"Well—no."

"And you probably never will again, eh?"

"Well, perhaps not. Purvis! How dare you insinuate such a thing!"



*"And how is the little girl?"*
*"Well! I've had her vaccinated and I've had her confirmed, but nothing seems to cheer her up!"*



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# The Old Summerton Temper

*Continued from page 23*

Mr. Schureman? I've only just got here, but if there's anything I can find out for you—"

"It'll be on the desk, if there's anything," said the other. "All the shovels up here are junk—in the repair shed half the time. I've been after new ones now till I'm sick of asking, but of course if nobody cares if this job's ever finished or not—!"

Cliff looked through the papers on the desk, but there was nothing there about new shovels.

"Just a moment," he said. "I'll see if they know outside."

He went into the outer office where Charley Swapscott, a tall young Yankee with a long nose, was sitting over a typewriter grinding out a tabulated report as though by the sense of smell. Across the desk was Cupe Gilman, the timekeeper, fat and cheerful, making up the weekly pay roll.

"Has anything been heard from the office lately about new steam shovels?" asked Cliff.

"Nothing for the last two weeks," said Charley, looking up; and, as though to maintain his birthright, he added, "Henry Schureman in there?"

"Yes," said Cliff. "Says he can't do much without new shovels. What's the latest from the office about them? Give me the letter, will you?"

IT HAD been Cliff's first idea to take this letter into the other room and read it to the waiting foreman, but he hadn't glanced over it much further than the second line when he saw that this was one of those communications which have to be handled diplomatically—a 44,000-volt letter which ought to be stepped down to a safer 110.

"Mmm," thought Cliff, glancing down at the signature. "Whoever initialed it, I'll bet the old man wrote it;" and after reading it twice, the first time to get the sense and the second because it was a classic, he handed it back to Swopsy and returned to the other room.

"There's nothing recent," he reported. "As far as I can make out they expect us to get along with the equipment on hand. In fact, if I were you, I think I'd give up the idea of getting new shovels and make the old ones do."

"Oh," said Mr. Schureman, looking as though he had no doubt now about his necktie. "So that's your advice, is it?"

Cliff felt a warning tug inside him and changed an incipient frown into a smile.

"You can call it advice if you wish," he pleasantly answered.

Prince Henry went at that, delaying first for a moment as though not quite decided where to tell Cliff to go with his advice. But, suddenly curling his lip, he went out in one of those silences which the novelists generally describe as "ominous" and looking through the window Cliff saw him get into a rakish-looking roadster and hurl himself away from there as though he owed Old Ned a bill and had just remembered he had no pennies hot.

When the prince had left in his royal coach Cliff sat staring out of the window for a few minutes, and then he called Swopsy in.

"Are there any more letters from the office like the one I just read?" he asked.

"Quite a few," said Swops, grinning. "They started easy, but they're tuning up good."

Cliff looked them over, and although the letters weren't meant for him he could almost feel his hair curling as he read some of the later ones.

"What was the matter this week when there was hardly any concrete laid?" he asked once.

"I guess that was the week Henry had his fun with the mixing machines," said Swops. "He started Monday morning with Number Two, laying a piece that he wanted to finish quick. But Number Two wasn't working good, so he started to borrow the gear ring off Number One, and the gear ring broke while they were taking it off with a sledge hammer. So then he thought he'd move Number Three from the Bidford end, and he hitched her back of a ten-ton truck, but coming down Moose Hill old Number Three ran away sideways and went rolling down a twenty-foot embankment, and the truck rolled over and went down after her, and lay on top as though to keep her warm."

"I wonder if the old man knows what's keeping the job back," said Cliff.

"Think so," said Swops. "Nothing official, you understand—nothing typewritten. But Mr. Nickerson used to write a personal letter every once in a while, and I guess the old boy's wise."

"And still he doesn't bounce him!" marveled Cliff.

"Nope: brother-in-law," said Swops. "Might make trouble in the family if the old man bounced him—that's the only way we've been able to figure it out up here. Might get the old man's wife down on him and make his life a misery. Me, I've only been married two years now, but, believe me, it's best to be friends with your wife!"

*By the author of*
"COMING THROUGH"
which appeared serially in COLLIER'S.
(Thomas Meighan starred in the popular and successful film made from the novel.)

THE DEEP SEAM

The story of a man and a woman who measured their strength against each other

By
Jack
Bethea

*Begin it in next week's*
Collier's

It was somewhere in the middle of this that Cliff felt inspiration moving him—one of those inspirations which develop power the more they are considered, until they have a kick like that of a mule. If old R. G. was afraid to bounce his brother-in-law—well, that was all right, but at least there was nothing to prevent Clifford Parkhurst from bouncing him! Of course he would have to be sure of his ground—categorical in his reasons for separating Mr. Schureman from the company pay roll. But all it needed was nerve and a blue slip in his envelope, accompanied by a letter giving in detail the causes of his dismissal. . . .

And wouldn't the old man appreciate it! Cliff felt a glow run through him as he thought of R. G.'s gratitude at being thus relieved of the family incubus, and, drawing a sheet of paper forward, he frowningly dipped his pen in the ink and frowningly began:

"Henry Schureman, Esq. Dear Sir—"

FRIDAY was pay day at the Bidford job, and every Friday noon Cupe Gilman started along the trail in one of the prehistoric hens, sowing golden eggs and smiles all up and down the furrows. Perhaps you can guess whether or not he had read the letter which accompanied Henry Schureman's envelope; and perhaps you can guess whether Cupe hung around a few minutes after he had paid Prince Henry, ostensibly joking with some of the men, but in reality watching the foreman to see how he liked his letter.

"Oh, boy!" he ecstatically reported to Swops on his return to the office. "Maybe it didn't burn in under his hide! First I thought he was going to bust up—bang!—like one of those toy balloons; and then he tore the letter up and I heard him cursing pretty between his teeth. And the last I saw of him he was in that wagon of his streaking it off toward Bidford; and if he's gone to get tanked up, there ought to be some fireworks pretty soon; and me, I guess I'll stick around and see what happens next."

BUT apparently Prince Henry hadn't gone to Bidford to seek nepenthe in the flowing bowl, nor yet to harden his courage with the spirit of grain. Instead he had called up his sister in New York—she who had married R. G. —and although their conversation hadn't lasted long it had evidently been encouraging enough to the prince so that he hadn't given up his room at the Bidford House or made other gestures of farewell.

"And that's all I can tell you, see!" said Cupe, who reported this to Swops on Monday morning. "I got it straight from one of the telephone girls at Bidford last night—one I got a crush on (some baby, boy, believe me, and maybe she doesn't shake her little footsies when she dances—oh, momma!)—but me, I wouldn't be much surprised if the prince still stays among us."

He had hardly finished speaking when the telephone rang. "Telegram from New York?" said Swops, answering it. "All right; I've got a pencil. Let her go."

It was a long message to Cliff, full of fruit and flavor:

"Weak and childish to try to blame failure on any one man. Something else the fault. What is the matter? Have you no guts up there? Have you no ingenuity to remove obstacles? Schureman reinstated. Have wired him direct. You cannot fire valued employees in that weak and childish manner. Have you been sick this last week? Trust that health is now better and that more favorable news will be forthcoming to-day or to-morrow. Sent you to Bidford with high hopes. Utterly disappointed with showing. Advise promptly if any new developments, but for your own sake as well as ours either break all construction records this coming week or break your own neck trying. Utterly useless otherwise. R. G. BULLER."

Cliff was down at the power house trying to get some pep into the men when Swops found him and gave him the message; and as he finished reading it Prince Henry came along looking for him too—handsome, ominous and looking like a merchant when it has rained all day on the Saturday just before Christmas.

"Here, you!" he exclaimed, pointing his finger at Cliff with imperious scorn. "What are you doing here?"

"Trying to get this work moving forward," said Cliff.

"Well, let me tell you something. I'm foreman on this job and all orders go through me. Even if you were a real man I wouldn't let you go over my head. But, seeing that I know you for what you are—a dirty, sneaking, lying—"

Cliff had felt it coming on ever since the prince had pointed the finger of scorn at him—that sweetish-sourish taste in the mouth, followed by a queer expansion in the chest—a ballooning effect which seemed to lift him out of himself and set him up among the gods, the immortal gods, the invincible gods, terrible in their anger and mighty in their wrath. At first he tried to fight it back. This man who was speaking to him was the old man's brother-in-law, the family pet, bounce-proof and altogether impregnable; and Cliff had been sent up here in the wilds as a lesson that he must subdue that temper of his, a temper which had already disgraced him in the city, even as it had disgraced his forebears before him. No; he must not give way to it. . . . He must hold his horses. . . .

It was probably at the word "dirty" that the old Summerton temper suddenly refused to be battened down any longer, and Prince Henry had just finished the word "lying" when Cliff landed right square upon his lip, and the prince went over backward, choking wildly to keep himself from swallowing two of his teeth. He was up again, though, quickly enough spitting out his ruined ivories and making for Cliff as though he would tear him to pieces. Still exalted with the old Summerton spirit, Cliff leaped forward to meet him—literally leaped up at him like a young tiger leaping on his prey, and for the second time Prince Henry went down, catching it this time on the bridge of his nose. As he fell backward, Cliff tripped over him, and a moment later (as the novelists say) they were in each other's arms.

THE wheelbarrow gang stopped work in heavenly rapture and blessed the day that they were there to see. One of the masons inside, chancing to look through a window, summoned his mates with a raucous cry; and almost instantaneously each window was filled like a box at the opera, and with an audience quite as critical for what it had come to see.

"Get up!" panted Cliff, pulling himself loose.

But when Schureman did as he was told, it didn't seem to suit Cliff, for again he leaped forward, and again he took no rest with his soul until the old man's brother-in-law was down in the dirt once more.

"Some scrap!" joyfully murmured one of the Wheelbarrow League.

"Ye-ah," said his neighbor, his mouth almost running water. "Got a good mouse on his eye too. *And* a bellyful of teeth."

"He'll have a bellyful of something else before he's through, *I'm* thinking!"

Schureman himself was responsible for what happened next. While on the ground his hand had touched a pinch bar which the machine tender had been using—a small crowbar about two feet long and as big around as a man's thumb. As Schureman arose he picked this bar up with him, hiding it first by the side of his leg, but as soon as he was on his feet he suddenly swung it like an ax and tried with all his might to bring it down on Cliff's head. The boxes saw what was happening first and let out a roar of warning, but, though Cliff dodged quickly to one side, the descending bar fanned the side of his ear and caught him on his collarbone with a crash that must have made him feel as the bowlder feels when the sledge hammer comes down hard.

"You—!" roared Cliff, and, whether it was the unfairness of the attack or simply because the bar had hurt him so, the old Summerton temper suddenly went crazy mad; and when Cliff was finally pried loose from what had lately been the distinguished figure of Prince Henry there was no one there who could have recognized his late foreman if he hadn't seen the transformation taking place—and no one there who wouldn't have liked to see it done again. . . .

*(To be concluded next week)*

# *Why it pays* the retail merchant to carry nationally advertised goods

YOUR MARGIN OF PROFIT is measured very largely by two things: 1—Your Stock-turn. 2—Your Selling Cost.

Most of your cost items—rent, equipment, taxes, etc.—are more or less fixed. They do not vary much.

But Stock-turn and Selling Cost are shifting items. Reports show wide variations among different stores.

Some grocers, for example, turn their stock only 8 times in a year, whereas others turn as many as 33 times. In the clothing field the number of Stock-turns runs from 2 to 15; in drugs, from 2 to 7; in hardware, from 2 to 25 and over; in shoes, from 2 to 16.

As to Selling Cost, the situation is the same. Among druggists, for example, selling expense runs as low as 8% and as high as 22%. Hardware, 3% to more than 15%. Shoes, 5% to over 17%. And equally in other lines.

There are undoubtedly several causes for these variations, but chief among them is *difference in salability of merchandise.*

Investigation after investigation has proved that the store with *high* Stock-turn and *low* Selling Cost is the store that sells nationally advertised merchandise.

In every community it will be found that many of the most successful stores are those carrying advertised goods almost exclusively, depending on quick turnover and easy sales for profits.

You can't do much with your fixed items of expense. You must look to your Stock-turn and your Selling Cost for profits. Operating as you are on a 1% to 3% margin, these two items are of vital importance.

***How national advertising works*** There is nothing mysterious about the way in which national advertising produces these quick and profitable sales for retail merchants.

It simply amounts to this: National advertising is the best kind of *local* advertising for the retailer.

Consider, for example, the manufacturers' advertisements which appear in the Woman's Home Companion, America's greatest women's magazine.

The Woman's Home Companion goes into 2,000,000 of the best American homes. Many of these homes are in *your* trade area. One in every four or five of the better homes is a fair average.

Scores of women *in your neighborhood*, therefore, read the Companion advertisements every month. And, as a result, they spend thousands of dollars for Companion-advertised merchandise—merchandise *you* carry. *Are you getting your share of their trade?*

***What this trade means to you*** To get the trade of these Companion readers means more than to merely increase the number of your customers.

It means getting more of the most valuable *kind* of trade that can come to you.

For Companion readers are not ordinary buyers. They come from *above average* families. They have better incomes than the average. They buy better merchandise—and they buy it steadily and in large volume.

You recognize the kind of people we mean. They are the backbone of every retail business. Only a *few more*, added to your regular trade, would make a big difference in your net profits.

***Manufacturers will help you get them*** Manufacturers realize this. And that is why they advertise in the Woman's Home Companion—to bring these above average customers *into your store.*

That, also, is why they supply you with window trims, counter displays, attractive packages and other tie-up material.

For, by means of these, you can let women know that *your* store is the place to get the Companion-advertised merchandise.

You can cash in heavily on the demand that advertising in the Woman's Home Companion has created for products you carry.

***The simple, easy steps*** A great many progressive merchants have increased their volume and profits, and have built substantial business successes in this way.

They take advantage of every opportunity to cash in on the work manufacturers are doing to help them.

No matter what line of business you are in, you too can increase your volume of profitable, above average trade by following the same course. It boils down to two simple, easy steps:

**FIRST: Carry the merchandise advertised in the Woman's Home Companion.**

**SECOND: *Feature* this merchandise—let people know that you carry these Companion-advertised products.**

In the list of Companion-advertised products below check those you carry and start featuring them now. Also ask the salesmen and representatives of these lines for advertising and display suggestions. They will be glad to give them to you.

Why not start *now* to make your store known as the place where these products can be bought? Begin this week to use more and more of the display material manufacturers have sent you, and to build up a clientele of steady-buying, profitable Woman's Home Companion customers.

## *Tie to these products advertised in the Woman's Home Companion*

**AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY**

Dodge Automobile
Franklin Automobile

**BUILDING MATERIALS**

American Face Brick
American Walnut
Church Sani-White Toilet Seats
Niagara Blue Ribbon Wall Paper
Standard Plumbing Fixtures
Truscon Home Building Products
Upson Processed Board
Wall Paper Manufacturers' Association

**CLOTHING & DRY GOODS**

Bon Ton Mysteria Rubber Reducing Corsets
Bucilla Embroidery Cottons
Carter's Knit Underwear
Clark's O-N-T Spool Cotton
Deltor Patterns
Denton's Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments
E. Z. Waist Union Suit
Forest Mills Underwear
Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear
Gordon Hosiery
Gossard Corsets
Holeproof Hosiery
Kotex
Meadow Lane Cloth
Modart Corsets
Munsingwear Hosiery and Underwear
Pamico Cloth
Pepperell Sheeting and Pillow Tubing
Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases
Pictorial Review Patterns
P. N. Practical Front Corsets
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits
Rubens Infant Shirts
Treo Elastic Girdle
Utica Sheets and Pillow Cases
Warner's Corsets
Yeoman Cloth

**CONFECTIONERY & SOFT DRINKS**

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale
Coca Cola
Wrigley's Chewing Gum

**DRUGS & TOILET GOODS**

Absorbine Jr.
Albright Tooth Brush
Allen's Foot=Ease
Ajax Combs
Arden Venetian Toilet Preparations
Armand Cold Cream Powder
Blue-Jay Corn Plaster
Boncilla Preparations
Brownatone
Cheramy's Cappi and April Showers Perfumes
Chesebrough Vaseline Products
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream
Cutex Manicure Preparations
Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream
Del-A-Tone
Deodo
Eno's Fruit Salts
Fairy Soap
Forhan's For the Gums
Frostilla Fragrant Lotion
Glyco-Thymoline
Glostora
Goldman's, Mary T., Hair Color Restorer
Hopper, Edna Wallace, Beauty Preparations
Hygeia Nursing Bottle
Ingram's Milkweed Cream
Ipana Tooth Paste
Ivory Soap
Jergen's Lotion
Johnson's Baby Powder
Kleenex, The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover
Kodak
Kolynos Dental Cream
Lablache Face Powder
Lifebuoy
Liquid Arvon
Listerine
Lysol Disinfectant
May-Breath Tablets
Mennen Borated Talcum Powder
Mum Preparations
Nonspi Deodorant
Norida Vanitie Case
Nujol
Odorono Preparations
Packer's Liquid Tar Soap Shampoo
Palmolive Soap
Pepsodent Dentifrice
Pinaud's, Ed., Hair Tonic
Pompeian Creams
Pond's Creams
Primrose House Preparations
Princess Pat Preparations
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
Resinol Soap
Roger & Gallet Products
Squibb's Products
Vantine's Temple Incense
Vauv
Watkin's Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Cocoa Oil Shampoo and Wildroot Hair Tonic
Woodbury's Facial Preparations
Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap
Zip
Zonite

**FOODS AND FOOD BEVERAGES**

Armour's Star Products
Beech-Nut Products
Blue Label Tomato Ketchup
B. & M. Fish Flakes
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
Br'er Rabbit Molasses
Campbell's Soups
Certo
Cream of Wheat
Crisco
Del Monte Products
Diamond Crystal Salt
Dromedary Dates
Ferry's Purebred Seeds
Fleischmann's Yeast
French's Cream Salad Mustard
Gold Medal Flour
Grape Nuts
Hawaiian Pineapple
Heinz 57 Varieties
Igleheart's Swans Down Cake Flour
Jell-O
Knox Sparkling Gelatine
Libby's Products
Maxwell House Coffee
Mazola Salad and Cooking Oil
Mellin's Food
Minute Tapioca
Morton's Salt
None Such Mince Meat
Nucoa
Pillsbury Pancake Flour
Post Toasties
Postum
Premier Salad Dressing
Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extract
Quaker Oats
Quaker Puffed Rice
Quaker Puffed Wheat
Royal Baking Powder
Snowdrift
Sun-Maid Raisins
Sunkist Oranges and Lemons
Sunshine Biscuits
Swift's Premium Brand Products
Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
Washington, G., Prepared Coffee
Wesson Oil
Wheatena—The Whole Wheat Cereal

**FURNITURE & FURNISHINGS**

Armstrong's Linoleum
Bee-Vac Standard Electric Cleaner
Berkey & Gay Furniture
Bird's Neponset Rugs
Bissell Carpet Sweeper
Blabon Art Linoleum
Chambers Fireless Gas Range
Davenport Bed
Du Pont Tontine
Everhot Electric Cooker
G. E. Electrical Supplies
Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottle
Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rugs
Griswold Kitchen Ware
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper, The
Hotpoint Electric Irons
Imperial Tables
Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods
Klearflax Linen Rugs and Carpeting
Kroehler Living Room Furniture
Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator
Lloyd Loom Woven Baby Carriage and Furniture
Lorain Oven Heat Regulator
Marsden Kold-or-Hot Utility Glass
Masland Argonne Rugs
Mirro Aluminum Ware
Mohawk Rugs
Nairn Inlaid Linoleum
Niagara Refrigerator
Orinoka Draperies and Upholsteries
Ozite Rug Cushion
Premier Duplex Electric Vacuum Cleaner
Standard Hood Seal
Stevens Bed Spreads
Universal Cutlery
Whittall Rugs

**JEWELRY & SILVERWARE**

Community Plate
Heirloom Plate Silverware
Holmes & Edwards Silver
Sessions Clock
Seth Thomas Clocks
Wallace Silver

**MUSICAL**

Brunswick Phonographs—Records—Radiolas
Victrola—Victor Records

**PAINTS & HARDWARE**

Acme Quality Paints
Alabastine
Kyanize Varnish Enamels
Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes
Valentine's Valspar Varnish

**SHOES & SHOE FURNISHINGS**

2-in-1 Shoe Polish
Arch Preserver Shoe, The
Bixby's Liquid Polish
Cantilever Shoe
Jung's, The Original Arch Braces
Queen Quality Shoes

**SOAPS & HOUSE-KEEPERS' SUPPLIES**

A. P. W. Toilet Papers
Bon Ami
Chipso
Colgate's Fab
Fairbank's Gold Dust Washing Powder
Fels-Naptha Soap
Ivory Soap Flakes
Johnson's Liquid Wax
LaFrance for Washing
Lux
O-Cedar Polish
Old Dutch Cleanser
Old English Wax
P & G, The White Naphtha Soap
Rinso
Rit Fast Dyes and Tints
Sani Flush
Sapolio

**STATIONERY & BOOKS**

American Boy, The
Dennison Paper Novelties
Eaton's Highland Linen Stationery
Le Page's Glue
Wahl Co. Products—Eversharp and Wahl Pen
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

# WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

## We'll Broadcast That Big Idea for You

### It's Hard to Love a Creditor

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

I HAVE just read Frederick Palmer's interesting article, "Why They Hate Us." In my judgment the statements concerned are all essentially sound. The idea that "we saved Europe" and yet are rolling in wealth does not seem altogether lovely to our bankrupt creditors.

Europe forgets, and most of us have forgotten too, that the money we loaned without security was blood money forced from farmers and laborers by Ku Klux methods. The farmers at least are still far from recovery. Thousands on thousands of men borrowed from the banks money to buy Liberty Bonds, which they were forced to sell at ten to twenty per cent discount. After this the demand for such bonds to escape taxation brought them above par. But the farmer is still at the bottom, watching prosperity fly by in high-powered motors.

We forget too that "the day was saved" not altogether by us nor by any of the Allies. When the Bulgarians shed their unwelcome king they brought peace perforce, by leaving Austria wide open and thus forcing Bavaria to cut loose from Prussia.

We in America are still relatively wealthy no doubt, but the wealth is not all wholesome. All who made great gain by the war got rich out of the rest of us. I hardly think, however, that "if we had kept out" Germany would now have a riot of prosperity, for Germany was already "a beggar crouching by a barrack door," before she could shake off Ludendorf or the Kaiser.

Mr. Palmer's article is admirable, and especially so in the recognition that Europe must recover from race hates and the tyranny of the frontiers. There is no one element in the real prosperity of America more helpful and hopeful than the fact that "this is the land where hatred dies away."

DAVID STARR JORDAN,
Stanford University, Cal.

### No Wonder Eggs are Up

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

In re your editorial on farm wages—who has told you that $34 per month and board is the present rate?

Forty years ago it was $30. To-day it is near $100. Just ask a few real farmers of Illinois. D. A. BELDEN,
Owner of an Illinois farm.

### He Likes the Flappers!

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

I take a keen delight in seeing our girls, like "The Modern Girl" and "One of the Graces," defend their inalienable right to bob their hair. It is so refreshing to see such old fossils as P. R. B. of Portland, Me., get pulverized occasionally.

Hand it to 'em, girls—and I don't mean *maybe*. I am an old bachelor school prof. I know the stuff you are made of, and I am betting on you every time. Be independent: you are nobody's slaves. It is your hair. If you wish to bob it, bob it. They are *your* lips and cheeks. If you wish to paint them, paint them. They are your feet. If you wish to shake them, shake them.

Remember: if you wish never to be talked about by the "more-holy-than-thous" just say nothing, do nothing and be nothing.

O. PROF,
Gulfport, Miss.

### Witwer Plucked It First

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

Gjuro McGuff lightly accuses me of stealing, remembering or otherwise appropriating "A fool and his honey are soon parted." He "plucked it out of the air" two years back and made the Los Angeles Record a present of the gem, he writes.

That is all right with me. But Mr. McGuff might be interested to know that on July 17, 1920, I published in Collier's the fourth chapter of "The Leather Pushers" under the title "A Fool and His Honey." I used the complete line in the text. That was three years before he plucked it out of the air.

Monsieur McGuff should do his Christmas plucking early. But, at any rate, as they say in the undertaker's, it's all fun!

H. C. WITWER,
Los Angeles, Cal.

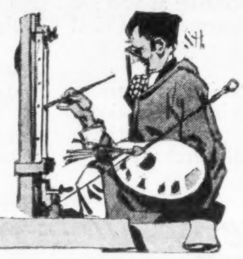
### The Ever-Youthful Ezra

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

In a recent number of Collier's it told of a gentleman who published a book when he was 94 years old. Well, this man will surely have to jump to beat Ezra Meeker, for on December 28th Mr. Meeker will be 95, and he not only published a book this year but he is with the 101 Wild West Show. When Mr. Meeker comes to our house he comes up our front steps two at a time, and I verily believe that if Mr. Meeker doesn't outlast Methuselah it will be because a taxi will have run him down.

F. H. HOWARD, Pocatello, Idaho.

## IN - THIS - ISSUE -



SHE KNEW MARTHA WASHINGTON . . . . Page 5

THE PANSY PICKER
*By H. C. Witwer* . . . . . . Page 6

BOOZE IS THE VICTOR
*By W. G. Shepherd* . . . . . . Page 8

THE ALL-AMERICA BASEBALL TEAM
*By Grantland Rice* . . . . . . Page 10

IN THE PRESENCE OF LADIES
*By Stephen Avery* . . . . . . Page 11

IF I WERE A CLERGYMAN
*By William Johnston* . . . . . . Page 13

THE GREAT WHITE FRONTIER PASSES
*By Walter W. Liggett* . . . . . . Page 15

WHEN WE ARE VERY YOUNG . . . . . . Page 16

MOTHER'S GOT A GOOD HOME
*By Sophie Kerr* . . . . . . Page 18

WHAT A DIVORCE LAWYER KNOWS . . . . Page 20

THE OLD SUMMERTON TEMPER
*By George Weston* . . . . . . Page 22

EDITORIALS . . . . . . . . Page 24

HE KICKED IT INTO THE GUTTER
*By Edward W. Bok* . . . . . . Page 25

BLACK MAX
*A short short story by Octavus Roy Cohen* . Page 26

MARKED MEN
*By Frederick Palmer* . . . . . . Page 28

BRAVE BUT DUMB
*By Uncle Henry* . . . . . . Page 32

WHITE FIRE
*By Louis Joseph Vance* . . . . . . Page 34

IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN
*By Don Marquis* . . . . . . Page 36

TOM MASSON SAYS . . . . . . Page 38

CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD
*By Edwin E. Slosson* . . . . . . Page 40

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR
*By Jack Binns* . . . . . . Page 42

### No Illegal Booze for Lawrence

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

I think the United States should be bone dry. Every night there are fellows going home from Hurley drunk and talking dirty.

There was a man that lives at Meadville, three miles past Hurley, and he had a still going. A neighbor of his came over with his wife and little girl.

The two men drank until they were drunk and the man who owned the still asked his neighbor's little girl for a kiss and she was afraid of him and said No! Her father gave her a slap and knocked her almost out of the window. His wife bawled him out and he beat her up, and the other man thought it looked funny and he beat his wife up.

This was caused by the rotten old moonshine.

Moonshine is made of corn, rotten potatoes, Hoffman drops, wood alcohol and other things. Drinking it is just like committing suicide. It's deadly rotten.

I was at the Milwaukee museum and they had a heart of a man that drank moonshine. It was shrunk and had white stuff around it. Its color was black. The moon had burnt it.

LAWRENCE EDDY, age 14 years,
Ironwood, Mich.

### We're Sorry. What is He?

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

I'm not one of those who call Jack Dempsey a bum. But somebody's in error when they say Dempsey's prospective broker-partner, Maurice Shewitt, is a member of the New York Stock Exchange. He isn't.

T. R. F., New York.

### A Word to the Would-Be Wise

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

In reply to "New Jersey," who asked about working one's way through college, I would offer the following advice:

The State Federation of Women's Clubs has a loan fund from which money can be borrowed for college expenses.

This is repaid by the scholar—after graduation upon securing a position—at so much a month.

The arrangements for the loan are made by the secretary of the local chapter of the Woman's Club with the state organization.

I consider this a better way to secure college training than "working one's way through," since progress is easier if one doesn't have to worry about ways and means.

MRS. THEO. M. PRITZIER,
Santa Fe, N. M.

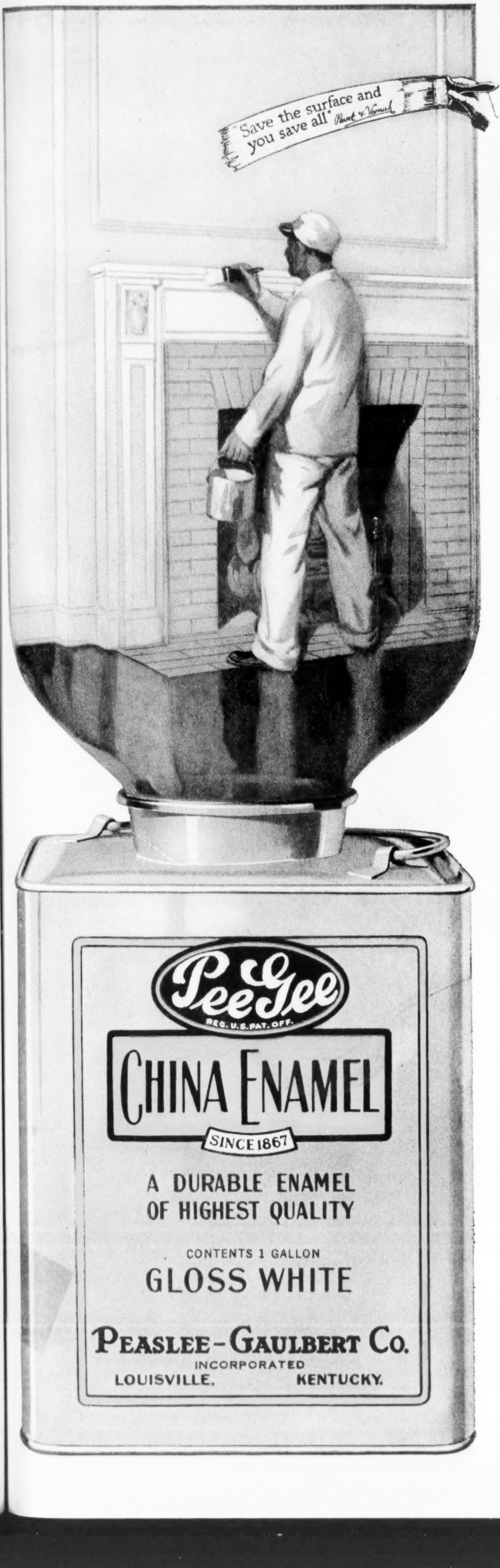
### Should We Print This One? Well—

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

Collier's shows real horse sense in staging its editorial page in LARGE, READABLE, FRIENDLY type. Every editorial will be read now. They are generally worth reading.

Congratulations!

HENRY R. ROSE,
Newark, N. J.



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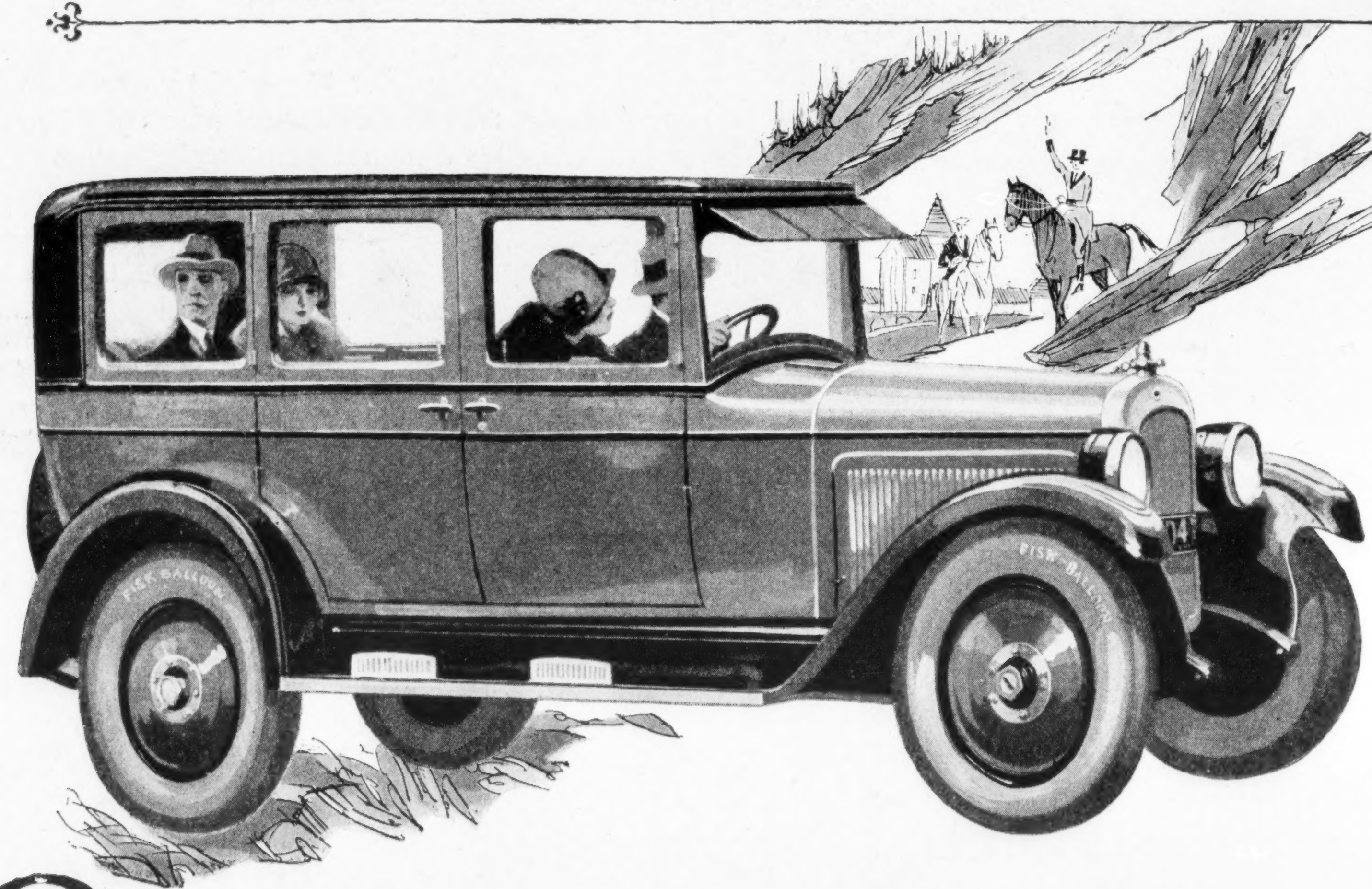

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